



Class PS 3535

Book .O185G8

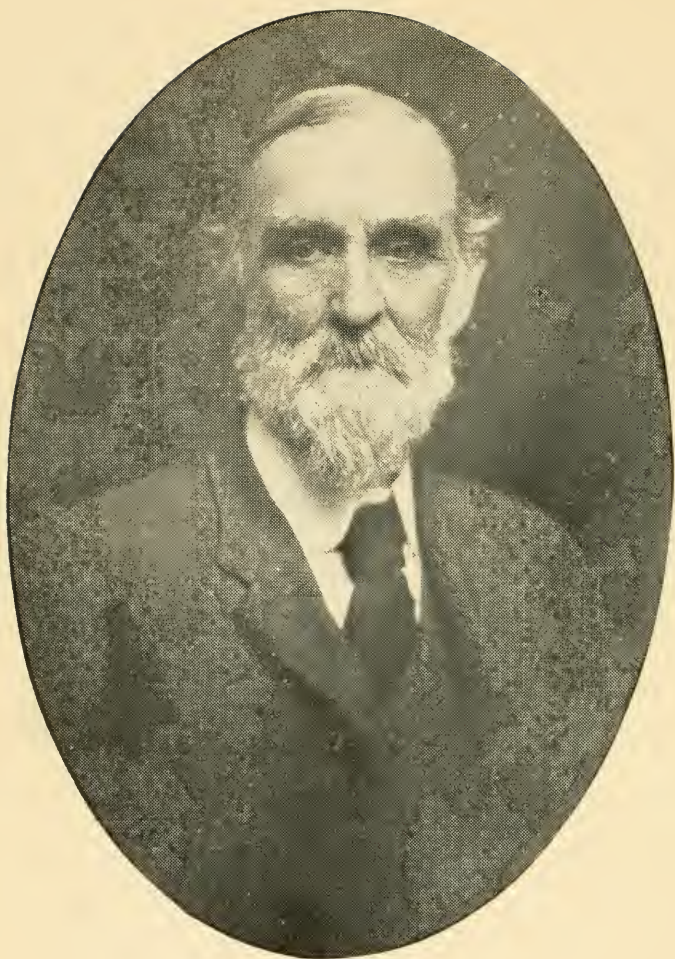
1908

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

Entered According to Act of Congress.
Copyright by Samuel L. Robertson.

Printed 1908 by Roberts & Son,
1810-1812 3rd Ave., Birmingham, Ala.



SAMUEL L. ROBERTSON

GULF SONGS

BY

SAMUEL L. ROBERTSON



TS 3535
O18568
1908

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS	
Two Copies Received	
DEC 26 1908	
Copyright Entry	
Jan. 4, 1909	
CLASS 2	XXc. No.
226824	
COPY 3.	



Am. P. 270 p. 34

TO
GEORGE M. CRUIKSHANK
THIS POEM
"TWIXT CUP AND LIP"
IS
WITH KINDEST MEMORIES AND WARMEST
REGARDS BY THE AUTHOR
DEDICATED



CANTO FIRST

“ ’Twixt Cup and Lip ”

Yahnita, daughter of the good
And courteous Estevan of Spain—
A man of purest, bluest blood,
Whose knightly service had been vain,
To King and country, in great wars,
’Gainst French dragoons and English tars;
By reason now of treachery,
And sore misfortune, sought repose
In our sweet refuge of the free,
And found here surcease of his woes,
And solace for a broken heart,
In the assiduity of art.

If aught could make an exile glad,
Or aught the exile’s pangs assuage,
Yahnita, daughter of his age,
As an enchantress sure, he had.
Yahnita, only child, for him
Life’s cup with joy was wont to brim,
And in that flowery land, no flower
In woodland or in garden bower,
Beside the soft and dreamy sea,
Was sweeter, lovelier than she.

Poor, poor Yahnita, only child,
Grew here, all things upon her smiled,
And sweet and beautiful and gay,
Was in herself an endless May:
Seemed to absorb from sky and earth,
The elements of joy and mirth.

She had, too, many lovers, and
With basilisk eye and magic hand,
She seemed to lead them here and there,
Either to rapture or despair:

She had, too, many charms, and had
For every one a lover mad.

Poor, beautiful Yahnita dreamed,
As only lovely women do,
That extra honors were her due,
And for those extra honors schemed;
Then, thought she, Love was what he seemed,
And played coquet with him the while,
And gave him both her frown and smile.

"Whene'er he brings me fear and doubt,"
Quoth she, "I'll turn the rascal out:
I'll never, never let him be
More than a lodger, or a guest,
Within the domain of my breast,
Unless he comes with wealth to me."
Alas, alas, she never knew,
Some day her lovers might be few,
Some day her skies would cease to smile;
But she'd keep dreaming all the while:—
For dreams, once rooted in the brain,
Their hold a long, long time retain;
And gilded lovers' flattering smile,
But do not linger all the while;
And knightly lovers make demands,
On conquered hearts, not purchased hands;
And even vulgarians, proud with wealth,
Full often win their suit by stealth:
Such men once scorned are seldom nice,
And purchase at the lowest price;
And cannot deem the purchase love,
The buying article above.

Among her wooers came Ybarre,
A negro trader's son, to share
The affluence of her smile, and he,
'Twas said had vessels on the sea;
And up the country acres wide,
And treasure in the banks beside:
He had no blue blood in his veins,
But he had health and wealth and brains,
And spite of prejudice, somehow
She learned his wooings to allow,
And gave him an attentive ear,

And even loved his vows to hear.
Meanwhile her haughty suitors past,
In sullen scorn, if not aghast,
To see her thus forget herself
And caste, and condescend to pelf.
"Ybarre, but yesterday," they said,
"Snatched from its sheath a sabre red
With Spanish blood. He boasts the scars.
He got in killing Spanish tars;
He ruined Spanish shrines and fires,
And scorns aristocratic sires;
And fat upon their treasure grown,
One of their bluest bloods would own:
And simple little traitor she,
Yahnita, hastens to greet him. See!
She has deserted all her folk,
And every tie that bound her broke;
So mark you she disgraced shall fall."
Thus whispered they in every hall.

Ybarre, the negro trader's son,
Nathless the fair Yahnita won,
And they were wed as 'twere today,
And ere six moons he went away,
Upon the stormy ocean's track,
To bring her gold and jewels back.
Ah, that was, sure, a mournful slip,
The saddest yet 'twixt cup and lip.
Great storms went raging o'er the sea,
And there were wrecks upon the Key;
And ships went out and came not back,
For bad luck haunted all their track;
And so it came to pass that she
Wafted her dear lord o'er the sea,
With sighs and tears and fervent prayer,
But never more beheld Ybarre.

The weeks went by, the months were flown,
And nothing of her lord was known.
"Oh winds and storms, so wild and rude,
Ye give me mad solicitude!
Oh, have you taken him from me
And left me all alone?" cried she.
"I've waited all these weeks for him,
And wept until my eyes grew dim;

Ye bear upon your stormy wings
The water for the failing springs;
And many blessings ye bestow
To parching hills and vales below;
But winds and storms from o'er the sea,
Oh, ye are not so good to me!
Ye bring sweet verdure to the slopes
And valleys, but ye wreck my hopes;
And ye have made me wretched, ye
Wild winds, wild storms of the wild sea!"

What wailings do we constant hear
At midnight by the splashing pier?
While she is watching day and night,
To catch, poor thing! poor thing! a sight
Of his returning ship, which ne'er
To check her heart-break shall appear.

At length she is a common sight,
At morn and eve along the bight,
To mariner and voyager,
Who wondering, pitying, gaze at her.
Thus wandering, weeping by the quay,
And vainly wailing by the sea,
Wafting to every coming sail,
This blended rhythmic song and wail:
"The cows come home at twilight's fall,
To the bleating calf and farmer's call;
And the tinkling bell and the loud-mouthed low,
On the housewife's heart a joy bestow.
But alas for me, I listen in vain,
When I call and call for a sweeter strain,
Than the voice of cows or tinkling bells,
For that voice of his, like Israfel's,
And alas, the maddening thought to me,
That I never more his face may see.

"The plow-boy, from his sunny hill-top,
Looks glad upon his fruiting crop:
And mounts his mule with a cheerful song,
Or homeward jogging whistles along;
With a fond expectancy he sees
Fruition floating on the breeze,
And he dreams of garners taut with grain,
And his hopes and faith are not in vain;

But the hope and faith that I have known
Have been vanishing visions alone, alone.

"The merchant's look of sore annoy
Has been replaced by a look of joy,
When the storm is past, and he sees his ship
Come bounding safe from its perilous trip;
But no white-winged bark, well-freighted brings.
On beautiful, rapture-giving wings,
That argosy, which I prayed to get
From the midnight shores of fate, as yet;
And alas, no sail from o'er the sea
My lover will ever bring back to me!

"To outer objects I am waxing blind,
Yet my sighs go forth on each passing wind;
And, I fancy, if he should sigh o'er the sea,
On the breeze I might hear it coming to me;
And thus, at least, our spirits might meet—
Unseen on the unseen breezes greet:
Such a wild love-passage would that be,
Defying the rage of the stormy sea.
While the breath of kisses from each one's lips,
Would exchange on these aerial ships.

"If the winds blew strong, and the storm raged high,
And trade-ships sank when the harbor was nigh;
If the corn were ready for the mill,
But the wild flood swept it down the rill:
Though sore were the loss, and heart and brain
Were put to bitterest stress and strain;
Yet the merchant may float another hull,
And the plow-boy's barn may again be full;
But my love-harvest is lost fore'er,
And will come no more from year to year;
And my love-vessel is lost to me
No more to rise from the depths of the sea.

"How sweet the buzzing of the bees,
As they sip the sweets of the bloomy trees,
And bear the stolen nectar home
To a half-replenished honey comb!
But, alas for me, I cannot sip
Love's sweetest dew from my lover's lip;
Nor take the sweets to my lone heart's hive,

And with it keep my soul alive;
For my bower and my flower is gone, is gone,
And naught of me but my flesh lives on.

"My eyes are blind, not because a film
Of darkning stuff has made them dim;
But because the soul, which gave them light,
Is covered o'er with a mantling night,
Of the flood of tears which have overflowed
The realms where once it brilliant glowed;
Ah, that is the reason I cannot see,
Save through the eyes of Memory,
And not through the eyes of my soul, as I could,
Ere the light of my soul went down in the flood.

"And not only are the eyes of the mind
And soul, because of tears so blind,
But the portals, too, of once glad words,
Which once were merry as heaven-taught birds,
Is dammed and dammed by obstruction so
That the words have lost their wonted flow,
And over their dam they murmuring pour,
With a broken confusion at their door,
And utter clear, but the wail and moan,
For my true love gone, forever gone.

"So I gaze and gaze, in vain, in vain,
For his coming back across the main;
Yet the time will come, methinks, me hopes,
When he'll lead me along the Eden slopes
And I'll cease to cry, and I'll cease to wail,
But I'll fling wild sighs to the sighing gale;
And I'll give my tears to the mournful sea,
Which has torn my only lover from me:
And by stormless shores I shall walk with him,
And my eyes no longer will be dim.

"And I'll mourn no more by the mournful main;
And he'll clasp me close and kiss me again,
And the words which were taken away on his ship
Will return once more to my stammering lip,
And the joy and the light of the joy-lit skies
Will come again to my tear-smit eyes."

* * * * *

But care, like rapture, has its day,
And after while it steals away:
And though remembrance never dies,
It wakes not wails, but only sighs;
And in the place of sobs and tears
Gives sweetest words in after years.

Ere long Estivan was no more,
Yahnita ceased to haunt the shore:
Ere long the dear home by the bay
From poor Yahnita passed away;
But she was not all desolate,
A blessing still she claimed of fate,
And in her cloud there was a rift—
A cherub boy had come to lift
The darkening mantle from her life:
She was the mother and the wife:
Now was there ever at her side
A little toddler radiant-eyed.

* * * * *

John Golfan, from the hills, ere long,
Who one time chanced to hear her song,
And one time chanced to see her boy,
And heard about her bitter fate,
Began to fondly speculate,
While pitying her, on future joy,
And nuptial blisses, likewise—for
He was a lonely bachelor.

So did it come to pass ere long
The mother found both love and rest,
The son a father, in his breast—
Within, without, sincere and strong;
And she was comforted, and he
Was happy as a man can be.

Yahn Golfan was Yahnita's son—
A lovely lad who early won
John Golfan's generous soul, nor knew
Him other than as father true.
As child he toddled 'round the hall,
Delighted at the pleasant call

Of his dear foster-father, so
But peace and pleasure did he know.

* * * * *

Ybarre went sailing with the wind,
And tho' he left his love behind,
As merry a man as one may find,
And full of hope and love he sang,
As o'er the sea his vessel sprang;
Oh, as one sails the summer seas,
Song is suggested by the breeze,
By waters and by stars, by day
And night, for all inspire the lay.

"My love, my love is like the tree
That stands deep-rooted by the sea;
The billows of our stormy hearts
Before her roll and beat,
And from their depths a murmur starts,
Low, plaintive, tender, sweet.

"My beauteous love, my haughty love,
Looks down upon them from above:
Her head arrayed in affluent bloom,
And from her breast, as 'twere,
Flow sighs all freighted with perfume,
As soft replies from her.

"The waves must break upon the beach,
The trees must echo sighs for speech,
And stormy passions thus must break
Around my lady's feet;
And only get, for pity's sake,
Her sigh as they retreat."

Another—Garcia—by his side,
His ditty heard with silent frown;
Knew not Yahnita was his bride,
But felt he dashed the gauntlet down
At him, one of the hapless hearts,
Which knew the blasting of her darts,
And bled and writhed with maddening pain,
Because of love and hopes in vain:
He, when Ybarre laid his shell aside,
With him in love's light ditty vied.

"My lady at a dozen smiled,
Nor said which one was dearest;
With arts resistless all beguiled,
Nor any chose as nearest.

"Ah, what a marvelous witch was she!
Ah, would the world had fewer!
She drives them from her ruthlessly,
Yet makes them still pursue her.

"If once her followers lag behind,
How soon their sigh she misses,
And pausing, seeming doubly kind,
Revives them with her kisses.

"Though all have clasped her round the waist,
While amorous waiting on her,
Her scutcheon ne'er has been defaced
Until a muggins won her.

"Ah, day by day, as time went by,
Prince after prince was banished;
She sent them forth, they knew not why,
Till all her knights had vanished.

"Now see the lips which royal men
Risked all for, but ne'er tasted,
Raped by a boor, oft and again,
Their sweets on lechery wasted.

"Ah, my lady sweet, my lady fair!
You have spoiled the lovely fashion
Of spotless lineage, in despair,
By just one hour of passion."

The song was ended and Ybarre
Upon him threw an angry stare,
"There is a tartness in your song,
That intimates you've suffered wrong,
I pray you, stranger, do you know
One lady who has acted so?"

"Full well, I know one of that sort,
Whom true men lady call for sport."
Ah well a day, ah well a day!
What will not men despairing say!

"Lady or not," Ybarre began,
With an answer rude and pat,
"It ill becomes a gentleman
To sing a song like that."

Quoth Garcia, with a heightened tone,
"I'll sing whate'er I please."
"Not on this ship, which is my own,
Nor while it sails these seas,"
Replied Ybarre; "or false or true,
Be what you sing or say,
No gentleman I placard you,
So take yourself away."

"Allow me, Captain, ere I go,"
Quoth Garcia, speaking fierce but low,
"To say I know the lady well
Of whom I sang upon my shell;
And though to call her name I'm loth,
I dare to say upon my oath,
That good Alphonso's daughter fair
Has brought him nearly to despair;
And those who know her, know like me
She's not as spotless as the sea."

"Whate'er the lady's faults may be,"
Ybarre responded fiercely, "she
Should not be whipped by vulgar tongues,
Nor add a rhythm to their songs:
The blackguard who assails her fame,
Or throws aspersions on her name,
Insults all gentlemen who hear,
And should be punished"—Here he rose
And felled him with unlooked for blows;
And more enraged by Garcia's pluck—
Who quick recovering, at him struck
With keen stiletto, telling cuts,
And downing him, his fury gluts.
"I fear you not, Captain Ybarre,
And fling your flings back, for I swear,
I know Yahnita—that's her name—
Is not a woman of good fame.
I have been banished from her shrine,
Where with the best men of the land,
I dog-like used to lick her hand;

Now am I glad she is not mine;
I've learned to have contempt for her;
She is not worthy honest love,
She's but a narrow span's remove
From ill repute—bad character."

The vessel into harbor rode,
And white with rage ashore he strode;
Long "The Ben Yarber" in the bay
Of Cienfuegos at anchor lay:
For long the Captain, sad Ybarre,
Nursing his wounds was lingering there;
Nor was it body wounds alone
That kept him in his cabin prone;
But afterwhile, by slow degrees,
Suspicion had become disease:
The maddening dark persuasion grew
That Garcia's tale, though vile was true;
And this a wound far deeper made
Than was inflicted by the blade.
This struck the brain, the soul, the heart,
Nor yielded to the healer's art;
This quenched within his breast the fire
Of hope, and chilled the sweet desire,
That would not listen to demur
Of flying o'er the waves to her,
Who had been yesterday his pride,
His joy, his hope, his peerless bride.

The sequel's in a sentence told:
He changed his name, his vessel sold,
And shipping to another shore,
He never saw Yahnita more.

"Farewell, brave bark, no longer mine,
I give thee up forever!
May all thy flights across the brine,
Like arrow from its quiver,
Be through the storm as through the shine,
My good bark, brave Ben Yarber,
And happy gales at sea be thine
And shelter sweet in harbor.
But as for me, oh, as for me,
No more thy proud, proud master,
Henceforth a sailor shall I be,

Through tempest and disaster;
Nor shall I look for, on life's sea,
The glory of sweet morrows,
Or refuge from life's storms," quoth he,
"Or surcease from my sorrow.

"Henceforth I sail and sail away,
Courting the billow's dangers,
Nor reckon round what shores I play,
So that it be with strangers;
I'll mourn in San Antonio's Bay;
I'll sing at Matagorda;
Revel at Barratraria,
With pirate and marauder.

"I shall familiar grow with din,
Nor let it break my slumber,
'Neath scorching suns shall tan my skin,
And wear an aspect sombre;
And fortune only seek to win,
In all lands, 'neath all banners:
Be anything but what I've been—
A martyr to all manners.

"Ev'n memory afterwhile will cease
To fling old scenes before me;
Her dreams will fly upon the breeze,
Nor leave one shadow o'er me;
And I may rest me, then, at ease,
By shadows shaken never;
And from my mad, wild memories
I may be free forever."

He paced, soliloquizing thus,
The white strand of the harbor;
While fled away from Cienfuegos
His one time bark, Ben Yarber:
His passion so tempestuous
Made a passing stranger curious:
"As none are wandering here but us,
I'd beg you why so furious?
And why this ecstasy?" Ybarre
Turned on him with angry stare,
But seeing kindness in his eye,
"Ben Yarber!" kindly made reply.

The stranger eyed Ybarre awhile,
And gave him back a questioning smile;
And yet was pained by what he heard:
"If I can help you, speak the word,"
Quoth he. Ybarre stared at him queer,
With half surprise and half a sneer:
"Why thrust yourself upon me thus?
My woe with you I'd not discuss;
You think me crazed, but that's absurd."
"Nay, but your answer seems to me
A little fanciful," quoth he.
"I've sailed full often in yon bark,
Ben Yarber, o'er the billows dark."
"And so have I, for she was mine
Long years upon the stormy brine."
"Are you Ben Yarber?" "As you please:
You are too curious, but I'll say,
Ben Yarber now is lost for aye;
No more the falcon of the seas!
Ask no more questions, I am sick—
Ben Yarber's lost; the clouds are thick:
There is no sunshine in my skies,
No prospect bright before my eyes:
Call me Ben Yarber, that's a name
Will never make me blush in shame,
To utter or hear uttered. Go!
You worry me. Your care bestow
On such as need it: as for me,
I'm left alone, and lone would be;
I need no pity, though I'm sick."
Then turning from the stranger quick,
He left him musing by the sea,
Muttering alone, half audibly,
"Ben Yarber? I'm mistaken: he
Is not the man I took him for,
Who saved me at Okeechobee,
In that most bloody Indian war."
And Ben Ybarre, thus left alone,
Out spoke in almost merry tone:
"He leaves me with a thought: henceforth,
Ben Yarber'll be my name. Ha! Ha!
Now for a new role on this earth;
Now has my hope another birth;
Now sees life's dream another star.

I feared the man might know me, when
He eyed me closely: so 'tis well,
To play the madman now and then:
I knew him in the army well,
And have but good of him to tell;
But then I almost hate a man,
Go where I may, fly where I can,
Turns up before me like a haunt,
And his nice excellencies flaunt
Before me. So comrade La Muse,
By giving me a name, your dues
To me are settled: Friend, good-bye!
Ben Yarber after this am I."
A steed is near, he mounts, is gone:
Whither? We'll talk of that anon.

CANTO SECOND.

FIRST PART.

A glorious woman was Anneet—
Daughter of expectations sweet;
For wealth was lying at her feet,
 And comforts came,
From hill and valley rich, and beat
 Entrance to claim—
Against her father's threshold door:
And lovers knelt her shrine before.

Dull was the eye, that could not see,
With nature's loveliest, that she
Was in perfect harmony,
 In face and form:
Dull was the heart, her wickery
 Couldn't take by storm.
To call her beautiful as youth,
To her no flattery was, 'twas truth.

Anneet was born of gentle blood,
Laughing like fountain at its flood,
Where whispered leaf and opened bud,
 To amorous breeze,
And each the other understood,
 And kissed in peace:
Bright as the wimpling waters she,
In youth's wild uplands glad and free.
Anneet a spirit had for joy;
And seeking pleasure was not coy,
But with the hornets' nest would toy,
 Their rage to test;
And made a mockery of annoy,
 To gain her quest:
Nothing so pleasing to her soul,
As the attainment of her goal.

Reared in the wilderness, the wild
Had breathed itself into the child:
The freeborn spirit undefiled,

And chainless, too,
Her spirit nurtured and beguiled,
And round it threw,
Those elements of loveliness,
All feel when seen, but few possess.

But as the fairest, sweetest rose,
Which by the streamlet's margin blows,
The keenest thorn full often shows;
In her was found,
The savage element, which knows
And owns no bound;
Save that which circled modesty,
And being clean, as she should be.

Who turns from voice of dove and lark,
Singing to answering mates at dark,
Good bye! good night! and hears the bark
Approaching near
Of coming wolves with hunger stark,
And laughs to hear—
Familiar grown with danger—mocks
At sheltering barricades and locks.

Nothing is so despised as fear
By him who, on the dark frontier,
Kindles the watchfires there and here,
Unhired—unbought.
He faces perils with good cheer,
And gives no thought
To fancied troubles—goblins they,
Which harbor not where dangers stay.

Wautauga's princess in redoubt
Of logs—alone—from help shut out,
Beleaguered by a savage rout,
Whose fiery darts
Sent thick and fast, with hoot and shout,
Would shake brave hearts—
Unerring rifle balls sent back,
And loosed, besides, her blood-hound pack.

The red man's hiding was in vain,
As bootless, too, his arrows rain
Of fire; the sleuth-hound, free from chain,

And true of scent,
Raged fierce, with thirst for blood insane,
The savage rent:
The Princess at a port-hole sat,
And laughed a merry laugh thereat.

Such were the daughters of the front,
Such shared with men the bloody brunt,
And laid their hands, as 'twere, upon't,
To spare and save
The heroic, where it was the wont,
Black flags to wave.
Men blazed the way through deadly wrath;
They kept the briars from the path.

The flags of liberty and peace,
Were borne and set up, if you please,
In the face of Creeks and Cherokees,
On points of swords;
And Civilization's victories,
O'er savage hordes,
By strong arms came and bayonets,
Which faithful history ne'er forgets.
Yet woman's presence—woman's smile,
Along the bloody path the while,
Gave aid and comfort—made the spoil
Well worth the strife;
Made it a proud, chivalric toil,
For her, as wife,
Sister or mother, on to push,
Or else for faltering to blush.

The offspring of such strenuous men
And women, had in part their ken
Of difficulties, and made light
Of things they could face and fight.
The spirit of resistance grew,
As a heredity, which threw
The gauntlet down, or took it up;
It took the sweet or bitter cup
Of circumstances, and did not care:
Such children loved to do and dare—
On something hazardous intent;
And hated dickering sentiment:
Not cultivated and refined,

'To such extent, in soul and mind,
And body too, the maiden was,
That she feared the reptile in the grass:
That she could not saddle up her steed,
And o'er the hills and torrents speed,
Without some brave attendant; nay
She was a goddess in that day.

Her mother taught her many a song
Of those who dared be free,
And fought oppression, fierce and long,
In lands beyond the sea:
The slogan of the martial Scot—
By him and his—oh, ne'er forgot.

She sang to her the Benshee's call:
A thrill of pain it brought;
And hatred of the tyrant's thrall
In every strain was taught;
And every Irish lad she saw
Recalled to her "Erin Go Bragh."

Her mother sprinkled on her tongue
The sweet or bitter strains,
Of ancient peoples who had sung
Of liberty or chains—
Of mourning Poland—sorrowing Greece,
Whose deathless memories ne'er shall cease.

So Anneet learned among the hills,
Afar from discord's throngs,
But strains to which the lover thrills,
Or patriotic songs;
Her heart to poesy was stirred,
And she sang as natural as a bird.

And any day the paths along,
That skirted cotton field and wood
When twilight wrapped the solitude,
You heard some pleasing burst of song,
As with a kind of child-like glee
A-horseback galloping went she.

Nor loved she much the sorrowing strain,
Nor notes that wakened throbs of pain,

Nor yet the weird, woeful plaint
From spirit, with its anguish faint,
But rather some heroic song,
Some simple ballad passion-strong.

"Give me," she cried, "some ballad,
The unlettered soldier sang,
When through the woods and o'er the floods,
To Jackson's call he sprang.
He dreamed of home and mother,
And sang his cares to cheat,
And whate'er the strain of joy or pain,
I know 'twas wild and sweet.

"Or let it be some ditty
The negro loves to sing,
When the twilight's gloam has called him home,
And the darkness spreads her wings;
For his throat was made for music,
And o'er his bosom's chords,
Where sorrow stays she fondly strays:
So both are in his words.

"Or teach some tuneful story,
Which charms the dullest soul,
And witching starts in dullest hearts,
A tide they can't control:
A lay that melts the woodman,
Yet fires the city dame,
But let it be, when taught to me,
In love and music's name.

"Tell of the horn and the hunter;
Tell of the hound and fox;
Of mountaineer and bear and deer,
And the chase among the rocks:
Sing of the hand so horny,
Of the man with heart of oak;
For what's the glory of the land,
But the brave and simple folk?"

Then while she gaily sped along
She burst forth with this favorite song:
"Fair Barbara loved a mountain man,
A poor man, brave and true;

But he was under bar and ban,
And into hiding flew.
They followed him with horn and hound,
As you would chase the deer,
But at Barbara's home he shelter found—
Lenoir, the mountaineer.

"Full many a time, when hunters came
With packs to drive the 'dome,'
Most vainly hunted they the game,
Most helpless did they roam,
Till the very outlaw they pursued
To them gave aid and cheer,
And his woodsman's lore, his shelter rude—
Lenoir, the mountaineer.

"Fair Barbara sang as seraphs sing,
And her beauty helped her song:
And the coldest to her feet she'd bring,
And hold them tight and strong.
Law's angry minions saw her charms
And forgot their prize was near:
And no longer woke they fond alarms
In Lenoir, the mountaineer.

"Oh, Barbara fair! oh, Barbara sweet!
Who loved the mountain man,
Who helped the wretch the law to cheat,
And to laugh at bar and ban,
I would you prized my broken heart,
And I to you were dear,
I'd consent to act the outlaw's part,
Like Lenoir, the mountaineer.

"I have brought you jewels for your hands,
And bracelets for your arms,
And gold-set pearls and coral bands,
Just to multiply your charms.
But I can only win a smile,
Not a sigh from you, my dear;
While I pray your love, you pray the while,
For Lenoir, the mountaineer."

Thus oft to warblings in her shell—
A rich begemmed guitar,

Her numbers wild and weird would swell
 Beneath the evening star:
And woe to him the gallant gay,
 Who knelt his bowers among,
On her he threw his pleas away,
 Who had no soul for song.
Her fancies were for men of song,
The rest might plod their way along.
In those good days when we were young
In this peculiar land of ours,
The country mansion hid in bowers,
Luxuriant was the home of song,
And peacefulness and family pride
And hospitality a shrine
Where poured out corn and oil and wine,
To pent up city shrines denied.

Within this mansion's central sphere
Virtue was born and nursed and she
Who was the queen there, one could see,
Still tending it from year to year;
Because it was a home-light, an
Essential, a divinity,
Which there presided full and free,
Untrammelled by a bar or ban.

The broad plantation set apart,
Was a dominion in itself,
Not harrowed, hoed and ploughed for pelf
Alone, nay it was a heart
And sentiment and chivalry;
And fiery civilization grew
Within its limits—in them too
Most worthy flourished Chastity.

"Times change and men change with them." Tears
That flood the precincts of the heart
May be the last of all depart,
But they are dried up by the years,
For there be neither cares or woes,
Which time will not or soon or late
From head and heart eradicate
And leave behind at least repose.

For neither love nor hate is strong
As all destroying time. The soul
The only deathless bids it roll.
The more time's crush, the more its song.
As comes the chrysalis on wings
Of glory, from the rude cocoon,
Smit by the summer sun and moon,
Into a higher life it springs.

It laughs at what the world calls fate,
Whate'er that is, whate'er its claim,
And from its place in mortal fame,
Wherever that be situate,
As fate's superior looking down,
It contemplates fate's look with scorn,
As something mortal—sorrow-born,
And swaddled in a shadowy frown.

"Times change and men change with them." So
Men have their garish joys today,
Then comes a change, they fade away;
And whilom comes a reign of woe:
The crust of earthiness the while
Is broken, and the soul supreme
Uprises like a mourner's dream
Of heaven, with serenest smile.

They have been born, as 'twere again,
If not rejuvenated, healed,
With added wisdom for their shield
And buckler. They are stronger men;
They almost see things as they are;
Experience sharpens mental sight;
They come at least into the light,
If not the sun, they see the star.

Ybarre, two vic'tries in the years
Of battling won, first over fate
Then fortune: over altered state
And anguish, far too deep for tears,
A double victory; fortune came
And ev'n into his lap, while young
Her precious perishables flung,
And gave to him a mentioned name.

CANTO SECOND.

SECOND PART.

Ben Yarber was no common man,
But culture had he, as it ran
In those old times, when books were few,
And them the student thorough knew—
The spirit and the letter, too;
He had deep culture in deep books;
Showed their assimilation,
Both in his habits and his looks;—
Expressed his cultivation
By the sweet fruitage of his thought,
Which to the man enchantment brought—
Through eloquence and manners: sweet
As is the sound of fairy feet,
When lovely women graceful dance
Around us, was his utterance.
Ben Yarber, more than this had store
And credit all the country o'er;
His verbal promise men would take;
For broad plantations in the "Brake"—
That loveliest land of lovely lands,
Well tended by hundreds of hands,
Had he, and character for truth
And probity: good test, forsooth:
For being, also, gallant, bold;
And he was built in lovely mould,
And long preserved the look of youth.

But every glory has its gloom,
As every earth-life has its tomb.
All the sweet vantages he had,
Seemed haunted by some demon mad.
His attributes, withal superb,
By passions that he did not curb,
Were half-eclipsed, half-paralyzed,
And their strong magic minimized.

Ben Yarber had his bitter foes:
Such men make enemies: none knows
The wherefore or the why; we know,
However, it was sadly so.

Less often does a little spark,
 Ask notice, then a shining mark:
 And men who stand aloof, apart,
 Are put down men of little heart:
 Somehow or other they appear,
 In proud ambition's way: and fear,
 It may be, envy, they create,
 And still a stronger passion, hate.

The bitterest foe of all he had—
 The bottom of this story sad—
 Was his next neighbor, proud Revere,
 Whom circumstances dark and queer,
 Taught him to look upon askant,
 Just as we look upon a haunt.
 Ben Yarger in the old man's hall
 Saw one most dear to him of all,
 Whose image coming day and night,
 Between the father's brow of black
 Disquietude, made soft the rack,
 That put his happy dreams to flight.

Ben Yarber it was said had won
 Bright laurels in his country's wars,
 'Gainst Seminole and Spaniard: scars
 Of honor lay his breast upon:
 Such being treated still with scorn,
 By old Revere, became a thorn
 Of keen injustice in his side,—
 A constant insult to his pride.
 Hence took it but a small rebuff,
 To make his temper dark and rough,
 Like billows on a troubled sea.
 "'Tis very hard to bear," quoth he
 "The haughty old aristocrat
 Sees nothing good beyond his nose:
 His rheum right and left he throws,
 And thinks he condescends, at that,
 If this much honor he confers,
 Upon us God-forsaken curs,
 For whom he wouldn't unglove his hand,
 If custom didn't such demand.

"His is a wondrous family tree—
 With rotten branches (by the by,

Outnumbering the hale ones) aye,
The thing is tottering mournfully,
To sure decay, from that disease—
Dry rot at heart, and from the lack
Of sap, once gone, ne'er coming back:
The same fate both of men and trees.
Show him an oak tree green and fair,
And tell him from a pile of dung,
Or from the midst of filth it sprung,—
Enough, you damn it then and there;
Henceforth it wears another guise,
And it is ugly in his eyes:
Its glory blighted by defects:
Its vigor's its reproach. The man
Sees nothing in th' Almighty plan
Worth looking at, save through his 'specs.'

"In vain from out the Slashes springs
The man who rather 'would be right
Than President:' the very light
Of eloquence: whose words had wings
Of beauty, glory, sweetness, power,—
Electrifying where they fall:
He's but a 'muggins,' after all,
The marvelous upstarts of an hour.

"In vain we point the long bright line,
Of men who antedated him,
Whose family candle was so dim,
The proud world could not see it shine,—
In those rude cradle days of theirs,—
But whose full light bedazzled all
Whose frown became the prince's fall;
Whose smile, his glory unawares:
"And, in this good land of the free,
What if I am of low degree?
What if my humble lineage comes
Out of the very dirty slums?
Is there on me a bar or ban,
To keep me, being shrewd and wise,—
If by my struggles I should rise—
From being a true gentleman?"

Nathless, as coming from Revere,
Poignance was in the scorn and sneer.

In such a case, a little hate,
From such a source, was like a fate,
Soul-madding, and kept kindled in
His breast the darkest imps of sin,
And gave them daily nurture, scope:
Gloomed the empyrean of young hope:
Threw o'er his dream-land mist and film,
And stirred the battle god in him.

But more of this anon: The years
Just past were those of sighs and tears
To Yarber, and clouds had they flung
Above him: wrapped in gloom, apart
He nursed his sorrow in his heart
In silence, till he saw the young
And beautiful Anneet, and threw
His splendors at her feet, and drew
The envious eyes of others towards
Their blended splendor: rivals rose;
And friends before, became his foes
From every corner came their words,
Of every shade of falsity:
The tongue of scandal was most free;
He had not learned before the length
And breadth and depth and killing strength
Of words.

"I'll study them," said he;
"I'll search their wonderland, and she,
The cause of all this ugly war
Of words and falsehood, scandal-jar,
Shall have my study in her hand,
And reading it may understand,
By indirection, things that I
Would dare not speak of openly:
And she may catch a glimpse thereby
Of things now hid in mystery.

"And I, not vaunting of excellence,
May argue yet in self-defence,
And satisfy this brilliant child,
Enmantled, circled, as she is,
By every kind of prejudice,
That I, so bitterly reviled,
Am not, as has been said of me

The total of depravity.
For of the universe are we,
Parts, goodly parts, I trust,
Small drops or minims in the sea
Of unthinkable Eternity;
Small grains of fiery dust.
Yet there is not a radiant star
That shall so constant shine,
In sphere so bright, so wide, so far,
As shall this spark of mine,
In that sweet sphere beyond the outer line.
Time will be when Orion's light
Will be snuffed out fore'er;
Arcturus too will sink in night,
Back into chaos take his flight,
And never more appear:
Not one, but all the Pleiades,
Lost in the heavens, will be;
But where there is no parch, no freeze;
And where there are no lands and seas,
I'll blaze eternally,
This is my individuality."

There's nothing trivial, in a sense,
Put to a scientific test:
The smallest things are still the best
On which with patience to commence
Investigation. Every hour
We gather from the smallest things
Food for the body's inner springs,
Through them digested into power.

The faintest echoes of a shell
Sound to some souls like seraph chords;
The music faint of tinkling herds
Has in itself a pleasing spell:
Such things are inspirations true—
May be the bottom of great thought,
And through them we are often taught
Our failing efforts to renew.

A talk on small words I've essayed;
They shake my waking and my sleep;
They strike so hard and cut so deep—

Are "sharper than Damascus blade;
 They've stung me worse than wasps or bees;
 Yet solace both for soul and mind
 In this discussion I shall find,
 If these my rhymes my lady please.

A TALK ON WORDS TO ANNEET.

The language of man is a mystery,
 It varies from year unto year;
 When you think you are writing its history,
 The words of the sentences veer
 Like weathercocks puffed by the slightest breezes:
 What's writ to persuade, only tickles or pleases.

The bird never changes his trilling:
 The carol he made long ago
 In the Aiden, where Adam was thrilling,
 When Eve with her lullabies low,
 An Orpheus proved, in those wonderful bowers
 Of unfading leaf and unwithered flowers—

That carol today, as he then did,
 He makes, he has not changed a note;
 It is pleasing, is charming, ay, splendid,
 But only that tune suits his throat:
 And this is the law in all animal nature,
 Save to man, but one song has been given the creature.

Man's utterance and forms of expression
 Are only man's thought—haply dreams,
 And these are confused in transmission,
 And reach us in glimpses or gleams
 Of the heavens they come from, in some way beclouded,
 Ere reaching the mind in its earthiness shrouded.

This causes a serious bother,
 When people their thoughts would express:
 Thought-threads get entangled together,
 And people thus fuddled digress,
 And play round their subjects, like moths round a candle,
 And fail in the process their subject to handle.

Will Shakespeare per contra, the wonder,
 Was little beclouded of brain:

Heaven's gleams didn't reach him in thunder,
Or gleams meteoric of rain,
But poured him a current of straight inspiration;
His thought once expressed didn't need explanation.

Tom Campbell, Tom Little and Byron,
Had likewise an utterance-gift:
The mists which my vision environ—
Whose mantle no angel will lift—
Ne'er dimmed their conception, expression or meaning;
The castles they build us are never careening.

With the average man, education
Gives a kind of assurance of speech;
And a store of correct information,
Enables him others to teach;
But birdlike to sing with the gift of persuasion
Is somewhat beyond him, who solves an equation.

When I'd tell you, then, what I am thinking,
Consider my speech in a cloud,
And like to the winking and blinking
At you of a man in a crowd:
He gives you a hint, but of speech 'tis a bubble,
And nothing you'd swear to, and there is the trouble.

Full often what's uttered or spoken
Is only the top-floating scum,
And scarce, at its best, is a token
Of what is deep hidden and dumb.
Beneath it, as pure as the wind of the mountain,
Well-deep and unsullied, the thoughts in their fountain.

Full often in youth through the meadow
We wander, and life's but a dream:
It throws neither sunshine or shadow:
A something to haunt us doth seem—
An imp or a fairy: it comes with a mission,
It acts like enchantment and fades like a vision.

Then we yearn for the gift of expression—
For something more lasting than sighs:
We'd embody in language, the passion—
Which burns in the breast ere it flies;
Then words have their birth and their crystallization,
Like chemical crystalline salt sublimation.

"Words are things," says an absolute poet:

Methinks he was absolute right:

By their usage alone he could show it!

Their ugliness, beauty and might,

Proclaim they have something like color and feature,

And the spirit at least of the animate creature.

There's a capital, true illustration,

As shown us in family names;

As gotten from one's occupation,

Or that of one's sires and dames.

Ah, many a fellow now rolling in millions,

Is shown by his name as the scion of villains.

A host of our present patricians

Can't stomach the genuine fruit

Of a family tree. Their conditions,

The stock at the bottom don't suit;

And they take it, as casting on them a reflection,

If smart folks refer to their vulgar connection.

If you show them a leaf of philology,

You give to their pride such a shock,

Instantly they want an apology,

So utterly low is their stock:

The fact is in stock we believe, and democracy

Comports not with snobs who affect aristocracy.

See the Pitts and the Ponds and the Marshes—

The Pooles and the Sinks and the Tarns;

See the Boggs and the Hoggs and the Harshes,

The Pettys and Swindles and Yarns;

The Grubbs and the Stubbs and the Leggs and the Bar-
rows;

The Spades and the Forks; and the Hoes and the Har-
rows.

I could run out the list infinitum;

'Tis useless, I've cited enough;

Their meanings I higggle to write 'em,

They hint such detestable stuff:

They do very well, till on monuments graven:

"There is nought in a name," says the poet of Avon.

As to words in our common vernacular,

As used they are mystical things:

They are bitter and sweet and oracular;
They have tenderness in them and stings;
They are balm out of Gilead, lotions of Mara,
Or strains from the bowers of Gaudalaxara;

They are spells of enchantment that bind us;
They are thunderbolts striking to kill;
They trail on like serpents behind us,
For memory nurses them still;
They charm in the pray'r, like an angel petition;
They hiss in the curse like a flash of perdition.

They mind us, the moment we hear 'em,
Of something we hate or abhor:
In music we scarcely can bear 'em,
On the sense they so cruelly jar:
And even the lips that we love cannot sweeten 'em,
But lose half their honied spell in repeatin' 'em.

Some reach us like sounds from Elysium,
Nor trip they away from the ear,
But steal to the soul like a vision
Of glory and affluent cheer;
And keynotes becoming of melodies springing
In ecstasy upward, they burn in our singing.

Some love songs are like unto beryls,
And diamonds, opals and pearls,
Plucked out of the bosom of perils,
And twined for the bosoms of girls;
So precious are they, and so fair is their setting,
We think of them only as rapture begetting.

Sweet words from the ivory palace
Of love-speaking, smile-haunted lips,
By which every red in the valleys
Is put to a blushing eclipse:
These words have enchantment which shells cannot
waken;
And stirs up the cold heart which song ne'er has shaken.

The words of a Sappho and Homer—
True sirens themselves of the sea—
Have lent, as it were, an aroma
To all of the flowers that be

In the gardens of language, this side of Caucasus,
And next to old Sinai have famed old Parnassus.

The sweet words of Flaccus and Varro,
Bespeaking Falernian wine
And Hymettean dew, which no mara
Embitters, whose sparkle and shine
No dread melancholy bedarkens with mystery:
Their words are the jewels of mythical history.

Oh, the words of the ancients come to us,
As sounds from a far shadow land:
And their pictures and characters show us,
Like telegraph keyboards at hand,
Still ticking and ticking with endless commotion,
The thoughts of another far over the ocean.

Brain types, too, are words of the nation,
Whose habits and manners and life;
Whose foreign domestic relations,
Defeats or successes in strife;
They hold in a nutshell, in good preservation,
Themselves of the facts, but a pure sublimation.

Like messenger birds ever flying,
From people to people they go,
No boundary their passage denying:
They enter refused by no foe;
They are welcome of all the good people, and given
The freedom of highway and byway neath heaven.

They nestle today, and tomorrow
Their brood can be found in the trees;
With their chirping of rapture or sorrow,
They float like the dust on the breeze;
They come to the brain through some mystical portals,
And lodge on the wings of the spirits of mortals.

They fly on the wings of the lightning—
The Pucks out of Faery they be—
Wherever the day dawn is brightening,
Their presence, as 'twere, we can see;
They go down the streets with a whisper and mutter,
And round all the tables of commerce they flutter.

When twilight, with lengthening pinions,
Spreads over the valley and height,
And over day's noisy dominions
Is dropped the curtain of night;
These words, like the beautiful stars through the shadow,
Flash out in the songs of the homes and the meadow.

Wherever man builds him a palace,
A cabin or hut in the wood;
Where sparkles, in bumper or chalice,
Potations both evil and good,
These words are the alchemist's ringing changes,
On what most unites us or what most estranges.

But pearls as they be in their sev'ralty,
If harnessed discordant and crude,
They be most of the cruellest deviltry
That sullies our Edens with blood;
They kindle, keep kindled, alas, that a jewel
For work diabolic should furnish the fuel.

You know what they do in the churches—
These words how they wither and blast;
How under the name of researches,
Through the crypts and the tombs of the past,
The scientist finding a hieroglyphic,
For damnable dogma makes it a specific.

For instance, take "Regeneration,"
And study its story: for years
From ugly and mad disputation
It drowned out religion with tears;
Then followed "Baptism" and "Predestination,"
And last, but not least, came "the Immaculation."

These words once were opening wedges,
Which split up the houses of saints,
And crumbled to atoms their pledges,
Their altars with harloty paints,
To keep up religious appearances, gilded,
And miracles only preserved them when builded.

Alas, that the words I have cited
Have set all the pulpits a-roar,
And often, methinks, have affrighted

The gentlest of souls from the door:
Where the Dove should be ever in holiness flitting,
And the Raven should never, oh never, be sitting.

Christ's promise is all comprehensive;
It reaches the uttermost parts;
It depends not on weapons offensive
To open the way to our hearts:
When the sword our obeisance keeps sternly demanding,
It brings not the peace that is past understanding.

A faith by confession it carries,
Not faith by conviction love-crowned;
For the genuine faith only tarries
Where real conviction is found;
And that which we get from the sword's legislation,
Is like poor Agrippa's in need of persuasion.

But pardon this seeming digression:
I made it on purpose, to throw
Down the gauntlet to open confession
Of faith in the Christ, and to show
When people to villainous utterance pander
They sanction the falsehood and join in the slander.

The language of man often swaggers,
And echoes his make-up: unaimed
But deadly it pierces like daggers,
In drunken men's hands. The defamed,
When character's ruined and cannot be mended
Gets the sweet consolation—it wasn't intended.

Oh words, wondrous words of the scholar!
Oh words, silly words of the fool!
Oh utterance of rapture and choler!
Oh blessing and curse of the school!
Just half them, and many big scribblers were fakirs,
And genius alone would escape th' undertakers.

Out on the words that are carelessly spoken!
On lies that are secretly told!
Out on promises made to be broken!
On oaths that are gotten for gold!
What next? The conviction that truth is a rarity,
And Tarsus is right in his sermon on charity.

THIRD PART.

Revere had not enough to do:
No labor for his idle hands:
Upon him trifles made demands
And kept him mayhap "in a stew,"
As goes the slang. The woman's part
In home affairs disturbed his mind,
And many a fault he had to find,
And many a thing he took to heart,
As silly as a dream, and so
A pain became to him a woe.
Why should he watch his daughter's ways?
Why should he at her lovers gaze?
Why study them and criticize
Their dress and manners, mouths and eyes?
Why seek to know their grandpapas,
The lineage of their grandmamas?
Why ask if they were Huguenots,
Or Chevaliers or Highland Scots?

But chief of all Ben Yarber came,
Least wanted and least loved—to claim
His courtesy, but got his sneer,
And many thought this conduct queer;
But no one knew why he should hate
A man of such imposing state;
And all his rivals feared his fate.
No matter, more of this erelong.
Anneet was but fourteen, a child,
And as the saying goes, "so wild,"
A thing of passions, fierce and strong.
She was a child, he was a man;
Haply their paths together ran.

We said a gifted man was he
And brave and full of gallantry,
Who duty had been taught to do:
And duty doing makes men strong,
And gives them equipoise erelong,
And to fixed principles most true
Inclines their tempers and their will.
With all this education, still
One simple smile of child Anneet
Could bring him suppliant to her feet.

It came so natural to obey,
And higher power to recognize,
In man or woman worth to prize,
And to glamour to give full sway.
But education all aside,
Her spell was mighty as a tide,
And permeated through and through
His being, and he loved her true,
And, clinching it, she loved him too.

The years went by, the girl became
A woman with a mentioned name,
And her Ben Yarber set apart,
The only idol of his heart.
And just because he was so true,
And just because she loved him too,
There were some whispers, here and there,
Amongst the hateful, envious few—
Whispers like winds go everywhere—
That dealt too freely with her name,
And 'gainst him set her house aflame.
The father of the beauteous maid,
Old man Revere, so primp and staid,
So zealous of his daughter's cause,
Took up the matter without pause.
A most suspicious man, likewise,
He watched her actions with lynx eyes,
And found in them somewhat to blame.
"According to the saw," he said,
"Too much familiarity
Must breed contempt—contempt breeds shame:
They like each other far too much;
They must be ever on the touch,
Or they go grumbling, sighing: what?
No wonder that my temper's hot.
This is my bailiwick, this my sphere,
Who dares intrude upon me here?
Who dares my limits to invade?
And if within their sun and shade
I strut, who dares to interfere?
If one into my fountain flood
Should poison fling, would I not fight?
Then is it not as meet and right
To battle for my flesh and blood?
I stickle at the simplest thing

That makes a cleavage and thus tears
The integrity of my affairs:
Resistance I am quick to bring,
If one should trample on a flower
In my partarre, or slash my bower,
I not permitting, I would fling
Stones at him, may be bullets shoot:
But see, here enters Sir Galoot—
Sir Impudence, with brazen face,
And takes possession of my place;
And worse than any burglar, wants
A seat in my most sacred haunts:
On filthy lucre not content,
On putting me to shame he's bent:
He'd rob me of the dearest part
Of all I care for, ev'n my heart:
He'd leave it empty, broken, void:
For Anneet gone what have I left?
Of life's chief glory I'm bereft.
By heavens! to madness I'm annoyed."

The more his opposition, just
The more the cause of their distrust:
Ben Yarber and Anneet grew sore
At his suspicions, and the more
They hid their mutual liking, flame.
"For shame!" the old man cried, "for shame!
Too much secretiveness have they:
Too much they shun the light of day:
Such conduct in my nostrels stinks:
My lady who delights in such,
And is indifferent to the touch,
Which on her name might prove a smutch,
Is walking rather near the brinks."

Thus from suspicions curious, sad
And bitter grew the father's rage,
Which argument could not assuage:
Like one who ne'er a reason had,
He stopped his daughter's generous mouth,
At all times generous as the south.
Of pleasant things, from speaking out,
What might have chased his fear and doubt;
And worse, he drove Ben Yarber straight
To open opposition, hate.

The same sad tale is to be told,
Where fury rages uncontrolled,
And judgment stands aside and mourns,
The wheat uprooted with the thorns;
But with this difference—sad 'tis so—
Thorn roots remain again to grow.

Deep rooted are the antipathies
Which are in early childhood sown,
And, poison-fed, have hardy grown:
It is so easy to despise
What helps to make us rude and bad,
And with our poor selves keep us mad.

The child o'erlooks the father's wrath,
Tho' coming forth bruised from its path;
But never can forgive, forget,
That father's mean suspicions, which
Would drag one down into the ditch,
And keep him there bespattered yet.

'Tis cause most unforgivable,
Of long resentment, if the wrath
Has swept down virtue in its path,
And left a daughter's cup brimful
Of Mara waters.

Poor Anneet!

Was left against the bars to beat,
Unpitied and unhelped. What next?
For separation a pretext.

But woman's wrath—much to her praise—
No longer than for vengeance stays;
When that is not the end and aim
Of grief, it takes the form and name;
First changing into sighs and tears,
Thereafter into doubts and fears;
And next into that chrysalis
Whence bursts art's butterfly, I wis.

At first Anneet was wrath aflame,
Then grief with wails and weeping came;
Next, turning sudden right-about,
She faced the stage of fear and doubt:
At length the cloud began to lift,

And through the gloom there was a rift;
Then ne'er on brighter, gayer wing
Did butterfly in radiance spring,
Than sprang she in her pleasing arts
Of mirth and song, to win all hearts.
"Frowns never could abide with me,
Nay, smiles are stronger far," cried she;
"With scowls we never can beguile;
With smiles alone we win the smile:
And this should win, and bind our friends;
Hope woos and joy on this depends."

She gave it out once on a day—
Albeit 'twas in playful way—
As suitor she would never own
A man who bowed before her feet,
And with attentions fond and sweet,
And knightly vows, his love made known:
So easy 'twas to talk and sigh,
And act as well as speak the lie:
Rather she'd have him win her heart
By every turn of cunning art:
As he would win a social place;
A mentioned name among his race;
As he would struggle tow'rds a goal,
With all his mind and all his soul.
"Why should not all my suiters sing;
Their midnight lucubrations bring
To me, and ask for my applause?
And like true knights thus plead their cause,
And bide their time for the effect?
Let me receive them or reject?"

With joy her sire such prattle heard;
He pondered o'er it word by word:
"It strikes," quoth he, "a deadly blow
At Yarber—'tis his overthrow;
He trusts in his strong presence, not
In far off, well delivered shot:
In magnetism personal,
Not in the intellectual.
Brute force in him predominates,
And like a brute he loves and hates."

How blind is hate, as well as love,
 Save in its dark, contracted cove,
 Begirt by passions mountain high,
 There is a stigma in his eye.
 While old Revere, in chuckling state,
 Sat mapping out Ben Yarber's fate,
 And damning him as dull and cold,
 The latter as a morsel sweet,
 The dictum of the fair Anneet,
 Delighted 'gainst his palate rolled.

* * * * *

Now, pleased were two brave suitors—both
 In song would make to her their troth.
 Ben Yarber and La Muse were they—
 Both gallant fighting men, with scars
 Fresh gotten in their country's wars;
 For in the Land of Flowers had both
 Long kept the soldier's faithful troth,
 And given at Okeechobee
 Their red blood for their gallantry.
 So each considered, from the fair,
 Brave girl, this was a proper dare,
 And each his shell with pleasure strung
 And swore he'd win her with a song.

THE SECRET.—BEN YARBER.

One time, 'tis a secret, I whisper,
 No farther, pray, let it go,
 I entered a garden at vesper
 And crouched there for hours in the snow,
 To gaze on the face and form of a maid,
 Whose portals forbidden I could not invade,
 Although I was dying piecemeal just to see her,
 And risking my life from a dark fate to free her.

No matter, I hid in my bower
 Till dark were the shades of the night;
 'Twas a bitter, a terrible hour,
 When lo, in her casement a light;
 And what did I then see—a beautiful girl,
 Who was dreamily, daintily twisting a curl,
 And who came to the lattice, and out of it peering
 Had a glance of expectancy blended with fearing.

The lamplight was merrily gleaming,
The hearth had its logs all aglow,
But the fair girl was wistful and dreaming,
And pacing the floor to and fro;
Now she places her cheek 'gainst the chill window pane,
Now tossing and twirling the ringlet again,
Now she's clipping it out of a mass of dark tresses,
And guess if you can what her manner confesses.

Ah, I watch every turn, every motion,
Of this woman so marvelous fair,
And I say with a sigh, "some devotion
Is back of the ecstasy there;"
And I gaze on the scene, with its warm summer glow,
And I forget I am out in the chill winter snow;
And forget, too, my watching is full of dishonor,
Nor deem as a spy I am looking upon her.

She heaves up the sash for a minute,
And hangs out a tress on the sill:
I say half aloud,—“I will win it,”
But with bitter misgivings I thrill—
Ay, with gloomy suspicions and jealousy, too,
But conscience keeps whispering, “Ah, this will not do!”
But I sigh when she snuffs out her lamp and retires,
“Ah me, if she'd snuff out my heart's raging fires.”

By bannister, bracket and gutter,
I climb to the portico's roof,
Stand on it with heart all a-flutter,
And conscience aroused to reproof.
A step, but with care, up the slippery slope,
And the prize then in reach gives me daring and hope;
'Tis but stress on the brain and the heart for the minute:
Then, then, 'twill be mine—I would risk life to win it.

'Tis mine—to my bosom I press it:
That moment I lose my foothold,
While I tenderly, fondly caress it,
And hide it away from the cold,
As if it had feeling or knew it was there:
I catch by the gutter and swing in the air:
But the bracket is nigh. Now I steal through the
meadow;
But hush! there's another gone by like a shadow.

So the ringlet was clipped for another:
No matter, I bore it away.
Was this baseness or madness? Nay, rather,
'Twas acting my part of the play.
Ah, love makes a prince turn his back on a crown,
Transforms sober dignity into a clown;
Sets the wise men to romping and giggling and laughing;
The moderate tippler to furious quaffing.

Yes, love does with a man what he pleases,
Possesses his heart and his brain,
And makes him like fever diseases,
Oblivious of physical pain.
Love swings him, as 'twere, into farthest extremes,
Today into realms of Elysian dreams,
And tomorrow he's swung with a ghostly procession
Of memory wild, through the realm of depression.

Love touches the quartz—'tis a beryl:
The marsh, 'tis an Eden retreat;
Throws the halo of glory round peril,
Makes fortitude's sufferings sweet.
Thus exposure and danger were pleasing to me,
And that ringlet seemed worth all the pearls of the sea;
And richly, said I, am I paid for my trouble;
My theft was from two and the glory is double.

The lover came not as expected,
The poor thing was frightened away:
Nor has he or has she e'er detected
Who robbed him and her till this day.
She wonders, perchance, why the fellow ne'er came,
And he never mentions the cause of the same;
She says not a word, lest that word be a handle
For starting the crank of a beautiful scandal.

I have heard that that suitor once won her
By methods not down in the code,
Of rectitude, courage and honor,
If so, he is fit for the "road."
And the lady he fooled by his devilish arts,
By the way, as they say, "is a lady of parts."
He has got her to thinking 'tis wrong to be civil
To me, as removed but a step from the devil.

He has told her malodorous stories
Of me and my lady so true,
Who once measured life's blessings and glories
By what I had promised to do.
If the credulous girl should encourage such lies,
Nor see he is throwing his dust in her eyes,
She'll wish when he shows her his real intention,
She had taken my hints as a dose of prevention.

You see, I have learned all about it;
The tale of their passion has wings;
For a while I pretended to doubt it—
No use—there was seeing of things.
Of late I've been honest enough to believe,
And mean enough, too, just to laugh in my sleeve—
At him for rascality, dashing and jolly;
At her for credulity reaching to folly.

You have heard of the matter, I'm certain;
The fellow to honor is dead:
Just a moment I've pulled back the curtain,
A smile o'er his frailties to shed,
And to give out the straight of a knotty affair,
Which I had not the courage ere this to declare.
A pestilent secret it has been to harbor,
I am glad I have told it.

Yours truly,
—Ben Yarber.

LA MUSE'S SONG.

Three Graces I met in the land o' the Leal,
Where Graces are common to see;
So lovely they were that my highest ideal,
As embodied by them, was a radiant Real,
Which troubled and mystified me:
For loveliness simple and simply expressed,
Unembellished, unaided of art, they possessed,
In the truest and highest degree,
And the sight of them caused us to think of the days,
When life was a beautiful, mystical maze,
By the beauty of beautiful women lit, when
The angels come wooing the daughters of men.

These Graces a several loveliness had,
Each boasting enchantment of her own;
For one was all merriment, making you glad,
And one was all pensiveness, making you sad;
And one haughty dignity shone;
While each had a key to the gates of the soul,
And the heart, from the bosom quick entering, stole,
With a sigh or a smile or a tone.
No matter how callous or dead was the heart,
Their witcheries caught it—to life it would start,
As it did when at first to love's flame it awoke,
And would tremble again as it did when it broke.

The orb of the first was as blue as the sky
Which canopied Carribbee Isles;
So clear that you saw in the depths of that eye
The depths of the heart, whence preparing to fly,
With their quivers o'er loaded with smiles,
Was a troop of love's loveliest imps, all intent
On mischief and conquest, wherever they went—
Like the bee after honied spoils.
To stand up before them and give them a dare
Was putting one's foot on the spring of a snare;
And to fly them, as futile, while Memory so true
To love in each fate, wove her shackles for you.

The orb of the second, the sweet pensive Grace,
Was a glittering basilisk brown,
So bright that one fancied he saw just a trace
Of a shadow-like something fall over her face,
When the lashes were drooping a-down:
And vainly against it the spirit rebelled;
It charmed while it mystified, won yet repelled;
When it changed from a smile to a frown;
And the daring admirer who tempted its spell,
And escaped with his reason, did excellent well;
For so fondly persuasive it stole on the heart;
One felt like surrendering its keys in the start.

But the orb of the third was all Stygian dark,
And with Stygian fires aglow:
In anger its glance was shot to the mark;
In loving it kindled to flame in a spark,
As it flashed to the spirit below.
In your day-dreams it glowed with a tender love-light;

Like a fairy it danced in your dreams of the night,
Or swam in a tear overflow,
One could not escape it, for Memory took
A copy of all of its moods, in a book,
And presented to sorrow or joy, as a haunt,
That one which was likely the most to enchant.

Ah, lady, I've tempted the spell of them all,
Their marvelous magic have known;
On occasion I have come to their beck and their call,
But have always succeeded in breaking their thrall,
When Soulless I found it had grown;
Till at last I so daring and confident grew
That I said to myself, I would tempt even you.
I ventured too far, then, I own:
For the several charms of the beautiful three,
As faithful remembrance presents them to me,
Appear but as poor imitations at best,
Compared with the charms of the lady addressed.

FOURTH PART.

A curious contest this, and they,
The brave contestants for the prize,
Of finding favor in her eyes;
Each, as it were, in hiding lay.
La Muse ne'er dreaming Yarber sang—
My triumph will be easy now
Thought he: I'll make this Dives bow:
Henceforth his wooings may go hang.
Ben Yarber, on the other hand,
Regarding not this rhymer's pen,
Scarce kept him in his conscious ken,
Nor thought he could respect command.

Both rhymes in triumph brought Anneet,
And threw them at her father's feet.
La Muse had been a suitor long—
Had sung her many a sighing song,
Before Ben Yarber touched her hand,
And on her thought made long demand.

As both the rhymes the old man read,
She watched the motions of his head;

She saw delight, approval shown
 Across La Muse's numbers thrown;
 But while upon Ben Yarber's verse
 He poured, in silence, was a curse
 Held pent upon his lips. She read
 His thought, and sighed and bowed her head.
 Thus did the two brave gallants choir.

The girl agreed not with the sire;
 "I do not like the sweet," thought she;
 "La Muse's song less pleases me:"
 Per contra, said he, all afire,
 "Ben Yarber's is the colder lyre."
 She loved the strains that breathed of war,
 And flattering numbers cared not for.
 The father stormy, gloomy, fierce,
 Delighted in the airy verse.
 "We'll hear from them again," he cried,
 "Ere on their merits we decide.
 One swallow doesn't show it's spring:
 One bright day doesn't summer bring:
 Probe each one to the quick, I pray;
 Smite them as if you meant to slay;
 Strike to the core, and have no fear,
 Then genuine utterance will you hear;
 First from the innate savage heart,
 Whose portals are kept locked by art
 And cool discretion, for effect:
 Good breeding must such fume reject:
 And second from the heart whose door
 Is open to the very core,
 And, like the sky above us, shows
 The cloud and sunshine that it owes:
 Reason and taste will show you then
 The inner spirit of these men."

ANNEET'S REPLY TO BEN YARBER.

"Put that effusion in the fire,
 Love is not in it," says my sire;
 Enraged, I give it to the flame:
 Ah, you have put my face to shame!
 Such secrets ne'ertheless are gold,
 Ev'n though in mean despite they're told.

Rare is the man whom I now trust:
Experience brings me but disgust,
And I make haste to tell you so:
Divided henceforth we must go,
Else self-respect were but a name:
Victim I'm made of unjust blame.
Erelong you'll know my mind and heart:
Receive this warning and depart.
Your revelation pleases me—
Not! on such base rascality!
This proves exactly what you are;
Henceforth of cowards I'll beware.
Enough you've said—it suits me well!
Refuse, for shame, the rest to tell.
Like one from shipwreck saved, I stand
In jeopardy no longer, and
No longer am I left in doubt.
Enough!—watch where you go about.
You read between the lines, you say:
What read you reading this that way?"

ANNEET'S LETTER TO LA MUSE.

Your extravaganza came duly,
With somewhat unusual speed,
And finds me most humbly and truly
Your servant, bewildered indeed:
Your comparison, though is not pleasing to me,
As a rival I never have been of the Three,
And I fancy a man who has slipped from their net,
If sensible, dodges their counterpart yet.

I hope you will keep out of trouble,
Nor tempt such a thralldom again;
Love's joy after all is a bubble
To certain gay, fanciful men:
They get it confounded with fancy compact,
Or with villainous passion, nor get at the fact
That the bubbles which burst on the surface but show
The deep moving current or hot flames below.

Go back to those beautiful Graces:
Get one, if you can, of the three,
To teach you to work in her traces,

Nor wish from her reins to be free.
 When she wearies of playing the Circe with you,
 And making you ugly, as women will do,
 She'll pity you, may be, and make, if she can,
 Of you what she wants, just a plain, sturdy man.

BEN YARBER'S REPLY.

EPISTLE.

"I see," says the little man, "plainly
 Though dark be your sayings, I see;
 You hint I have acted insanely,
 And read a fine lecture to me:
 The bitter impeachment I cannot deny,
 And could I—I would not—I should not—not I;
 For I take it I've yielded my rights in the matter,
 So long as my honor you do not bespatter."

"Thus far and no farther," the dictum
 That makes me consider—who goes
 Beyond it walks "in derelictum,"
 And conjures his own proper woes:
 If I leap o'er the limits morality sets,
 What should I expect but abundant regrets:
 Your mighty enchantment, your granted affection
 Were powerless to cleanse me or soothe my dejection.

'So, lady, I make no contention
 In matters of morals with you;
 I shall only discuss the prevention
 Of things which we carelessly do:
 We list to the songs of the sirens so sweet,
 And drunken with ecstasy, jeopardy meet;
 And not till the breakers are roaring around us,
 We learn what a dangerous witchery has bound us.

'I should do, then, as did old Ulysses,
 As writ of in mystical lore:
 He turned a deaf ear to the misses
 Who sang by the perilous shore;
 He cunningly had himself bound to the mast,
 And waxed both his ears till the danger was past;
 Did not trust in himself, neither take any chances,
 But cautious prepared for the worst circumstances.

Thus should I look out for temptations,
As something I cannot resist;
And be deaf to all sweet conversations,
Whose honey is freighted with trist.
Whenever, for instance, your magic I find
Inflaming my heart or unsettling my mind.
To escape from the fatal embraces of Venus,
Must see that a distance of miles is between us.

'If haply my heart be not tender,
My head prove as dull as a frow:
By the power of beauty and splendor,
Unwarmed to an amorous glow,
But to touch of the hand and to kiss on the cheek;
To passionate utterance fatally weak;
'Tis nothing but justice to blame you, as much as
Your servant for falling a prey in your clutches.

'Ah, lady, consider conditions,
And hasty conclusions avoid;
Think, too, of the bitter contritions,
By which stormy souls are annoyed:
The flesh is so weak and the spirit so sad,
It appears by the fates, some are born to go mad;
They fly to excesses in moments of bother,
And dodging one trouble, run into another.

The wretched of earth are those people
Who take all their troubles to heart:
Still restless, from cellar to steeple,
From steeple to cellar they start.
Their spirits of evil find evil in all;
Quaff the nectar, and whine, if they taste not the gall;
See a storm in each cloud floating peacefully o'er them,
In sunshine the terrors of darkness before them.

'We lay this sometimes to heredity,
'Tis oft'ner of indolence born:
A distemper which vile asafetida,
Decocted with juice of the corn,
Can banish the bosom's precincts for a while,
And murmuring spirit awake to a smile;
So urging the pestilent stuff from the liver,
Life's stagnant waters burst forth like a river.

The trials of manhood are many,
And curious as characters are:
Old Miser is tried by a penny;
Young Lark by a ringlet of hair;
Captain Haughty by meek acquiescence; Squire Vain
By flatt'ring attentions from folks that are plain;
And children of genius by open acclaim,
From women and men that have gotten a name.

When a true man's possessed of a devil,
Which deep in his strong bosom lurks,
And warps him and pulls him tow'rds evil,
Deforming his beautiful works—
The terrible trial that soul undergoes
Can only be seen in the volcanic throes
Of the rock-founded mountains that tremble and rage,
Whose passion eruption alone can assuage.

Such devils full often possess us,
In life's lone seclusions, which show
But the glory of flowers that bless us,
But seldom the serpent below:
Show Elysian meadows and 'summer sweet skies,
Not the tempest begot by the summer's bright eyes;
Such devils possess us when neighbors outside
Who see but the surface, would envy our pride.

Perchance they are Hatred and Malice;
In temples the fairest they slink
Full often, and poison the chalice
Which others prefer most to drink.
And Jealousy, Love's bastard sister, is there,
With phantasy jaundiced, or sick to despair:
Such add to our mental and moral disease,
And doubt not true manhood is tested by these.

The woman gets seldom acquainted
With any of these in a man—
Save Love, and this devil is painted—
Tho' watch it as close as she can,
She sees but his beauty and glory at first,
And is charmed by the passion with which he is cursed:
And stricken with blindness, at length, by his fires
His ugliness sees not—he's all she desires.

Alas, when she sees his deformities!
Alas, when her sight is restored!
Few know what a terrible storm it is
That sweeps all her dreams overboard,
And sends her delusions adrift on the wave,
Which shall bear her frail bark as a wreck to the grave.
Still, still, if she sees Love at all, I protest,
When he opened her eyes he had flown from her breast.

With fears and misgivings attended,
We visit the gardens of vice;
No matter how gaudy and splendid,
No matter how fairily nice
The pathways and highways—the altars and bowers—
A cankerworm eats out the heart of the flowers:
The beauty which charms is as gossamer blown,
Tho' glory around it seem lavishly thrown.

We enter her portals distrustful;
We quaff of her cups with a doubt;
And ne'er till we reach the disgusting
Does Conscience's candle go out:
There learn we the first time the taste of the lees;
There get we the first time the sting of the bees;
There see we the first time life's vista a-dreary;
And mourn we the first time despairingly weary.

Then oh, for the light and the glory
Of childhood unsmit of the curse;
Where mem'ry recounted no story
Which wakened a maddening remorse;
Where Innocence lingered, and Conscience just born,
Was radiant and fresh as the face of the morn;
And the fragrance of youth, like the fragrance of flowers,
Was sweet as if stolen from Heaven's own bowers.

And oh, for the sleep and the slumber
That came from that Eden of peace,
Where never a shadow fell sombre
O'er beds of a true golden fleece:
The limbs were so comely, the motions so free,
Which Beauty herself could but envious see;
And the eyes 'neath the lids were like stars of the
gloaming,
The dusk of the shadows above them illuming.

From vice come the horrible breed of
The beastly, the vile and unclean:
And I see every moment the need of
A Christ for this sin-smitten scene:
A Christ, a Redeemer, once more to relight
The candle of conscience gone out in the night;
And to cleanse with his waters the gardens of evil,
Made loathsome and deadly each day by the devil.

Washed vainly, perchance, by the weeping
Of those who remorseful repine;
But darkly and fiercely are keeping
Their stations in Beelzebub's line.
He would come with a curious joy in his face
To illumine the darkness and gloom of disgrace;
And a curious magic, unknown of all others,
To make them as pure as their unsullied brothers.

Enough though of this for the present—
Save one sad remark ere we leave
This matter—a face that is pleasant,
And lips which are practiced to weave
Their meshes of guile, and their chains of deceit,
Exorcise some ghosts, which they thought not to meet,
And learn, when recounting their triumphs and spoils,
They must quench with their tears what they fired with
their smiles.

For the sad sins of many a gallant
Begins at some sweet siren's door:
There he wastes his birthright and talent,
His gifts there too lavishly pour.
In vain is the plea, his the fault, his the sins;
Woe, woe, to the source where temptation begins:
The power which weakens and leads us astray,
Might strengthen and guide us upon the right way.

For my part, I tenderly pity
The heart that is burdened with thought
Of a form or a face which is pretty,
Such comes like the flowers to naught.
Yet human it is for the human to yearn,
And to get nature's sweets out of nature's own urn;
And pity it is, we expect from the real
The joys of the dreams of the Eden-ideal.

'Tis natural, too, when the real—
The outer's so fatally fair,
To give it a tenant ideal—
Most lovely, most excellent, rare;
And to people the mansion with angels of light,
Such as Innocence spotless, and Purity white;
And with virtues as strong as the spell of the Graces,
And as full of enchantment, withal, as the face is.

Though only a fancy creation
These tenants he conjures up be,
Yet a vision of mad delectation,
'Tis his in the picture to see,
Where the outer and inner harmonious blent,
To him an embodiment charming present;
And, I'm sure, it accords with the fitness of things,
When to it a fond admiration he brings.

The man's in a curious bother;
His passion unsettles his brain;
Yet 'tis not a dream altogether,
Which binds him as strong as a chain:
There's reality back of it, substance and form,
That weave round his spirit the coil and the charm,
With purpose and motive, as cruel as strong,
With basilisk smile and with flattering tongue.

Suppose then—no harm in supposing—
I came by mischance in your way,
And you, an enchantment disclosing,
My spirit was bound to obey,
Enticed and allured me—for beauty is strong—
And the dream it awakens is mournfully long,
And the wisest it hurries to wildest excesses,
Till Wisdom the bondage of Folly confesses.

On whom do you think should transgression
Be saddled, my lady, the prude?
That justice might get full expression,
Of right, as that right's understood?
On her, with enchantments which none can resist—
Still used though she knows they must bring us to trist;
Or on him, who has shown but heroic devotion,
And sighed after you, as the stream does the ocean?

I see your indignant flushing:
My thought you have taken to heart:
And for reason, perchance, you are blushing,
As if you were pierced by a dart:
I can hear from the mouth of the winds your reply:
It comes with a nay, yet it goes with a sigh;
Ah me, cruel lady, the winds heaven-dwellers,
With you are acquainted, and no story-tellers.

Let's see what they see in their roaming,
From valley to valley afar,
What whisper they soft, in the gloaming,
That pallets the evening star;
What utter their tongues in their shrill murmurings:
What messages bear they, as freight on their wings:
What hear they at noon, 'neath the shade of the trees;
For wondrous large ears has the tiniest breeze.

They tell me, they caught you a-napping,
When dreams were unfettered as they;
And they stole to your side without rapping,
And saw them around you at play:
And the winds said, your dreams were not dreams of
delight,
For your spirit, their mistress, was drooping that night:
And they told me, fond Mem'ry was sitting beside you,
With matter of record, with which she did chide you.

They said, you were restlessly sleeping,
And freighted their wings with your sighs;
Tears saw they, they told me soft creeping.
From those weird, smile-fountains, your eyes;
You pitiful cried, in your slumbers unrest:
Your lips freed the secrets, long caged in your breast;
You murmured of innocence, beauty and truth,
Ere sorrow had come and temptation and ruth.

They tell me, they saw you a-lying,
Your beautiful face to the floor:
They heard you in darkness a-crying,
For joys that are coming no more,—
For moments when tremblings were strangers unknown,
And hopes, like the roses of summer, were blown;
For clean thoughts and clean hands, in innocence white,
A-crying and crying, so late in the night.

These subjects of fabled Æolus,
Are passionate imprudent elves;
Yet often when lone, they console us
And take us away from ourselves:
They go where all others would tremble to tread;
They knock at our windows and make us afraid;
Then softly they whisper and soothe us and gladden:
They wail through the tree tops, they sob and they
sadden.

They came through the garden-like valley,
Where under a sycamore tree,
'Twas your wont in a hammock to dally,
And sigh—was that sighing for me?
They brought me that sigh yesterdav, on their wings,
And with it they brought me remembrance of things

They brought me yestereen, as I tell you,
The same kind of sigh heard before;
And the tone that it had would compel you,
To think of the sweet sycamore;
And the hammock beneath it, and her, in my eyes,
The loveliest object, that breathes 'neath the skies:
And would force one to think of, recall, as I then did,
The lips full of sighs and the soft eyes yet splendid.

Still these subjects of fabled Æolus,
Brought memories golden to me,—
As the waters of yellow Pactolus,
The golden sands takes to the sea:
They brought me the tears, and the radiant smiles,
The touching of hands and the innocent wiles;
The pledges of friendship, the half-love confession,
But 'mongst them I see not a glimpse of transgression.

Away, then, with naughty suspicions;
And look not for evil intent,
My ways are controlled by conditions,
Which haply trangression prevent.
But the mem'ries I cherish must ever be mine;
And my love is as pure as the roses you twine:
And my lips of complaint are as sure to commend you
From any aspersion—I'd die to defend you.

LA MUSE'S REPLY.—MY OWN.

I wandered in the meadows green,
When June with amorous kisses came,
And laid her fingers on each scene,
Till hill and vale were all aflame.

Wild flowers were speaking with their eyes,
And odorous lips the passionate thought,
Which June from out the golden skies,
To suit their loveliness had brought.

And happy birds, on joyous wing,
Melodious utterance gave in song,
To what sweet June was wont to bring
To them, to pour the bowers among.

And through the grasses winding sweet
A silvery brook went prattling on,
Telling how June, with dewy feet,
Dipped in her waves each rosy dawn.

And busy bees, with drowsy hum,
Made honied wooings to the flowers—
Those honeysuckles, crabb, wild plums,
As fragrant fair, as Eden bowers.

Then stretching 'neath a sturdy oak,
I fell a-dreaming, and to me
The fairies of each flower spoke,
As I addressed them sev'rally.

"Fair fairy of the flowerland,
What is thy chief delight, I pray?"
"Plucking the rarest of my band,
Within some spotless breast to lay."

"Sweet fairy of the brook, pray tell
Thy joy supreme;" "The pearls I bear,
To twine into a coronal,
For her the loveliest, to wear."
"What says the fay of woodland song—
"To bind in lays, for her sweet lips,
The rarest notes my birds prolong,
Which only can her voice eclipse."

"And fairy of the honey-land
What is thy pleasure?" "To her lip
To bring my sweetest nectar, and
The blended sweetness thence to sip."

"But who is she, this fairest fair,
Whose voice the sweet birds envy so?
With whom the flowers scarce compare;
On whom the brooks their pearls bestow?"

"I need not breathe into your ear
The name of one so peerless: nay,
It is the riddle of the seer,
But Love will tell you any day.

"Love is a riddle-solver, he
By reason of his exalted birth
To fairy wisdom has the key;
Love is the ruler of the earth.

"Beneath my lady's lashes long
In shadow, Love delights to play,
And kindle hearts, he warms to song,
If once they near her sweet eyes stray.

"Each siren prattles in her tone,
In loveliness of face and form:
Like Venus is she quite alone:
She is of charms the embodied charm."

I wondering for a long time lay—
"I know but one the riddle fits"
Ere long I answered. "She today
Within a bowshot of me sits,
And orders me to write this page;
No other surely can it be;
No other has her witchery."
"Enough," the fairy cried; "Your sage,
Ev'n love has made you write the name
That kindles in your heart a deathless flame."

"These ryhmes, please con them now with care,
Good father, with a judgment meet
As if not writ to your Anneet,
But to some other cruel fair."
Long time upon his lap they lay,

And were perused and re-perused:
He was in doubt and half confused,
But made of temper no display
And folding up the dainty pack;
Without comment he gave them back.

"The Master says," says old Revere,
"Judge not lest ye be judged;" and he
Who had linguistic sorcery,
Avon, the greatest Gentile seer,
Who of the Master seems well taught,
As one who Christ had studied long,
Put in the body of his song,
A copy of the self-same thought:—
"Who steals my purse, steals trash," you know
The rest, and I believe 'tis so.

"But this occasion seems to force
Divulgment, and expression hard,
And I must now, like one on guard,
Justice and charity divorce.

"Ben Yarber's good name I must steal,
('Twere best to say it is not good)
Though I can't speak with certitude:
What Secrecy cannot conceal,
In her dead womb, that do I know,,
And that much I can swear is so.

"He wrought a maiden's ruin: fled
From fierce assault and social storms,
And took up then his country's arms:
A mere pretext, it may be said.
So comes he to you covered o'er
With all a soldier's glory: bright
With patriotic beauty: quite
A hero, from his field of gore
Though there's not known to history
One hero from Okeechobee.

"No witness save himself, howe'er,
Comes forth to blazon him: such scars
The humblest private gets in wars,
And no one blazons his career.
That was a popgun, squib affair

A noisy skirmish in the bush;
A kind of patriotic gush:
A little more, scared-gilt, to scare:
War just came forth and shook his mane,
And then went back to sleep again.

"Another word. 'Tis told for truth
He was not, by his dam accursed,
But by an Indian woman, nursed,
As an Appalachicola youth:
Ere twenty he with Jackson won,
His spurs, for very gallant work:
He was expert with sword and dirk
And sure and deadly with his gun:
For such barbaric skill his name,
A spell to conjure with became.

"Whom did he fight, though? whom o'erthrow?
What victories gave to him acclaim?
How nobly did he play his game
Of warfare? Say, who was the foe?
He won in youth the Red man's trust,
And treaty with the Red man made—
Grew wealthy on the Red man's trade: :
Why shook he off the Red man's dust?
Why played he spy upon his own ?
Who envies him his laurel crown?

"Yanita was the sea beside,
The fairest thing that lived: a child,
When from her Spanish home beguiled,
To be this gallant soldier's bride:
But pardon me I see you weep:
This scandal please a secret keep."

A Spaniard writes me thus, in grief,
To give his wounded heart relief:—

"He deserted his own in their trouble, you know;
Is the author thereby of his own proper woe:
And happen it will, when he asks for a boost,
That curses, like chickens, will come home to roost.

"We can say it with truth, but, alas, not with pride,
No gallanter fellow e'er wrought for his side:

On many occasion we witnessed his pluck;
On many occasions went down when he struck.

"But the fact that his glamour was gotten in part
By striking his mother-land square in the heart,
The drapery of mourning will darken his name,
For the greater his glory, the greater his shame.

"Ah, vainly his mother, while wearing her weeds,
Because of his smittings, shall count o'er his deeds
Of prowess and splendor, but cannot condone
His cruel ingratitude with his renown.

"When haply the battle for freedom recurs,
How can she then point to this hero of hers,
And say to her sons, 'your exemplar behold;
His footsteps will lead you to glory untold?"

"Oh, she may not, she can not, she must not, forget,
Though bright his escutcheon, the stain on it yet;
For the halo that circles his record and name
Ne'er may blot out the blush on the cheek of his fame."

The father pitying turned away,
But with a lighter heart, and strode,
Like one who just had dropped a load.
But she, alas, a-wailing lay—

"It is not so! It is not so!
I would have heard it long ago,
Had half of it been true. And why
This base, unmitigated lie,
If not a plot against his name,
Whose brightness overshadows theirs
Who have for me such precious cares,
And puts them, it may be, to shame?"

Poor, poor Anneet! too wild Anneet!
Too trusting, beautiful and sweet!
Too much a copy of her sire:
Too easy to be set afire:
Too hot a sun was in her blood:
Too lonely in the world she stood:
She mused and lived too much apart,
Nor felt the big world's pulsing heart—
Knew not the feeling, care and thought

Of men and women of the throng;
Who being jostled are made strong.
She grew one-sided and was wrought
Upon by ugly books of love—
Hot food which did not wholesome prove.

Left to luxuriant growth untrained,
And in her goings unrestrained,
Just like the plants around, she grew
Too brimful of the sun and dew:
So in her there was no repose,
No equipoise: she did not seem
In place except on some extreme;
And yet she was of lofty sort
That seemed with customs to disport:
You fancied often she was grown,
For every man to call his own;
The standard 'twas her place to bear
And not to fight: nay, not to share
The common lot of women, but
Where she by Nature's self was put,
To stand, as 'twere, at danger's post
And honor's, from the scuffle free.
A kind of goal of chivalry,
Where rallies the ignoble host.

So, when from her empyrean height
Descending to the lower plain,
She fell into Ben Yarber's train,
There were who gave her mean despite,
And thought she stooped below herself,
And said the stooping was for pelf.

"My father, curious man is he,
Would know of those who visit me:"
This to Ben Yarber, "Tell me true,
Sincerely, frankly, what know you
Of Jean La Muse: the good and bad—
If either he has ever had—
I've known him from my cradle days;
Have seen him in a thousand ways;
But truly do not know him yet.
Now, to be candid, I confess,
I've thought him, in a thoughtless way,

The very top of manliness:
Ah, once I loved him, I may say."

"I always loved him," Yarber said:
"Have loved his heart, have loved his head;
His very faults are of a sort
At which we do not frown, but sport;
'His make-up,' as the saying goes,
No attribute of meanness shows;
'There's not a mean bone in him, nor
A prudent—nothing you'd abhor,
Yet nothing you would reverence,
He is so curblessly intense.
What next about him, none can know,
He tumbles things about him so.

"He is too open to all sorts—
To beggars, vagabonds and sports,
To win the great big precious love,
Of those who stand aloof, above,
Those common fellows. Love like that
Isn't got by 'passing round the hat,'
If you'll allow such slang to pass:
These great, lone hearts affect not 'gas,'
Nor do they trust the fickle flame
Of love, which has no centered claim,
But prates of mankind's love for man,
As no one but a hypocrite can.
More fearing gall and frowns the while,
Than honey-seeking and the smile.
He is a trouble-hater. Well,
I have but one more thing to tell:
'Tis said I am his special hate;
Much have I thought of this of late,
And it has given me some pause;
But I forgive him; he has cause.
His self-love is his only vice,
And I have not been over nice
In dealing with it; 'tis so strong,
You'll never find him basely wrong.
In this I've written of the man:
Find malice in it, if you can."

LA MUSE ON BEN YARBER.

"You wish a simple, honest speech,"
Said Jean La Muse, "so let me say
All things in such a guarded way
That no man may their truth impeach.
Ben Yarber is two men. You see
The one today—you like the sight;
It causes pleasure, ay, delight:
A demigod he seems to be:
He holds you almost with a spell,
And with your smiles he wakens sighs,
You have not seen him otherwise:
You know this Yarber very well.

"The other's a monstrosity,
As seen tomorrow. What a change!
He is so rude, repulsive, strange:
He has appeared thus oft to me.
Now that I know him, I could tell
Of things that make my memory blush,
That e'er I called him friend. You flush!
You must all prejudice expel.
Though deep into your heart today—
Getting possession of its keys—
And holding it, we'll say with ease,
What is his aim but to betray?
He loves the devil in a man,
And cultivates him, paints him fair—
And calls it chivalry, elan—
Says he was born to do and dare.
But be this, as it may, a test,
Not of his head, but of his breast,
I'd have you make: not of his thought,
But of his feeling may be caught,
When next you meet him, if he chance
To ask a song of you, I pray
You'll sing 'Yahnita:' nothing say,
But simply watch his troubled glance,
And listen for a sigh; I know
This song—its music or its words
Most strangely shakes his bosom's chords,
And acts upon him like a woe:
Of course, there's nothing in the song,
Unless it brings to mind the past,

Wherein he sees a life o'ercast
With sorrow by his grievous wrong.

"To her Ben Yarber wrote the words,
To show his love sincere and strong!
Yahnita tuned them to her chords,
And gave them to the world in song."

He seized her harp, neglected long,
And tuning well the vibrant strings,
Which had but plaintive murmurings,
He sang to her Ben Yarber's song:

"Yahnita, my Yahnita,
The airs are growing sweeter ,
For Spring, with bud and flower,
Besprinkles bush and bower;
The spirit of the earth and sky
Proclaims the summer days are nigh.

"But, oh, the bud and blossom
No gladness bring to my bosom,
Because the smile I sigh for—
Because the love I'd die for—
Come not to waken in my breast
The glory, but by hope expressed.

"Yahnita, dear Yahnita,
In vain the woods are sweeter
With violet and daisies;
In vale and woodland maizes;
My pain and grief they but renew,
While they remind me still of you.

"But show your smiling face, love,
And give me your embrace, love,
Then will the leaves and flowers,
In all the woodland bowers,
Be sweet as those of Eden were,
Ere Adam lost his glory there."

Exultingly the song he sang,
And closed it with exultant air.

Anneet rose quickly from her chair,
And, as if smitten, backward sprang—

"That's enough—enough," she cried;
"Your estimate of him is made
With care, with nicest light and shade:
You've studied him on every side:
You furnish proof of what you say:
You offer personal evidence,
That you are not mistaken, hence
My judgment I no longer stay.

"You soften my solicitude
About my friend, who has of late
Suffered from envy, malice, hate:
I like your saying: it is good—
'The devil's in the man he loves.'
He told me he loved you, and more,
He paints you fair, and I am sure,
His estimate your statement proves."

"Your application is not queer
But cruel; so too is your jeer:
But I am ready to forgive,
As in your frown I'd rather live
Than in another's sweetest smile.

"You do but spend your breath the while,
Your flatt'ries fond into one ear
You breathe, and at the same time pour
Into the other's open door
The molten stuff of hate, I fear:
You have my early dreams upset,
Them overshadowing with regret.
Less of myself you've made me think:
From hopes I had, you make me shrink;
As almost criminal: you've taught
Me to suspect, that what I thought
The noblest, bravest, purest, best
May be the meanest, ugliest;
You do not elevate me, nay,
But pull me down: you clog my way;
When I would upward climb, and shake
My nerve in what I undertake.
You are too full of plaintiveness;
And thus your jealousies confess,
Go mend your ways and change your mind,
And think not all the world is blind,

Because you cannot see. I'm done
 Our paths no more together run.
 For your own sake, if not for mine,
 All hope of winning me resign.
 Then, maybe, after while, once more,
 When I'm sure all passion's o'er,
 I'll cherish days that used to be,
 So beautiful to you and me."

"I came expecting this," he said.

"Of it I've been for months afraid.

'Coming events,' the poet cries,
 'Their shadows cast before.' My eyes
 Have not been shut, nor has my heart;
 The one has been—as from the deck,
 The sharp-eyed sailor sees the speck,
 Which comes as swiftly as a dart—
 The gathering frown upon your brow,
 Fast coming, overwhelmingly, too,
 The other shaken through and through,
 The bolt has felt, as I do now.
 I pray you, therefore, see how wise
 My fears have made me: mark how near
 I've come to prophecy, nor sneer
 At my complaint, o'er broken ties.

"I do not want your friendship, nav,
 That would be rather in my way;
 But when you've read this, I would ask
 On me your batteries you'd unmask;
 That I may see an open foe, ,
 When I my gallantry may show.

"Read, mark and learn—you know the rest.
 Good luck!—yes, better—ay, the best."

LA MUSE TO ANNEET.

Farewell, if at length 'tis decided,
 The dreams of the past must be o'er;
 We shall go forth as coldly divided,
 And dear to each other no more;
 Henceforth we must stand like two dark severed moun-
 tains,
 Naught common to both save their bright mingling
 fountains.

Naught common to us, friend, hereafter
But memories—waters so bright,
To flow on between us in laughter,
Or murmuring mixed with delight.
Well, the voices of mine will be heard where you wander;
Of yours—where in gladness or sadness I ponder.

I yield to your wish, then, or mandate,
Though cruel and cold it may be;
Nor ask in what spirit you've planned it,
Nor why you are punishing me:
Perchance after all, it is wisest to sever,
Ere hate has grown up between us forever.

I own, while I sought so to move you,
Self-love I forgot all the while;
So natural was it to love you,
And, oh, so irresistible your wile;
But thought follows feeling, and after while reason,
Asserts his supremacy calm in due season.

Even Love loves to change, on occasion,
And prays that his blind eyes may see:
He would put on the habit and fashion
Of friendship—affection, may be:
This granted, he sees in chagrin and dejection,
He's counterfeit friendship and mongrel affection.

Ne'er mind, I must give up my idol,
And pride tells me not to complain,
But yield, like the steed to his bridle:
Be mute, like the wolf to his chain:
But nothing forbids me from telling you truly,
My heart like the latter is fiercely unruly.

Should I grieve that you ever were trusted,
This fact, not the cause, I deplore;
With myself, not with you, be disgusted
For letting my passions run o'er;
For had I been cooler and prouder and bolder,
I think you today would be warmer, not colder.

You must own all I've done—all I've spoken—
Was prompted by love that was true;
And you'll own, you have many a token

Of my foolish devotion to you;
 And I think, if you think of a certain occasion,
 You'll own you yourself were blind in your passion.

Ah, daily and nightly unaltered,
 Sweet blessings on you I have prayed,
 And in duty I never have faltered,
 But kept every promise I made:
 My conscience is easy on this score, believe me,
 You knew it, yet felt no remorse to deceive me.

No matter, the glow of my folly
 Is over, the fever is gone;
 And even that stern melancholy,
 Which passion o'erweaning brings on,
 Its mantle of gloom has uplifted, has left me—
 Of confidence, too, in your truth has bereft me.

No harm has been done, you have stricken,
 Ay, cruelly dealt me the lash,
 But neither despair I nor sicken,
 Nor think all the world is a-crash.
 You punished, to show me your aim was to cheat;
 And I thank you, for letting me off with deceit.

Had I taken you into my bosom,
 And kept you, though stinging me there,
 As a canker-worm hid in a blossom,
 How certain has been my despair:
 As it is, ere we entered the battle for life,
 A fight on the picket line settled the strife.
 —La Muse.

BEN YARBER.

"I have a dark and secret foe,"
 Ben Yarber said. This to Anneet:
 "'Tis one I've often met and meet,
 Who does not strike a man-like blow;
 Though I be little understood
 My faults are easy to detect.
 Fool that I am I ne'er suspect;
 'Twere wiser may be if I should."
 Anneet replied not. Full of thought
 But resolute she silent sat

"A hidden foe one can't combat
It seems the battery is brought
To bear upon my character
Not on my foibles or my faults
I would not mention such assaults"
Still no reply he got from her
"To me perhaps you might suggest"
He eyed her closely as he spake
"Or you a simple hint might make
And to my watching leave the rest."
"I will not be a go between
For you or others." Quick she broke
Her silence strange, and as she spoke,
From head to foot she looked the queen;
"I never tattle, never hint,
There is a kind of lie in it;
I do not issue counterfeit,
I make but good coin in my mint.

"You find these slings and flings of theirs
Uncalled for, cruel and unjust,—
Which the proud soul but seldom bears
In patience only when he must.

"Some things a modest girl may say:
Some utterance she must repress;
But what her blushes still betray,
'Tis not immodest to confess.

"As 'twere you're passing in review:
Your banner to the breeze is flung:
Why should not foes then shoot at you
Their poisoned darts, what if they do?
Of prominence this is the cost.

"What if I own—'tis much to own—
The hate which shoots at you its dart,
Gives not a pang to you alone—
Ne'er mind with what intent 'twas thrown—
But also pierces through my heart.

"But let these angry ones abuse
And slander, as the mean will do;
'Twill make you prize the more the true
True heart, nor will it make me lose
My trust and confidence in you."

She fell into Ben Yarber's arms:
He clasped her wildly. From his brow
The frowns that lowered there like storms
Evanished: all was sunshine now.

She was so beautiful and warm:
He was so tender, brave and strong:
Within her breast not one alarm,
Nay, not a shadowy dream of harm:
In his no dark intent to wrong.

While yet she hung upon his breast,
The mutual vow and pledge was given:
Their true soul-marriage to attest,
Both lifting up their hands and eyes to heaven.
"I shall not fail, God helping me,
To keep my vow," he fondly swore:
"I shall not fail," soft murmured she,
"Whate'er betide, till life is o'er."

Then both were silent; both were pale
And both stood trembling, lest a slip
Might haply come twix cup and lip,
And something might o'er love prevail.

Alas, each had a horrid fear,
Lest now life's darkest storm was near.
Nor vain was that solicitude,
That made them tremble where they stood.

Now, when a thing is past debate
We treat it as a kind of fate:
And drop old speculations there,
And what can't be corrected, bear.

Anneet as stubborn as her sire,
Resistful woke his anger dire:
She marked his prejudice intense:
He marked her lack of reverence:
Not to succumb resolved was she:
Obedience strict demanded he.

'Tis strange, but oft it happens so,
When to the top of wrath we go,
We down it in a kind of freak,
And stand upon it, so to speak.

When we consider her or him,
Who fills our cup up to the brim
With bitterness, as now a foe,
More calm, more circumspect we grow,
And feel from anger's burden free,
When we agree to disagree.

"I've formed some resolutions child,"
With manner courteous, gracious, mild,
Began the father,—“but before
I put them into action, more
Decisive answer I would get,—
From you, who 'gainst my purpose fret.
The issue has been made, and you,
Must, as a lady, hear me through:
The fullest courtesy will I,
A gentleman, give you reply.
Contention coming to a close,
We clasp as friends or part as foes.”
“There's nothing, father,” cried Anneet
Deluded by his manner sweet,
“That separates me from your love,
But one thing, which you can't approve;
And I can't help—nor would I now,
I need not name it; you allow
The apple of discord is that.”
Quoth he, “And this I now combat:
I speak it kindly; 'tis a shame
To link Ben Yarber's with your name;
His people, one and all, I know,
Their origin is mean and low:
They haven't had in their ascent,
A full enough development,
From their barbaric instincts: still
Like hogs they have a taste for swill.
A negro trader was his sire,
His mother was a parlor liar,
One of those tittle-tattle sort,
That make of modesty a sport,
And decency belie, forsooth,
To point a scandal with a truth,
She had a tooth for dirty thought,
And with that, fang-like, ruin wrought—
Tearing good characters to shreds,
In special those of marriage beds.

His father, pitiless as hell,
Was known his flesh and blood to sell,
And 'gainst rebuke, public protest,
Tore children from their mother's breast,
Throwing a stigma on his land,
Till driven forth with fire and brand.
Can offspring of this savage twain,
Have aught save savage heart and brain?
If so there's one more miracle,
Nature 'gainst nature doth rebel.
This man's blood's from that poisoned fount,
Can it above its heading mount,
And leave hereditary taint
Behind? Can he be half a saint,
Save by a transmutation, ay,
Regeneration from on high?

"Grant that he's better than his stock—
The only white sheep in the flock—
The villainous blood-taint's in him yet,
And that your nuptial life will fret.
I can forgive the mother's lies,
The father's soulless infamies
Consider others." "So I've done."
"Of all your suitors can but one,
Fee simple title—ev'n in part,
Get, in the precincts of your heart?"
"But one alone has found so much
As he could with a pin point touch:
Our correspondence has been full
But such has proven vain and dull;
In all there is nor fire nor dart:
None in the memory's labyrinths dwell,
Nor pass the outposts of the heart,
And storming take the citadel,
Save brave Ben Yarber only, he
Is what I think a man should be."
"One, that I know, of culture, mind,
Good blood, good breeding, most refined,
Of fine proportion, pleasing face,
All ushered in by faultless grace,
Of manner and of motion he
Is all a suitor choice should be.
Both scholarship and gifts he brings,
And like a man of sense he sings,

And yet you set him down as 'nice,'
And hold his genius at low price;
I hold now in my hand his song,
And it declares you do him wrong."
"My answer read: then, if you can,
Still say that I should love that man."

FROM LA MUSE TO ANNEET.

FIFTH PART.

I got yester morning a favor—
A nice little letter from you;
But from it is missing the savor
Of all that is tender and true:
'Tis chuckfull of senseless phrases and words,
And its prattle is gay as the carol of birds;
But one learns just as much, when he asks what they
mean,
As I get in perusing your letter, I wean.

The first word was "dear"—very pretty!
The last words were "lovingly yours"—
Very tender!—the more is the pity—
This utterance the fond heart deplores,
When the "filling" between them, which these should ap-
prove.
Is dead to suggestions of fondness and love;
And minds one, too sadly, of flowers we spread,
Just for momory's sake, o'er the spiritless dead.

Ah me, is it so—are you only,
In fancy or mem'ry the same?
When I'm gone have you ceased to be lonely?
In the head and the foot are you still all agog,
With the carcass between them as dead as a frog?
The head formulating its fanciful tricks,
And the foot not unskilled to deliver its kicks.

Ah me, is it so that the mental
And physical steadfast remain?
While the soul has but hold accidental
And scarce can its lodgment retain?
Is love from your bosom, where erst he was lord,
Exiled? does he hand 'round its portals abhorred?

While all we now find in his palace are such,
As scarce could the hem of his garments once touch.
But excuse me for dealing in fancy,
It only applies to my case
That some spirit of dark necromancy
Has banished Lord Love from his place:
For another may find in that palace of yours,
A lord in the place of my lord out of doors:
And a bevy of beautiful dreams at its shrine,
As lovely and happy as ever were mine.

And pardon my bitter reflections,
Or prophecy, if it such prove,
My rival may gain your affections,
And think he has gotten your love;
But ere he has traveled half way to his goal,
He'll encounter so many a pitfall and shoal;
Like me he may fall, with a poor broken heart,
And lose what affections he gained in the start.

Your words woke a fond expectation,
And sometimes the glance of your eye,
Half answered my wild adoration;
And sometimes a tremulous sigh,
Most softly a murmurous melody made;
And the tenderness, which I had looked for, betrayed;
And your lid drooping down, with its passionate thought,
Persuaded me that was the evidence sought.

* * * * *

Don't blame me for thinking you cherished
A more than sweet friendship for me;
Nor blame me when suddenly perished
'The hope of a love ne'er to be,
That I staggered beneath the conviction it brought,
And bitterly mused o'er the lesson it taught;
And the mem'ry of you, as a burden became,
And my love lost its glory, but, oh, not its shame.

To change one's opinion is common,
And fancies we doff like a dress;
We expect just the like from a woman—
'Tis silly regret to express;
But to find an affection uprooted—a flame
Which fired all the being, no longer the same,

But fervorless, warmthless—ah, such a change,
Incredible—ay, unaccountably strange.

Well, well, after all I have gotten,
While wooing or trying to woo,
A suspicion that something is rotten,
Outside of, but germane to you:
And I have, too, a knowledge of real romance,
Which depends on conditions far more than on chance:
From afar we've been drawn tow'rds each other, alas!
But we've come to a barrier we never can pass.

I have gotten by heart, too, this knowledge—
Though solid, yet bitter as gall—
And ne'er from the schools of my college,
Where stern application is all,
Have I learned half as well to be cautious and wise,
As I've learned in a moment from one woman's eyes:
So I thank you most heartily, truly for this;
I'm your debtor for wisdom, at least, if not bliss.

If I had never loved you, nor cherished
The dream you would love me some day:
Like a flower, which yesterday flourished,
And withers this morning away;
The first happy fancy which led me to you,
Had sprung like the flower, and died like it, too;
But my dream, as we met, adoration became,
And your touch and sweet smile kindled this into flame.

I am forced to this only conclusion—
You kept not your compass in hand;
You wrought what you did in confusion;
Your plans after all were unplanned;
You had fancies, perchance, you mistook for a flame;
And dreams christened love, for the want of a name;
You've been bothered to death by the shadow of things,
And was not yourself again till they took wings.

Had the genuine substance annoyed you,
And taken root in the breast;
Its uprooting had surely destroyed you,
Before it was quite dispossessed:
For love once a growth in the core of the heart,
Becomes of its sentiments parcel and part;

You may tear up its body and think it is dead,
But each root produces a plant in its stead.

* * * * *

Next time, then, you write me a letter,
It should be remembered by you—
That to me you, at least, are a debtor,
For confidence simple and true;
Then you, without pity or sympathy, dear,
Can manage to write me a letter sincere:
Not beginning or ending with tender address,
Nor filling between them with dead iceiness.

REPLY.

I am pleased to advise you instanter,
That what you've been troubling to write,
No longer appears as a banter,
Expressions of love to invite;
Per contra each sentiment warm to repel:
As such, though, my mem'ries against it rebel:
I take it and lay it in silence away,
For, truly, it bothers me sorely today.

I am brought to some solemn reflections—
All men must be heroes betimes;
When fighting 'gainst their inner dejections
And passions that drive them to crimes;
Ah, the sirens of pleasure, which sing by the shore,
Who with false songs would lure them the dark
billows o'er
Each mental, each moral and physical pride,
Every nerve, every virtue by such, sir, is tried.

The test of a soul's its resistance
At length to the siren's sweet song,
Nor lessening but widening the distance
'Twixt tempter and tempted to wrong,
While giving to all that enticing ear,
But never forgetting its magic to fear:
No spirit immortal in earth's temple lodge,
Some crucial test in its season may dodge.

Man must be and should be heroic,
Some time of his sorrowful life;
Nor need he be cynic or stoic,

T' acquit himself well in the strife,
For behind him, no matter how weak he may be,
Is an angel of good not vouchsafed him to see,
Who the cobwebs of good resolutions so twist,
They are cables of iron life's shocks to resist.

I suspect, though, you wished to direct me
How haply from "gushers" to fly;
But you did not one moment expect me
The case to yourself to apply;
The wherefore for such I could never yet see,
And really the thought of it's funny to me:
My dealings with others and you are the same,
And 'tis but presumption my conduct to blame.

I cannot recall when I've given
You pledges of troth to my soul,
And what's in my heart only heaven
Can fathom, direct or control.
Both friendship and love by permission, as 'twere,
As agents from heaven my spirit may stir;
And either might guide it with temperate reins,
But neither should bind it with despotic chains.

But the powers that test us most sorely
Are powers within, not without;
They try us when resting securely,
Ungloomed by the shadows of doubt;
Untortured by fear—by misgivings unstirred—
Our vanity spreading its wings like a bird:
When our heart is bedizzened with hope like a child,
And in beautiful toggery bedecked and beguiled.

The lapses of feeble anility
Are never so banefully strong
As the torrents of potent virility,
Which hurry us waif-like along:
What is mighty and wild in ourselves we must fear:
This colors our lives—this shapes our career.
'Tis a servant of glory if properly reined;
But a devil of ruin if free and unchained.

The taking to hot dissipation—
Of talent and genius in youth,
So common, when potent temptation,
So speciously leads them to ruth,

Awakens in many a fond mother's breast,
 When mem'ry is busy, both doubt and unrest:
 Of old times, the flowers of promise well known,
 "Like the leaves of the forest lie withered and strewn."

This owns to the sorrowful saying,
 But true, "out of sight, out of mind,"
 Owns, too, that the spirit goes straying,
 Till that which it longs for it find:
 The "ego" were false to itself otherwise
 And captured this side of its goal, as a prize,
 'Twould pine like the primrose I once gave to you,
 And thus say what it meant, as I wished that to do.

Such happ'nings are frequent, are common—
 Ay, mournfully, awfully so:
 They're a stone 'round the neck of a woman—
 They fall on a man as a blow.
 This "matched-but-not-mated" complaint is a kind
 For which no remedial art we can find:
 Its grievous effects on the stock may be seen,
 While one limb of the family tree still is green.

I know what I'm saying about, it
 From woeful experience, may be;
 Ne'ertheless if you skeptical doubt it,
 "Fight shy" of all persons like me:
 Like medical students—to be circumspect—
 The dead not the living you'd better dissect;
 To avoid all mishaps and to reach a conviction,
 Begin you at home, make a self-introspection.

You often the lily have brought me,
 In praise of my beauty perchance,
 You said in its language you thought me
 Well worthy your theme of romance:
 It flattered me truly to think that you thought
 My spirit as white as the lily you brought;
 And I could but be grateful whenever we met
 For the high estimation in which I was set.

The myrtle you gave on occasion,
 In silence, but then in your eye
 Was a telltale, traitor-like passion
 Which could not emotion belie;

While I could not respond or re-echo the same,
Yet I could but be warmed by its magical flame
If you fancied my warmth to be passion divine,
Or that kindness was love, 'twas your error, not mine.

You wooed me with all kind of flowers—
Witch-hazel, acacia and box:
From wildwoods, from rich garden bowers—
With woodbine, verbenas and phlox.
I could but accept them with gracious reply,
And, may be, with tenderness brimming my eye;
And may be, with language which fondness betrayed,
But the heart-blooms thus awakened, like flowers, soon
fade.

You argue yourself disappointed:
Your dreams no fruition have known,
But your memories are sadly disjointed
When over the past you have gone.
If you do not recall, in a fact-finding quest,
That friendship for you I have only professed,
And whenever I stepped o'er its limits for you
I floundered, like one in an element new.

I've been driven by happenings intensive,
To keep on my guard all the while;
To act on the purely defensive,
To 'scape from your amorous wile.
Like one who has taken a perilous stand,
Myself first of all I have learned to command;
And the coldness, complained of in numbers intense,
I have used as my armor of true self-defense.

The "filling" 'twixt "dear" and "yours truly,"
As found in that letter of mine,
Being made up of stuff woven newly,
And added for nothing but "shine,"
If seeming but rubbish, all useless and dead,
Send back, I will gladly receive it instead
Of a dreary, complaintful epistle from you,
And I'll promise to think it the best you can do.

Nay, nay, do not draw on your fancy,
Not even in penning a rhyme;
I am flying from love's necromancy,

In flying from you all the time:
I must use my extremities in my extremes,
Must tax all my reason to battle with dreams,
Must in dancing attendance to social demands,
When a thing's in my way, use my feet, not my hands.

When your rival has won my affections,
All lovers save him "may go hang;"
He'll get them entire, not by "sections"—
Excuse me for using this slang—
Not by glimpses doled out as our March does his smiles
Which Expectancy sharpens, and Hope still beguiles,
But a full summer flood-tide of passion' twill be,
To be seen—to be felt, and as deep as the sea.

A woman, in every condition
Of fortune, should walk on a plane,
As high as her social position,
If higher than it, 'twere her gain:
Have to stoop, not reach up, in performing her part,
Be compliant in manners, but steady in heart:
With principles fixed like the odors of flowers,
Unchanging, no matter the place of the bowers.

Wise women forget not their stations,
To hold them is trouble enough:
Below such are cruel vexations,
Above such is ambushed rebuff.
Circumspection and nice self-respect, after all,
Are the shield and the buckler left Eve in the "fall."
Her daughters can't fling them aside with impunity,
And 'scape from the sneers of a decent community.

Apropos I may call your attention
To women of virtue and fame,
Who lived clear above reprehension,
Midst social corruptions, the same.
The pure wife of Caesar, and Portia the pure;
The good Hannah More, in her virtue secure;
The mother of Washington, chaste as the moon,
Yet all were as pleasant and mild as the June.

These women their eyries forgot not,
Where eagle-like, high over all,
They looked down so calmly—I wot not

With bitterness, envy or gall;
But conscious of Innocence, rectitude, purity,
They dwell in a fortress of pleasing security;
Not for genius or beauty or witcheries known—
They were Modesty's models and Chastity's own.

In countries of civ'lization
A thousand like these may be found;
But they never attain to the station
Where lightnings are flashing around;
They blaze not as marks for the archers of spleen,
Nor over the bastions of fame do they lean,
Inviting the arrows of envy below,
And thus all unnoticed, unstricken they go.

I own to the rosy temptations,
Enchantments, allurements or wiles,
Which so often on happy occasions
I've found in your words and your smiles;
Your knightly demeanor—your promises sweet,
Your mesmeric make-up from forehead to feet;
All these have been busy in kindling love's flame,
But I've thought it the best to resist them the same.

I'm resolved to continue unshaken,
Unmoved of the spell to the end,
But my purpose must not be mistaken
For treachery—no, never, my friend;
My remembrance of you is a beautiful isle
In the sea of my life where the heavens still smile,
And from each expedition of sad, busy care,
My thoughts for refreshment stop joyously there.

In fancied ambrosial revels
My mem'ry-bound spirit the while;
No bitter misgivings or cavils
Come clouding that beautiful isle:
Nor dark, stormy passions like tempests intrude:
I am wrapped in the cloak of the past, where the rude
And fierce hurricanes of today were not known—
With you standing Eve-like with Adam alone.

Yet this is but fancy, no matter
What rosy deductions be drawn
From my rosy admissions. My letter

Must show you the dream part is gone.
 For a lodgement for reason at length has been found
 In this noddle of mine—in the gape of a wound
 It feeds on the blood of a heart and it grows
 With a cluster of thorns for each blossoming rose.

Experience has brought apprehension;
 I've learned not to feel but to know;
 Of love I permit not to mention;
 I fight it as one does a woe—
 A contagion, a horrid infectious disease.
 Interpret my saying thus much as you please,
 But that I can't love you pray do not forget—
 I must not—I will not.

Yours truly,

—Anneet.

REVERE.

Revere perused and reperused
 The daughter's verses, half confused,
 Half angry. "Thus," said he, "you throw
 Your brightest coronal away.
 Thus with a true heart, heartless play
 And thus invite your proper wo."

ANNEET.

"The man is mean," she answered. "True
 'A none such' he may seem to you:
 A kind of 'Ne plus ultra,' but
 In him no confidence I put:
 Of vagabondage he's the type
 Nor duck nor swan, but just a snipe:
 Such things in nature I despise;
 They can't find favor in my eyes.
 I'll fellow with the plainest boor
 In preference to him; be proud
 To snatch him from the lowest crowd
 But men like him I can't endure.
 Ben Yarber is a genuine man,
 The kind with which the world began
 His make-up may be rude and rough
 But it is of that sovereign stuff
 Of which the prince and peer are made

And propped by him I'm not afraid
He's not a thing of mist and dreams
A kind of demigod he seems
I say it with all reverence,
But with conviction strong, intense

"He stands above his neighborhood
A giant o'er a pigmy brood
I only reach his plane because"
And here the proud girl made a pause,
And blushed at her own burning thought,
"No charm, no spell to mortal given,
Like beauty ever came from heaven.
If Beauty do but raise her hand,
Tis instant a magician's wand.
And I am beautiful, they say,
And men its potency obey
And high as proud Ben Yarber is—
I say without presumption this—
I can o'ertop him with a glance,
And fell him as if with a lance,
And have him crying, 'My Anneet,
I am a suppliant at your feet.'"

REVERE.

"You are a maniac, child," he cried
"You've lost all self-respect and pride:
Your utterance but approves my thought,
That by him you've been overwrought:
But be this as it may, my child,
So strangely, fatally beguiled,
If there be good in him, if you
Now make prognostication true,
Yet cry I, as I love you dear,
'Tis his connections that I fear.
And with my blood if but one strain
Of their's commingled, I would drain,
To get it out, though I should die,
In doing so, the fountain dry."

Intemperate, bitter words like these,
Neither persuade us or appease.
Albeit most honest, even wise,
Their ugly nakedness repels;
Truth wins the best in charming guise.

The working of resistless spells
Have beauty's aid with pleasing smile,
With gentle voice and soothing guile
They steal into the heart and brain,
And the most stubborn will enchain.
Force crushes out the blossom sweet,
But leaves the thorns to prick our feet.

ANNEET.

"It is too late! It is too late!
I'll marry him—it is my fate
As 'tis my preference," cried she.
"He may be vile and mean as they,
His parents, are—for him I'll pray;
Love can transform heredity;
Love can remove the villianous taint;
Love of a devil makes a saint.
The fact is, love was born before
Heredity was thought of; o'er
The highways of philosophy
He hovered, when 'twas all a sigh
With thorns and thistles, wet with tears,
The haunts of goblin doubts and fears,
He flew along, unseen, unheard,
Like a mysterious heavenly bird;
And joy and mirth and pleasure sprang
To greet him, nature round him sang;
Sin put his eyes out, it is true,
As through his labyrinths he flew,
But one thing sin could never do—
He couldn't quench the sacred flame
Love carried forth in heaven's name;
The lamps, too, of his eyes left blind
Still blazed forth from his soul and mind.

"I wouldn't be your genuine child
If what I loved I heard reviled
Without resentment showing; but
A lock upon my lips I put—
Your argument applies to men:
May turn their purpose weak awry:
It kills a loving woman: why?
It is too late I say again."

She tried—it was a struggle hard;
Her look, her utterance to guard;
Before him tottered: "Tis my fate,"
She kept on crying, "'Tis too late!"
But, with a wild and sob-like moan,

REVERE.

"All men possessed of devils cry—
'It is their fate,' and weep and sigh,
And croak the raven's 'nevermore,'
And have that sombre trick of words
We may expect of talking birds—
Ravens and parrots—that's their lore:
But you have gift of utterance, nor
Should quite forget your teachings, or
Your opportunity to speak
More proper than a fool or freak;
I don't believe it is man's fate
To be at anything too late,
Save it should be at heaven's gate,
From which, I fear, you've turned your face,
Lured by some Circe from the place:
Meanwhile you've also turned your back
Upon an almost heaven on earth,
To play the role of maniac,
To wake your neighbors' sneers and mirth."

ANNEET.

"And you who should be my best friend,
Who should a pitying hand extend.
Should with my weakness sympathize,
And for my sake their slights despise—
You would repel me, shake me off,
You at me as an idiot scoff,
Forgetting, in your prejudice,
That we are different entities:
That 'twixt us is a gap of years,
Corroding sighs and hardening tears;
That you've been wrought upon by these,
And warped it may be by degrees
Most imperceptible, until
You have no sentiment or will
With mine in common. What long since
Left on your hearts the deepest prints,

Upon its indurated face
 Leaves not a shadow or a trace
 Today, wakes not a smile or sigh,
 But idly as a breeze goes by.
 The care, which no impression makes
 Upon your spirit, mine it shakes;
 The dream, which o'er your hard heart plays
 Unnoticed, mine it sets ablaze;
 We do not think or feel or see
 Alike—alike we cannot be.
 My bright ideals and such things,
 You dub them girlish vaporings:
 You have no faith in vision, yet
 'Seeing's believing' is your text.
 But I'll allow you to forget
 Your premises when you are vexed.
 You'd teach me not to look for good,
 Save in the so-called understood;
 If then within the narrow sphere
 All that I find is dark and drear,
 If all the light's gone out to me,
 And in the darkness I must wait,
 'Tis natural that I cry 'too late!'
 To mind me of the 'used-to-be,'
 As natural, too, that I deplore
 My fate, and wail out 'nevermore!'"

REVERE.

"My daughter," answered old Revere,
 "Rebuke unjust is not severe:
 You do not appreciate my aim:
 Next to my soul I prize my fame.
 You do not comprehend, I ween,
 The evidence of things unseen,
 Which is my polar star, my light,
 My lamp to guide me through the night;
 And 'tis this very faith which guides
 My reason through its times and tides,
 That tempers my philosophy,
 And makes life bearable to me:
 'Tis this which nerves my arm to fight
 The battle of the just and right,
 And makes me angry with the wrong:
 This points my speech and fires my song:

But better may you know my creed
When you my simple wishes heed.

"Your fate, if such a thing there be,
If dark, is a reproach to me—
A constant whipping: but if bright,
An honor and a rare delight:
Your coming in and going out
Sum total most my hope and doubt.
I'm put by you on self-defense:
Whatever soils your innocence
Must soil my scutcheon: smites me hard.
Thus, small things put me on my guard.
Not with the natural eye alone,
To which but natural things are shown,
Bestowed upon me by the skies,
The heart with microscopic glance
Beholds the spots, the motes, perchance,
Which touch your whiteness. Seeing one
I fear corruption is begun.
You need no prophetic vision
To see large things ahead;
And you in your youth are so daring
You are not made afraid,
Tho' the black clouds, big with lightning,
Above you roll and spread.

"But little things all round you,
You do not deign to mark;
And you scarcely heed the lightning
Because 'tis but a spark
Which destroys what storm and billows
Have left unhurt—the bark.

"There's a good old legend written
In the tablet of my brain,
It can scarce be called a memory
Or a broken heart's refrain;
Though in memory is its stronghold,
And it had its birth in pain:

"'Tis, 'The least hair casts a shadow,'
And I know its truth full well,
For the little things of old time
Have been known to grow and swell,

And today upon the spirit,
Like the wing of night, they dwell.

"Yes, the little, not the big things—
Yes, the follies, not the crimes,
Sit along the streets of memory
A reproach to olden times,
And they cloud Ambition's vision
And clog him where he climbs.

"Think of little words so poignant,
Like daggers in the heart,
Sticking deep and deep and deeper
Into ev'n the inmost part;
How they make the spirit quiver!
What a fount of tears they start!

"Think of base insinuations,
Scarcely uttered with the lips,
Were they smut they would not color
My lady's finger tips:
Though a gossamer in texture,
A bright star they eclipse.

"Think of sneers apologetic,
In a bed of smiles they lie,
As do thorns among the roses,
Left there when the roses die,—
Though but little things at present,
They'll be big things bye and bye.

"Ah, the head-aches and the heart-aches
In the compass of a frown;
Pride refuses to regard it
But as so much raven's down,
But, somehow or other, on us
Lies it like a thorny crown.

"And the heart-ache of a life-time
In one little rude neglect,
How it chills and tears asunder
Spirits lofty, pure, select;
Breaks in twain that link of friendship,
Which but heaven can re-connect.

"These be little things but mighty:
Are they not the sum of life?
On this dusty stage of action
Where the seeds of woe are rife;
Where in Peace's richest garden
Grow the deadliest plants of strife.

"Sure, the least hair makes a shadow,
And the smallest act of wrong,
On the heart chords a vibration,
Wakens bitter, sharp and long;
And a note of discord adds to
Life's most harmonious song.

"Keep thy tongue from evil speaking,'
Says the Psalmist, 'and thy lips
Let them speak no guile'—no white lies.
Keep thy tongue from bitter slips:
Keep thy passion tied to prudence:
Keep thy fancy 'r eclipse.
"Oh, from morrow unto morrow
I am hurt by little things,
And their total casts a shadow
Worse than that of raven's wings;
And their whippings worse than scorpions,
And their sting than adders' stings."

He scarce had ended ere Anneet
Was fondly kneeling at his feet;
Her white arms clasped about his knees;
Her tresses streaming over these;
Her tender eyes in tears a-swim,
Uplifted, full of love for him.
He trembles visibly nor speaks,
But, stooping, kisses eyes and cheeks.

ANNEET.

"Now be not angry," pleaded she,
"At words in his behalf: I see
No meanness, baseness in this man,
No matter how his blood began
Its flow: though from a fountain head
Of muddiest infamy and red;
From crime, pollution, at the start,
Some nymph, before it reached his heart,

Has strained out the impurities,
And left that stainless wave of his;
Nor can I well myself persuade
Heaven would permit him to parade
In its pure livery, were he base
Or conscienceless or dead to grace;
Not altogether from my eyes,
Though love's astigma makes them dim
Whenever they be turned on him—
Ne'er mind how cunning his disguise,—
Could he so hide a cloven foot,
Or whiten up a brow of soot.
Nor soul and mind deformities
From my him-following, searching eyes,
Keep ever under cover, nay,
Betimes he could but such betray.
Read then I beg you only this,
A gallant, loving song of his,
And tell me truly if a mean,
Base soul, could father thought so clean.

"What care I for the lordliest hall,
If my beauty is not there,
With her smile that lends a charm to all,
And her voice that fills the air.
With melodies so soft and sweet
They rival Music's magic cheat.
What matter if on me should shine,
In pleasure's bow'r or hall,
A thousand brighter eyes than thine,
If my soul resists their thrall?
I find thine missing, but the glare
Of splendor—no enchantment there.

"What care I though in odorous bowers,
'Neath the softest summer moon,
I can wile away the dreamy hours
Near lips as sweet as June,
And kissful as the zephyrs blown?
Thine missing, I am strangely lone.

"Such only sharpens the desire,
The wish intensify,
To glow me in the smouldering fire

'Neath the lashes of thine eye,
And to feel that sweeter breath of thine,
Blow the vapors from this breast of mine.

"'Tis but the mockery of truth
To mimic royal mirth,
And only with the voluble mouth
To trumpet pleasure forth:
The whole face 'tis, from brow to chin
That declares the ecstasy within.

"Ay, all is mockery, when the heart
Meets not thought upon the lip
And weds and warms it, e'er it start
In language forth to trip,—
Waxing in sweetness as it flows,
Like the sweet dew's dripping from the rose.

"Oh, the light of lamps, the breath of myrrh,
Eyes full of passion's store;
The fancy catch, the spirit stir,
A moment but no more;
And wake the mem'ry for the while
Of another sweeter, stronger smile."

REVERE.

"The devil, daughter, speaks most fair,
When he most surely would ensnare:
Think you he is not always smart?
Fools only play the boorish part.
A perfect gentleman is he
In pretty, seeming, gallantry,
In talk and manner. Ears and eyes
He catches in his rare disguise,
And through their portals stealing takes
The reason prisoner, and breaks
Into the poor soul's citadel,
Wherein the modest virtues dwell—
Them capturing in sportive way.
You are, it gives me pain to say,
Without peradventure blind:
Were he the topmost, princeliest man—
Which he is not—this side the sea,
Had he a certain glamor, he
At best, according to my mind,

Connected as he is, and sprung
From those by Glory never sung,
Would not be fit my child to wed:
So, daughter, what is said is said."

ANNEET.

"Father," she cried, her eyes a-swim
With tears, "I can but go to him:
To change my course is now too late,
I am the victim of a fate."

REVERE.

"Then," said the father, cold and stern,
"Affairs must take another turn:
From such a blighting, blasting shame
I must defend my family name;
My home my castle is, and all
Who come into its inner hall
When I forbid, are trespassers.
The law on me the right confers,
If so I must, to drive them thence,
Or kill them, as in self-defense.
What else I have to say I'll say
When comes your lover in my way."
He paused, half choked with growing wrath,
"I'll whip you as I would a child
If more you say." His look was wild.
"I'll thrash him if he cross my path,"
So frantic he, he did not hear
Ben Yarber approaching in the rear.
"Could I the midnight skulker see!"
Before him stood Ben Yarber; low
He bent to sire and daughter; "Let me know
Your care, of service I may be."
"You serve me, sir? You serve me, sir?"
Replied Revere, with sneering tone.
"Yes! from my premises be gone—
That service you can now confer."

BEN YARBER.

"And me it is that you would thrash?
Why, such a deed were rude and rash!"

REVERE.

"I'd whip you as I would a cur!"

BEN YARBER.

"Still am I at your service, sir.
And let me tell you, once for all,
You do but idly threat and bawl:
You're throwing breath and words away;
I fear not them, nor you: my stay
In this contention is the fact,
I and this woman standing here
Have made a sacred, firm compact,
Which she'd confess now but for fear.
We're man and wife already, sir,
With you compelled not to confer,
Nor to your will do we now yield:
The bargain has been duly sealed.
I warn you, therefore, 'tis too late
For you with prejudice and hate
To come between us. She is mine:
As to the marriage knot and twine,
It lacks but changeful custom's stamp,
And man's approval as a vamp.
Whom God has joined together, sir,
Let no man put asunder; you
To this at least can not demur,
Howe'er my act you may construe.
Being my spouse, my own true wife,
Tear her from me, you curse her life.
Strike her—strike me: and that event
At cost of life I will prevent."

REVERE.

"Your statement I pronounce a lie;
"I'll have my son to shoot you, go!"
Said old Revere, in cool reply—

BEN YARBER.

"When that's his pleasure let me know;
I do not care to serve him, yet
Will do so with but small regret."
Man never gave a sweeter smile,
Nor made a gayer bow the while,
Than did Ben Yarber, all a-flame

With wrath commixed with pain and shame,
 As he strode from them. Old Revere
 Indifferent saw him disappear.
 One glance at her, his stubborn child,
 His furious spirit half beguiled:
 She stood before him deadly white
 And scarcely seemed to breathe: her eye
 Had almost lost its hue, its light
 Was more a gleam through vacancy
 Than a beam of apprehension. She
 Was not her wonted self, but dazed:
 So said he, thinking she was crazed:
 " 'Tis custom, with a kind of chain
 Limits to grant to the insane:
 With you 'tis not my will to deal
 So harshly, daughter; what I feel
 Imposes on my judgment so
 Justice for love's sake I forego;
 And preadventure I, like you,
 In this great shake-up have a screw
 Loose in the upshot, and a chain
 My vaulting passion to restrain,
 May be first needed, ere I act:
 That check rein I have ever lacked,
 Be yours the benefit of the doubt;
 But henceforth I insist on this—
 I'll know, lest matters go amiss
 Your comings in and goings out."

He left her speechless where they stood,
 O'er what had happened lone to brood,
 With less of hope to fight with, less
 Of good impulse and cheerfulness,—
 As stays and candles for her feet,
 Where she must wander, poor Anneet!

* * * *

A stripling brother of Anneet
 Requested Yarber him to meet:

"Else you may read it on the trees,
 Or hear it whispered on the breeze—
 You are a fellow scarcely fit
 With gentlemen to stand or sit."
 A note as if between two friends,

Each to the other curtly sends—
A deadly passage is arranged,
Two shots with rifles are exchanged—
And only twenty feet apart;
And each shot went right to the heart—
Ben Yarber staggered, reeled apace,
And forward fell upon his face,
As if his was a mortal wound,
But slowly rose and looked around,
But young Revere, alas the day!
Before his eyes a dead man lay.

Sheriff and posse had pursued,
But were behind full many a rood.
Two shots awake the morning bird
Before their clattering hoofs are heard;
Across the border, on the air
The wails and curses of despair
And vengeance fall upon the ear;
But o'er the line they dare not spur.

Ben Yarber, sickened by the sight,
And conscious of his own dread plight,
In anguish like a maniac rose
And rushing forward dealt his blows
Like madman, chiefly on Revere;
Is felled to earth by some one near,
And on the spot is left to die—
His second only lingering nigh.

The days rolled by, in horror sped,
While Anneet mourned her lover dead;
The days were weeks, the weeks were years—
Her very sleep ran o'er with tears.
Remembrance could not lose its care,
Anticipation brought despair;
None knowing her most maddening grief
Could whisper solace or relief.
All day she wandered through the hills
And witchlike crooned beside the rills,
And murmured at the night's high noon
Her anguish to the pitiless moon,
And like a siren to her star
Out through the darkness wandering far—

She sang her wierd, wistful songs
Of earthly woes and storms and wrongs.

But oft our very woe awakes
Resolve in us which woe's chain breaks,
And shows within us nerve and will—
Enough a dozen men to fill;
With armor we're equipped and clad,
We never dreamed before we had.
Thus from the burden of her woes
A giantess Anneet arose—
The picture of mind, soul repose.

* * * *

A drizzly night it was and dark,
Nor 'mongst the hills was heard the bark
Of hunting dog, or wolf, or fox,
Nor insect chirped among the rocks;
The waterfall's deep monotone
Was all the sound that broke upon
The ear in wavelets, deep and low,
Like goblins murmuring 'Woe, oh, woe!'
When muffled even to disguise
"Hello! hello!" Ben Yarber cries
Half ghostly at Ben Stevan's gate;
The latter, though 'twas midnight late,
As yet had never slept a wink—
Nervously peered through the cabin's chink;
But seeing naught but blackness deep,
Said, "May be I was half asleep."
"Hello!" again more weird still,
Come from the chimney corner nigh.
Ben Stevan rose without reply.
"Ben Stevan, come out here to me;
If you don't know me, come and see;
I am Ben Yarber's friend, and you
A friendly act for him may do.
Tonight a fortnight tell Anneet
A man all muffled here to meet."
A moment more he passed from sight
Into the black arms of the night;
To sight and hearing soon was lost—
His flight as noiseless as a ghost.

* * * *

A heavy-whiskered mountaineer,
In two-wheeled cart, drawn by a steer,
While Anneet sings her morning song
Slow comes and wistful rolls along.
Again, as evening shadows fall,
A whippoorwill begins to call,
And at the lattice with guitar
In hand, to hill and woodland far,
Anneet wails out her weird song,
While yet the bird notes trill along.

"That whippoorwill's a nuisance," said
Revere, as forth with stealthy tread,
Rifle in hand, he left his hall
And blew upon a reed his call.

What ails Anneet? From lattice high
She ends her song with wail-like cry;
Three horsemen hurry down the road,
Three double-barreled guns they load:
The sheriff and his posse they:
Revere waits mounted by the way,
Another wail, another cry,
Bursts shriek-like from the lattice high;
The ox and cart and mountaineer
Fast through the darkness disappear.
"My dark surmises may be right,
My call has put the dog to flight."
"That is Ben Yarber," cried Revere,
"Tut, man, Ben Yarber's dead and gone;
But if you say so, we'll push on,
We musn't linger talking here."
The sheriff answered. "Ready, men,
Before he warns his mountain men;
If that is Yarber, as you think,
Some one has given him the wink;
Some shrewd accomplice he has here,
Soon can we catch a cart and steer."
"I fear me," quoth Revere, "he's gone."
Yet toward the hills they hurried on.

An hour in silence on they press
Through woods, their way they have to guess.
"A bad place this," the sheriff said—
"Into a trap us he has led;

If that be Yarber, which I doubt,
We'd better be on strict lookout.
Hush! hush! I hear a rifle's click!
No time to talk! Dismount! Be quick!"
Too late! there was a rifle's crack,
He reels and tumbles on his back.
The rifle's flash the man betrayed—
Revere a dash quick toward him made:
He tumbles headlong from his steed;
But this the others did not heed.
"The man is mounted," groaned Revere,
"Mount! mount! be quick! and leave us here!"

They mount—spur on—not fast enough:
Ahead they hear a clattering hoof;
Now in the wood, now in the road,
And no great hurry either showed.
A mile thus pressing on they make—
They hear him splashing through a brake;
Two barrels belch their hurtling shot,
He rocks and reels, but pauses not.
Another gun, with truer aim,
Sent after him its tongues of flame:
He's hit but clings still to his seat,
And faster spurs and makes retreat.
Quick he leaves them far behind—
He rides like one upon the wind.

Chagrined they take their backward way
To find Revere, who wounded lay;
And next the sheriff—horrors, dead!
Ten buckshot buried in his head.

"A foolish, madcap venture this,"
Loud moaned Revere, 'twixt agonies
"Of mind and body—all for me!
But shall the assassin still go free?
'Thus far, no farther,' says to you,
Your law. 'Go back.' Mine says to me,
'Go farther!' I am haply free
To hunt the murderer—to pursue
Him like a sleuth hound to the death;
I'll do it while in me there's breath.
I know a wild beast's habits well.
His instincts and his wants can tell;

His movements all are tiger-like,
Henceforth in darkness he will strike.
I thought him dead. I might have known
You cannot kill the devil's own.
Then, too, the hope which vengeance has
Is not a bright-eyed fairy grace,
But gets a scowl upon her face,
And loves the gloom of the morass.
My hope has only played the clown
To vengeance, and has drawn me down.
Henceforth I'll cast such hope away,
And let this monster fall a prey
To passions which he can't subdue,
While Anneet peeps her lattice through,
Severence he can't long endure—
His death will be his cynosure.

“And mark you, to my words attend:
He has, save her, another friend;
Of late at midnight round my hall
I've heard full many a wierd call,
And whippoorwills, night hawks, owl hoots,
And whispers clear and soft as flutes.
We'll wait and watch and, it may be,
Erelong you'll warning get from me.”

CANTO THIRD.

FIRST PART.

"Ben Stevan"— he, the overseer
Of one plantation on the hills—
And many places had Revere,
And ranges wide wherein were rills
And rocky banks whereon were mills.
"Ben Stevan be my friend," began
The proud but broken-hearted man—
Then hesitated, choked with pride,
Or striving still his woe to hide.
"Why man, what's turned you wrong side out?"
Ben Stevan answered, with a sneer.
"Want me to be your friend? I mout.
An' then I mountn't. Look a-here—
You hired me fur your overseer,
You never hired me fur a friend,
An' on my love you needn't depend."
"I hired you as my overseer:
You've been a good one," quoth Revere,
"Now let me hire you as a friend,
And let me on your help depend."
"Out with the stuff, an' I'm your man,
An' here's my heart an' here's my han'—
I want a purse—a bustin' purse;
My likin's wuth a pile en course."
"Well said; with money we'll begin,
And beautiful Anneet thrown in."
"Why, man, that gal won't look at me."
"That's to be seen: you come and see."
"I'm skasely fitten, man, to stan'
Befo' that gal an' tech her han';
I'd on these honkers, Mister, squat
Right in the brilin' sun at that,
Jes' like a bob-tail yaller dog
Afore a holler poplar log.
I'd fight my weight in coons ef she
Would onliest come and notis' me."
"Well, come, be pleasant to Anneet,"
The broken-hearted father said:

"At first she'll spurn you, but her dread
Of shame against her heart will beat,
And she will meet you after while
With proffered hand and gracious smile,
And if your courtship you pursue,
As many burning lovers do
By making, as is best, replies,
Not with your tongue, but with your sighs,
She'll overlook your manners rude
And feel for you solicitude.
Haply her thoughts will take your part—
Convince her that you love her; she
Declares that she is the only key,
Unlocks the portals of her heart.
You have no rivals, go ahead."
"I am your man," Ben Stevan said.
A purse was all the father gave,
Ben Stevan, not a single slave.
Ben Stevan, who had stood afar,
Delighted at the family jar—
Strife and humiliation:
In raptures that the proud Anneet
Must come a suppliant at his feet
Or suffer degradation—
Took gladly what the father brought,
And silent, nothing farther sought,
For 'twas a triumph of his hate
To humble those of high estate;
'Twas to his vengeful soul so sweet
To be the master of Anneet—
In seeming to protect her name,
But as a fact to make her shame;
The object of a long regret,
The pretext of an endless threat;
Hence nothing was to him so sweet
As robbing Yarber of Anneet.
The villain thus was doubly glad,
And gloated in the power he had,
Bestowed upon him by the purse,
The very thing of all he asked;
It was the sun in which he basked
And ready got to smite and curse.

SECOND PART

The Ishmaelite was in our hills—
A fellow rough and rude;
Made doubly so by border ills—
A fierce and bloody brood.
He never was the pioneer,
But followed with his single steed
In two-wheeled, creaking cart.
The braver, nobler, better man
Who took the perils of the van
From whom he kept apart—
Unsociable, unreconciled
To customs civilized and mild,
Like Ishmael bloody, known of old,
The raven of the waste and wold
Of choice preferring to be wild,
Yet not so far away he stood
But he might fatten on the blood
And nerves of him who drove a team
With servants at his call
And raised besides the noble stream
His colonaded hall.
A kind of vampire in the night
Of the lone wilderness,
Not quite a savage, and not quite
A beggar in distress—
He hung upon the skirts, as 'twere,
Of civilization, like a burr;
No tax or tribute paid
Of blood or money, but a tax
By little, mean and vexing acts;
Upon her servants laid.
He hated with a wolfish hate
The man who sought a lofty state,
Who felled the forest far and wide
For opportunity and pride—
To give to labor scope,
And fields to strong and cheerful hands
And harvest to neglected lands
And to the thorny places long
The wild beasts' haunt, a new-made song
From head and heart of hope.

These two— the man with rough board cart,
No love of fellows in his heart,—

And he who smote the wilderness,
The Boones, the Robertsons, Seviere—
Their noble names are numberless.
Those dauntless, strenuous pioneers—
This class of smiles—that class of tears,
All, all alike were on the front,
But did not share alike the brunt,
Nor saw alike the thousand ills
Which walk among untraveled hills.

* * * * *

Such men Yahn Golfan grew among—
The glory of his hall,
And tasted with his youthful tongue
Their wormwood and their gall,
And with him Olga, fairest fair
Of all the ills partook her share,
And as it is and still must be,
As if it were a divine decree;
The spot where loveliness is found
Is made a kind of sacred ground.
So did she make the wild a place
The haunt of an Egerian Grace.
Large, languid, lustrous eyes had she
Which won you at a glance—
A face so beautiful to see
It threw you into trance;
And floods of glowing raven hair
Fell o'er an olive breast,
Whose swelling thrilled the very air
Which amorous round it pressed.
In compensation for the ills
Around her wont to grow
From nymphs and niaads of the rills,
From dryads of the gloomy hills,
From beauty of wild roe,
Kind nature gathered up their best—
Most witching full of charm,
And wove with hand the cunningest
Into her matchless form.

Oh, she topped everything that grew
In beauty in those mountains blue,
And of that bloody, fateful place
She made a dreamland for a grace.

Her eyes have the spell of the tender:
 Deep under the mellowing hood—
 Of long drooping lashes their splendor,
 'There lustre, their flame is subdued:
 The coldest can scarcely resist them,
 An we fancy the wisest of men,
 If turning to folly he kissed them,
 Would never be wisest again.

Her form has the spell of the wooing,
 And seen in the dance's whirl,
 Can stir even the sighing and cooing
 Of a miserly bachelor churl;
 And magical sweet as her face is,
 With the glory of mind and soul,
 Its mesmer till blent with her graces
 Is ne'er a harmonious whole
 Yet one of a thousand's my lady,
 And the loveliest, sweetest of these:
 Voluptuous, witching as Haidee,
 Yet pure as the ocean breeze:
 And virtue and modesty linger
 Around her in action and thought
 That heavenly protection to bring her
 Which still is to innocence brought.

* * * * *

Before the cabin, rude but strong,
 Nestling half hid great oaks among;
 A few short paces from the door
 Fell waters sweet with ceaseless lull,
 A rude constructed mill dam o'er.
 The scene was grand and beautiful,
 Far through the upper hills and vales
 You heard the waters murmurous tales,
 And joining in the symphony
 The thrush piped intermittingly,
 Half twittering, half screaming sang
 As lone she flits in leafy shade,
 Or when some other birds invade;
 And near her where the willows hang,
 The robins with a wooing cry
 Call forth the jarring jay's reply;
 And on the reeling cherry's top,
 The one strain cat bird fill her crop,

While bravely on the highest tree,
The mocking bird trills weirdly;
Swings in the breeze with trembling wings
And thence the softer, wilder fings—
The more he's shaken on the crest—
His mimicry of all the rest,
And from this seraph throat of all,
The notes in silver showers fall,
Where deep and dark above the dam,
In shady nook the waves were calm
Glassing the overhanging trees,
Whose tops soft waving in the breeze,
Like ghosts beneath the waves appear,
There gathered many a pioneer
To rest him in the cooling shade,
By interlacing beech trees made,
There rested many a rustic lad,
Till at the mill his turn he had;
There many a well-worn powder horn
Swung on the peg while ground the corn;
And many a time had Olga there,
From childhood's earliest days,
Sung to the gathered rustics, rare
Ballads and won their praise;
Love ditties pleasing to the ear,
And to the soul the same,
For all the people love to hear
An utterance of love's flame.
They wondered at her wondrous art,
And the sweetness of her tongue,
And took home echoing in the heart
The magic of the song;
They marveled at her winning grace,
As 'twas beyond surmise;
Were haunted by her radiant face,
And spellbound by her eyes.
She caught from childhood's earliest hour
A knowledge which indeed was power;
She breathed the spirit of the land,
And seemed its folk to understand;
At one she flung a genial smile,
And instant saw it would beguile;
And to another pleasant spoke,
And through his shyness' rude crust broke

And instant got into his heart,
Of which she ever took a part.
To one, a rude but honest clown,
She threw her beauty's chaplets down,
And saw them catch his passionate eye,
And heard him give a passionate sigh;
And to another sang a song;
She knew he'd take life's path along,
Yet never wasted she a strain
On any in the rustic train,
For song was sweet to one and all,
And brought his spirit into thrall
Of sorrow or of cheer;
And yet the song which pleased all best,
And found an echo in each breast,
Sang the hardy pioneer
The praises of the border man,
Like this, as recollected, ran:

"A song for the men on the borders,
That bravest and sturdiest band;
Who battled with savage marauders
Like martyrs their lives in their hands.

"Like soldiers o'er hostile Savannahs,
O'er river and mountain they go
To set up proud liberty's banner,
Defying the treacherous foe.

"From the banks of the dark, rolling river
Were reveled the savage in blood.
They have swept him away and forever
His shadow has passed from the flood.

"Their children have builded fair cities
Where their fathers oft battled for life
And we list now to peace's love ditties
Where those fathers heard war-whoops of strife.

"Who wiped out the dark, bloody traces
Of murder and rapine but these
Who planted the wild, wierd places
And made them like gardens of peace."

Then a song for the men on the borders,

That bravest and sturdiest band
&c, &c, &c.

* * * * *

Yahn Golfan lived among the hills
And fished and bathed in all their rills,
And little cared for sheltering walls,
And proud but drowsy mansion halls,
Of which his father was the lord,
With servants 'round him by the horde
Which his good foster father had
These were not pleasing to the lad.
Give him the fiery, hardy bay
The rifle and the spur;
Give him the fox chase, night or day,
The loud-mouthed hound and cur;
Grant him to chase the flying doe
Up through the mountains high.
He hated home life's mimic show,
Its pleasures with a sigh,
But loved dame nature's splendors, where
In affluence spread the genuine fair
As if round glory's shrine
No imitation—copy dull,
To travesty the beautiful
And mock the divine.
Into his very soul he drew
The glories heav'n around him threw,
And from the spirit free from chains
Of custom, which its fight restrains
A fiery something came
As out of spirit land aloft,
So strong, yet so resistless soft,
It set his pulse aflame.
The sire and mother put no chains
Upon their scion, only reins,
To mind him of a duty owed
To them for privilege bestowed,
And yet, admonishment he took
Sometimes from tone, sometimes from look,
When morn and noon and night he strayed
To dally with his mountain maid.
The father touched him once: "My son,
You have your course in life begun,
I trust, I pray—your mother, too,

Fortune will ever smile on you.
My family has kept a tree,
Which it were well for you to see;
No common blood runs through my veins,
No dirty deed my scutcheon stains;
My wealth were nothing as it were,
Without my stainless character.
I'd rather be a man of worth
Than any living thing on earth,
And lest I seem to reprimand,
For youth is hard to understand
What's wisest, best for youth to do.
I'd say there's nothing but the true
Which is the beautiful in truth
That gives the soul an endless youth.
The right conception it may be
Of what is true we love, when we
Disport with what is false or league
With mean and cowardly intrigue.
If we give countenance to what
On virtue's scutcheon leaves a blot,
One vice will poison so the blood,
Though it be pure as Adam's flood,
Into the mind and soul 'twill get
And breathe out in your very sweat;
There's not one honest thing that bides
In yonder hills: there thievery hides;
There robbery; blood reeking stalks
There, malice frowns and envy walks.
The Ishmaelite in every land,
Against earth's peace has raised his hand.
You cannot sort with him and his,
Without a fixed self-sacrifice,
And be a worthy man, henceforth,
The noblest living thing on earth.
I hear it whispered, here and there,
And it is very sweet to hear,
That in yon hills one marvelous fair
And modest, beautiful and dear,
Sits ever beckoning you to come,
And make with her your mountain home."

"I cannot make reply," quoth Yahn,
"Except to say, in yonder hills,

On which ev'n nature puts her ban—
Save that she has allowed them rills,
And fruitage every human knows,
Lies in the lap where water flows,
That there are two uplifted souls
Whom not an ugly sin controls;
Two beings lovely, loveable
In mind, heart, body beautiful,
That make that rock waste and bare
A prospect most superbly fair,
And all its rudeness soften so
And give it such an Eden glow;
That be they nigh you one forgets
That every gorge around him sweats
With blood and echoes to the skies,
Some piteous, bitter human cries.
Yes, one forgets, considers not,
In that wrapped sphere, the time and spot,
For those two women, young and old,
Have charms that never can be told.
So they enchant you." "So, I see,"
The father answered, "and to me
Your songs to her, and her's to you,
Pronounce you both are lovers true.
To show you my suspicion is
Well-founded, son, I read you this:

" 'Speak, love, with rosy lips to me,
When the Morn with dewy lashes
Like Venus springing from the sea,
With a blush upon us flashes:
Ev'n while her golden finger tips
Turn the thorns into fairy bowers,
And the iris to her kissing drips
With sparkling silvery showers.

" 'Could sweeter spell to Morn be lent
Than that of music's gushes,
From rosy lips, where love, long pent,
Come winged in modest blushes.
At such a moment, then, my sweet,
Come, whisper me love's story,
And love and music will complete
What beauty lacks in glory.

“When noontide, tho, o’er seas and lands,
Outpours his golden splendor
Speak with thy marvelous arms and hands,
So loveful, graceful, tender:
Oh, they’re the types of love and grace,
In every form of motion;
For peace and storm’s in their embrace,
Like the earth in that of ocean.

“Can aught the noon-tide joy increase,
As from his golden tresses
There floats a perfect dream of peace
Like loving hands’ caresses;
Then speak to me with hands and arms—
With touches and embraces,
And turn, like noon, a world of storms,
To a world of Eden places.

“But when the Day has poured his wine,
And from his golden chalice,
The last drops scattered shimmering shine
In the starlight o’er the valleys:
Then speak, love, with thy starry eyes
And their warm, but mellowed flashes
Will betray the lovely god that lies
Beneath thy dewy lashes.

“Oh, the night with all her twinkling train
Can show no charm or splendor
The eye or spirit to enchain
Like thy love-lit eyes so tender;
But whether arms or lips or eyes,
Be used, love, to enchant me,
All their spells are bodied in thy sighs;
Oh, these, I pray thee grant me.”

“I cannot choose my fancy’s way,”
Quoth Yahn, affecting to be wise,
“An object pleasing to my eyes
May haply lead it quite astray.

“I never yet have asked myself
On what your excellence depends.
Why you have bound so many friends
To you what chains them worth or pelf.

"I'd blush to think this mother mine,
Were aught but what the best should be,
And her forbears are naught to me,
I see her only as my shrine.

"Had she been reared like Olga, she,
To whom my thoughts have turned for years,
Respiring 'neath a roof of tears
An joyless save when touch by me.

"Had mother known a fate like hers
Think you I'd love her now the less?
She taught me love's true loveliness;
What moral sweetness it confers.

"I got her teaching as we get
A sweet song, easy and I sing
It when its mystic numbers spring,
And to my thought direction set.

"Love matches all are made above:
Though they be subject to mischance;
Love cannot conquer circumstance,
Nor, doubtless, can it conquer love.

"Small things may make love sick awhile,
And put a stigma in his eyes,
So that he cannot recognize,
The glory of the olden smile.

"Outside of love's ideal sphere,
In reason's so to speak, love seems
Divested of his stuff of dreams,—
Is sometimes ugly, sometimes queer.

"The ideal is love's glory light,
It wraps him in a drapery
Of beauty; stripped of this we see
Him dark and metamorphosed quite.

"The fairest lady in the hall
Appears not lovelier to my eye,
Than does the homeliest passing by,
If darkness' mantle o'er them fall:
So striped of ideality
The sweetest love appears not well,

Lacking in part his wonted spell,
 Though just the same old love he be."

* * * * *

To some, plantations broad and long,
 Help not the lips to sing a song;
 Appurtenances rich and rare
 Bring solace small to carking care;
 Ev'n pleasant faces, which express
 No more than genteel kindness—
 In their bestowing it, an act
 Within itself of self-respect—
 Ev'n such grows common after while,
 And like the sun's perpetual smile,
 Palls on the sense and loses charm.
 Man's nature hates the uniform;
 So many sided he, and strange.
 He is in want of, need of change.
 To shine upon one side of him,
 And leave the others cold and dim,
 Ere long leaves all enveloped quite,
 In nothing more than pale twilight.
 Anneet, a cottage had: enough
 For simple comfort, in the rough,
 Lone frontier land; she did not want
 Her vulgar neighbors to enchant,
 Nor yet to make them envious.
 'Twas whispered, that was perilous,
 In memory of some olden days,
 She kept up still some olden ways,
 The meadow land attractions had,
 Enough to make the moodiest glad:
 Along the stream the ducks and geese,
 And in the shade the tinkling fleece:
 And plumed barn-yard knights galore,
 Strutting and crowing at the door,
 Ready all comers to defy,
 Each with his lovely harem nigh;
 And happy cows with big soft eyes,
 From pasture green with argosies
 Of milk and fragrance coming home;
 And many a nectar dripping comb.

All these she claimed as hers, and more,
 To give sad thought a cheerful play,

And chase the imps of care away;
Flowers in profusion at her door;
Where every morn and evening breeze,
Cooled in the bowers of the trees,
Found dalliance soft and sweet, and got
Rich entertainment, kiss-delight,
From fragrant lips of red and white.
Ah! 'twas 'a radiant, lovely spot,
Whereon her lowly cottage stood,
Uplifted from amid the wood,
Itself in season gray, green, brown:
That hill and cottage as a crown.
And loved to trace the babbling rills,
And loved to climb the steepest hills,
And morn and eve through lonely woods,
In most untraveled solitudes,
All unattended long to stray;
Sometimes to weep, sometimes to pray,
To do lone penance at the shrine,
The footstool of the All Divine;
And thereat, from its oracle
Receive responses free and full.
She had a bridle, saddle, steed
Of comliness, bottom and speed.
He knew her voice and answer made,
Soft nickering in the grassy shade.
He recognized her waving hand,
And, as by some enchanter's wand
Awakened, thrilled and guided, came
With head erect and eyes aflame,
To lay his face against her breast,
And by her arms to be caressed.

She had some choice old books to read—
Too few but they were books, indeed,
O'erflowing reservoirs of thought
And feeling into language wrought,
Of wisdom in embodiment;
Of story sweet and eloquent,
Of mournful song, the soul to stir:
Linked sighs of broken hearts, as 'twere,
As her's she had all this, and more:
Fair Olga on her threshold door,—
Fairer than every flower that grew

Within the gardens of La Rue—
The name she gave her mountain home—
Than honey and the honey comb;
Sweeter was she than anything,
That 'round her came on foot or wing,
And bore a joyance to her hall
More graceful, beautiful than all.
For rustic Olga had no peer,
In best attractions, far and near,
In all the uplands—as to that,
In all the piedmont or the flat.

Anneet had this as hers, and more:
A bright face peering at her door,
Glad ever and anon to add
Its brightness to the light she had.
Ah, but Yahn Golfan—his the face—
Above all else illumed the place:
She saw in him the rosy past,
Without one shadow overcast;
She saw in him the world of dreams,
Not as it is, but as it seems:
His coming and his going were,
As marked points on her calendar.
Qouth dark Ben Stevan—half in scorn,
And half in blustering pride, "You see
My stables and my fields of corn,
Yahn Golfan, they belong to me;
I wouldn't swap 'em off today
For your plantations—wouldn't stay
'Mong your proud people—not fur all
In retch of your horn's dinner call;
You and your daddy an' your folks,
Can't put upon my neck your yokes,
Nur buy me with your money. See,
One of your sort belongs to me:
I've had her sixteen years or more,
An' never put her out'n my door—
Tho' that's as how I should uv done,
A hundred times twixt sun an' sun—
I've seed her ev'ry day sence then,
An' mebbe larned the sad fact well—
An' hit I make no bones to tell—
As how she wusn't made for Ben;

She nuver had no use fur me—
I'aint my fault nuthur: durned ef she
Will tetch a tarnel thing o' mine,
'Cepin' my money—she's so fine."

Yahn Golfan, leaning on his gun,
Eyed steadily the Ishmaelite,
Whose admiration he had won,
By markmanship and eagle sight.
The rude man trembled while he spoke,
And faster curled in air the smoke,
From his cob pipe, when words came slow
To express his anger or his wo;
And ever and anon some word
Spurt-like brought out the thought deterred:
As from its furnace hot it came,
And shot forth with a tongue of flame.

Replying, quoth Yahn Golfan, "we
Are far too rough for such as she;
The manners of your early days,
Your pleasant and unpleasant ways,
Are second nature now to you,
And still the same old way you do:
A hint at change you won't allow;
'Twere almost death to change them now,
Let's grant to her, Ben Stevan, what
By her has never been forgot,
And never can be—for Anneet—
The growth of all that's soft and sweet
Appears to me she never knew,
In life's first days, a man like you;
She dreamed not of a lonely state,
When proud admirers kept her gate
Still creaking on its hinges: she
In olden times had much company:
But gallants claimed not all her thought,
Nor all her pleasures to her brought;
She taught them how to watch and wait,
While she did duty well and true,
And gave to study all its due,
For she loved books. Sad is the fate—
My teacher taught me in my youth,
And I believe he taught me the truth,—

Of man or woman who depends,
In wealth or poverty, for friends,
On men or women only, they
Are whimsical from day to day:
Conditional is all they do,
No matter how they feel toward you;
They're tossed about, as in a dream,
Just like the ripples of a stream,
And do the best they can, that best
Is in some discord with the rest.
The very ground we tread, which feeds
Each in his set condition, breeds
Contentions, struggles, anger, war:
Who is least earthly has least jar.
Anneet, I trust you'll understand,
Belongs not to a wandering band,
Her growth has been far from the dirt,
Nor can she mingle with the sort
That scratch and bite for meat and bread:
So does she act, as she was bred;
She's lacking in those elements
Which make—you call it common sense."

"Now, look a-here, young man, you talk
Your jigmaree without a balk!"
Ben Stevan cried, with lowering brow:
"You've been a-studyin' books, I 'low!"
Yahn Golfan answered quick, "That's so:
But not for making trouble—no!
I'll tell you this, Ben Stevan, there
Are men who go about in care,
Unhappy, discontented men,
Like you, who hate their fellows, Ben:
Who, if they had some good old book,
And this into their lap they took,
And through it conversation held,
With wise and blessed seers of Eld;
Day after day, night after night,
Forever near, though out of sight,
They'd have the wisest, best of men,
To admonish o'er and o'er again."
"Them books! that's all thar is in you:
I nuver read one throo and throo
In all my born days, an' I'm glad

That I book larnin' nuver had:
While you set readin' of a yarn,
The grass is growin' in the corn:
You set thar readin' atter night,
A-keepin' up a candle light,
When heaven have snuffed his candle out,
An' tole us not to stir about,
But shet our eyes and go to sleep.
The moon an' stars are left, I know,
But they fur light skase make a show,
An' only thro' the darkness stay
To skeer the goblum ghosts away;
Or, mebbe, for the varmints' sake,
What all the day time sleep an' lurk,
An' will not do no lick of work,—
A sorter little light they make.
You fly right in the face, you do,
Of Providence, so good and true,
An' with a taller dip you try
To beat the candle in the sky;
No wonder that ar' wife o' mine
Ain't satisfied, an' ain't a-gwine
To git up at the crack o'day,
An' laws of heaven to obey;
No wonder she are puny-like,
An' wish the lightnin' her would strike.
Ef folks would foller heaven's will,
But few the tears their eyes would spill:
They'd have a-plenty health an' cheer,
An' nuver want a crib or steer;
An' plenty grist, too, at the mill;
But let 'em take thar books to larn
To git 'long with a empty barn,—
To make thar livin' by a fudge,
An' fill thar pockets on a dodge—
The trouble's done begun right now,—
Books is to blame fur all the row.
Your ways an' her'n are very quare:
Your notions I kin skasely bare,
An' if it warn't for Olga thar,
She that's a reglar glory star,
'Neath yander ruff thar'd be a stir,
An' somethin' wuss 'twixt me an' her."
"I see," said Yahn, "your ugly threat,

And other things I don't forget:
I'll speak as plainly; 'quare,' I see,
Is what you think and have to say,
Your argument is fair I see (Pharisee),—
I hope you comprehend my play,—
And carried out were bad, you see,
Would make us all a savage band,
Let no one but the sad you see (Saddusee),
And hypocrite rule in the land.
If you can't stand my laughter, sir, —
Think, I must laugh or I shall burst:
If under it you're chafing, sir,
Don't blame me, you began it first.
When you get mad, just sing it out,
Not at the women but at me,
And your old rifle bring it out;
Then at your service I will be.
'Tis usual at mustering
For big, loud men, like you to shine;
Be there and do your blustering,
And show how game you are in line.
Of course, you see I'm mocking you,
A man had better laugh than cry;
So if my words are shocking you,
You make the most of it, say I."

Ben Stevan silent stood, amazed,
And at Yahn Golfan silent gazed,
But took good warning from the gun,
The saucy young man leaned upon—
His anger ready to explode,
He turned and shambled down the road,
Shaking in air a hickory staff.
The young man laughed a dangerous laugh,
Still sorrow follows laughter. "But
The consequence," he sighed: "I'm shut
Out from that friendly cottage door;
The inmates greet me there no more
For fear of strife, and Olga's face
May turn away from me apace,
And worse than this, if aught be worse,
The phial of his wrath uncorked,
The demon which has in it lurked,
May now leap forth to blast and curse."

No matter what the past had been,
Yahn Golfan saw enough to win
His sympathy—enough to stir
Resentment, when he thought of her—
Anneet—in bondage to a boor,
Whose chains by wedlock made secure,
Corroded not the flesh alone,
But ate into the very bone,
And thence through nerves into the soul,
Till but to bestial control,
Fierce and tyrannical, she bowed,
And dared not even sigh aloud.
Her very beauty was her curse,
Her glory made her fate the worse,
Her nicer sense of right and wrong,
Her gentle manners, gift of song;
Her winning ways to frontier men,
Who saw her once and came again
To get her greeting and to greet
In that dark land to her most sweet—
Such gave no joy to him to whom
She had been fettered as to doom;
Such did not touch his savage heart,
And make it feel her joy in part;
And no responsive kindness stirred,
No elevating pride conferred;
But rather shook up in his breast
The devils of which he was possessed;
His envy, hatred, malice, these
And jealousy, his soul's disease,
Awoke them—kept them still a-flame,
And all in boasted honor's name.

Yahn Golfan oft had seen and heard
What every fibre in him stirred,
Had marked Ben Stevan's fiendish plan
Of subjugation to his will
Of one who yielded meekly still,
And he lost patience with the man,
But he kept silent—silence then
Was golden—not through fear of Ben,
But for the two dear women's sake
He would not now wrath's phial break
And dash upon him, lest perchance
When striking him on them 'twould glance.

Nay, nay, not fear his wrath suppressed,
His hand withheld from action,
The moral fetters of the guest
Kept fury in subjection.
Reared on the frontier, day by day.
He had to be a true man,
Till it became as sweet to fight
For as to love his woman.

He would not hesitating stand,
Nor for a minute waiver,
Did woman ask his helping hand,
Or seek some gallant favor;
His not to dicker, trade and trim,
And play the smart pretender,
A penny toss up 'twas to him
To kiss her or defend her

Indeed, in each event seemed he
For Mars or Cupid ready,
To prove his nerve or loyalty
To country or to lady.
Of three things he made special note,
These—courage, truth and beauty;
And 'neath them in his guide-book wrote—
"To love and fight is duty."

But chief restraining force of all
Was that obtaining in his hall,
Where sat a mother, dear as life,
Who shook her finger and her head
When Yahn the story told, and said:
"These people, son, are man and wife,
And more I say to you, my boy,
Your love there will your peace destroy;
I'd rather lay you in the grass
Than have your promise come to pass."

* * * * *

I'll have them women hoein' corn,"
Ben Stevan said, "tomorrow morn;
Not allers tinkerin' with their frocks
An' gowns and sich, and petticoats!
I'll have 'em bindin' wheat an' oats,
An', maybe, puttin' them in shocks:

I'll give them milk-white arms a tech
Of sunshine, an' a briar scratch;
By time them pale, soft cheeks o' thern
Have got a leetle summer burn
They'll have a stomach for to eat,
Not pies and things, but bread an' meat.
Or, dern 'em, they'll be wuth thar salt,
Or it won't be Ben Stevan's fault.
As fur that nice young gentleman—
I'll send him kitin', ef I can;
I'll show him how to lay around
My door, and be a sneakin' hound;
Ef anything is mean on yearth,
Hit's pis'nin' 'nother feller's hearth—
A-playin' all the time a saint."
His voice grew husky and more faint
The nearer to his gate he came,
Yet were his eyes not less aflame;
And Olga, who was waiting there
To see Yahn Golfan, saw the glare
Of his fierce eyes, got ill at ease,
Nor sought the monster to appease,
As ever it had been her wont;
He passed now with frowning front.

* * * * *

"I'm pestered by your whinin' roun';
Git out an' git to work! Confoun'
You wimmin that is allers sick
When thar is work to do—half dead,
Heart thumpin', swimmin' in thur head;
Can't walk a log acrost the crick,
Can't stommick poke an' beans an' fries,
Must fill up though on cakes and pies;
Can't eat a mess of black-eyed peas
'Thout gittin' on a reg'lar wheeze;
Can't bear biled cabbage—takes hit raw—
That beats all I ever saw;
But you kin ride a hoss aroun'
An' keep up with the horn an' houn',
An' whelk your critter with a switch
An' set him when he jumps a ditch.
Yes, you git pleasure of all sorts
With idle, galervantin' sports.
Hit's mighty scan'lus, but it suits

Yahn Golfan an' them gay galoots—
Not me, I tell you, no, not me,
An' that I'm gwine to let you see;
I'm gwine to let you take your choice,
To go cavortin' with the boys,
Or do like my ole mammie done—
Git out into the rain an' sun,
An' be a ginywine woman right—
To work all day an' sleep all night,
An' thereby follerin' natur's law;
Wuzz busy with her han's, as she
By honest folks wuzz taught to be;
Not allers workin' of her jaw.
My mam could ride a steer to mill,
An' one what leaps a ditch or bush
Can do likewise, upon a push.
Jest all whut's lackin' is the will.
'Twon't hurt you very much, no how,
To tetch the handle of a plow,
An' with a hoe to make a pass
To help me outen of the grass.
Now, I have said my say, my dear;
Git out and git to work: you hear?"

Anneet such talk could scarce endure,
And yet in patience heard him through,
Yet backward, full of scorn, she drew,
Disgusted at the swaggering boor.
"There's nothing wrong in that," said she;
"The work, perhaps, will better me,
And rid me of the thoughts which prey
Of late upon me night and day;
For I'd be willing now to die,
Could I from their dark haunting fly;
I'd take the plow, and with the hoe
To rapture's song the time I'd beat,
And keep the rythm with my feet,
And fill with music every row."

"Jes' so—with music—guess you mout,
In my min' thar is nary a doubt:
Thar goes a lot of music now—
That gal's a-thumpin' of them strings,
An' thar she sets an' thar she sings;

That stuff is gwine to breed a row,
It'll do her good to skeer her some;
Jes' listen at her tum-te-tum!"

* * * * *

"Oh, fern and violet dell,
How would I love to dwell
In your cool shade in this soft clime,
And listening 'mongst the flowers
'o the song birds of the bowers—
To float a-down the tide of time.

"Here, happy morn and eve,
Green amaranths I'd weave
For him all mine in smiles and tears,
And upon his manly breast
With perfect trust I'd rest,
Nor heed the smiting of the years.

"Not for shine alone I'd pray,
Nor for joy from day to day;
Not ev'n for smiles without a frown;
Far better time and tide's
Bedimming shady sides,
The garish scenes to mellow down.

"I know the ring of mirth
With a rapture fills the earth,
And joy-spells burn in joyous eyes;
But there be pleasant hours
In autumn's murmurous bowers,
And music in the breath of sighs.

"Oh, fern and violet dell,
How I would love to dwell
In your cool shade, in this rare clime,
With him, my love, my own—
With him and him alone
To float a-down the tide of time."

"Well have I listened, and," said she
Half scornful, "it is sweet to me—
In this lone land—in any land
Where people do not understand
The one the other's thoughts and ways,
As each his selfish will obeys,

In this sad tangle of affairs.
Should something be in common theirs,
Some midway ground between exist,
Where all may meet and haply twist
Their tangled threads together there,
And hitch to as a common tie;
They will be closer drawn thereby
To one another, and so bear
With foibles 'gainst which they rebel
And learn to like each other well;
There is no mystic power known,
From the low hut to the high throne,
Like Music, with its marvelous spell;
Of all sorts it is recognized
As the great Commoner of arts,
As the controller of all hearts,
And as a sweet peace-maker prized.
The Father, think I, placed us here
For His sweet purpose, gave an ear
Of most exquisite workmanship—
Not to catch up common sounds alone,
But every varied phase of tone,
Of horn or string or human lip,
Or howl of beast or song of bird,
Or laps of wave or low of herd:
Has given music to His folk,
Thought of lost Eden to provoke;
To breathe upon corroding care,
Or through the vapors of despair,
And with its mollifying art
Cheer the dark mind, soothe the sad heart.
I set him down a savage wild,
Nearer a devil than a man,
Who hearing music, dark and wan
And cold remains, still unbeguiled.
No matter, bring me to the plow,
The hoe, the rake, I'm ready now;
But Olga—she'll be left alone,
This is a wild place—'twill be known."

"Don't keer a continental dam;
That's jest the sort o' fool I am;
She'll hustle fur herself, you'll see,
An' run if skeered to you an' me;

She'll have to drap that gitaway
She thumps nigh onto every day;
She won't be settin' by the stream,
In what you call it, Love's young dream;
She won't be on the bluff with Yahn,
That wiggle-waggle sorter man.
Mabbe she mout be doin' wuss,
I s'pose she'll be all right with us.
A change will do her good, I guess."
Anneet, her rage could scarce repress,
But not a word responsive sprung,
For wild remembrance tied her tongue.
At him an angry glance alone,
Keen as a javelin, was thrown.
"Git ready," cried he, shambling off,
Low chuckling, "guess I've said enuff."

"And far more than enough," quoth she,
In bitterest soliloquy.

"The darkness of an evil mind
Not only overshadows it,
But, like a raven, seems to quit
Its usual brooding place to find
Some other scene to darken: mean
And vengeful, low and brutal, he
Suspects all others thus to be,
As through his darkened glasses seen.

"The devil should not be the judge
Of virtue or of good intent,
He cannot deem him innocent
'Gainst whom he has a dirty grudge;
Whose education is not nice—
Whose habits make him half a brute—
Should not to chastity impute
The cast and loathsomeness of vice.

"Who comes not to the fountain flood
For pure and pleasant drinks, but quaffs
The dead pool where no pure wave laughs;
He gets a jaundice in his blood,
And in his vitals wax the germs
Of feel disease—of doubts and fears,
And jaundiced all he sees appears,
And full of rottenness and worms;

But ev'n a snake may warning give,
And turns us from a headlong path
Wherein in ambush lieth wrath;
Thus warned by vice may virtue live."

* * * * *

They stood together in the field,
For to Ben's orders she did yield,
And patient took in hand the hoe,
Whose use, poor thing, she did not know.
"Yahn likes the girl," she said one morn,
As she and Ben were in the corn;
But Ben hoed on without reply,
Turning on her a curious eye.
"Yahn likes the girl," again she said:
Ben Stevan's face got dark and red.
"And Olga misses him of late,
And thinks you drive him from our gate.
"You put that notion in her head,"
Ben Stevan, scowling at her, said:—
"She's kept his company for years,
And now she goes about in tears
If he don't come and hang around,
And waller with her on the ground,
An' 'bout her all the summer day,
Jest like a petted setter play,
You hear? I can't put up with sich."
His voice had reached its highest pitch.

"What harm is there in this, I pray?
Are they not young? Should they not play?
Like me and you, they are not old;
Like me and you, they are not cold;
Youth ventures on the time and tide
And takes not reason for its guide:
Youth follows Fancy's beck and call,
And Reason does not heed at all:
Youth loves to revel in Love's dream,
On sunny slope, by babbling stream:
Youth hunts for pleasure everywhere,
And make a mockery of care:
And here we find a girl and boy,
Pictures of glory and of joy;
And you, Ben Stevan, stand afar,
Uncomprehending, are at war
With all such loveliness and joy.

Ben Stevan, were you ne'er a boy?"
"I guess I wuz a boy befo'
I growed to be a man," said Ben:
"I nuver wuzz like your folks, tho!
Our boys they done the work of men:
The fag eends of creation wuzz
The Smoky Mountain boy:
With him, when mam and dad got cross,
'Twuzz root then hog or die;
Natur was hard on them as rocks,
An' they got hard and tough;
They wore no hats, no shoes, no socks,
An' nuver eat ernuff.
They growed up lonesomecolly like,
An' hardy as black-jacks,—
What lightnin' skasely ever strike,
And worms and sech attacks.
Them an' the yaller bob-tail cur
Farde purty much the same,
They had to take thar chances fur
The scraps jest as they came:
Folks raised in sich a way nur that
Ain't nuver nice an' sweet:
Folks to be gentle nor a cat
Must have enuff to eat:
Or maybe sorter tiger-like,
An' ruther hard to tame:
The hongrier the worse they strike—
That's nat'ral all the same.
Your daddies, lemme tell you, wuzz
Agin us all the time;
They cropped our ears and branded us
As Tories, not for crime,
In Resolutionary days:
They cussed us with thar raids:
They huddled in the towns always:
We hid out on the glades;
We skasely had a pone of bread:
We lived on varmints kilt:
We roosted yander in a shed:
They purty manshuns built.
The niggers of them rich folks call
My people poor white trash,
And treat us as no folks at all,

But damn us all to smash.
Doan warnt us tendin' of thar groun',
Bekase we hain't no sense;
Doan lack to see us knockin' roun',
Or lookin' crost thar fence;
Afeered we're gwine to play 'em tricks
Ef we git in thar craps.
Won't even 'low thar boys to mix
With onery Tory chaps.
Our hands is tharfore 'gin them folks:
Our heads an' hearts is sot:
They fling at us thar hoots and jokes:
We fling back hate red hot."
This, growl-like, came from Ben,
Chuckful of pointed mockery.
She paused. He laughed. Again—
"I tuck you from the valley, why?
You think I do not know;
You think I have believed your lie?"
He laughed again, "Ho! ho!
Mebbe you didn't hear me—why?"
"Stop!" cried Anneet in rage:
"I've been your faithful wife, and I
Have blotted out that page.
I have no tory blood in me:
And base, vile tyrant heed;
I've paid the extreme penalty,
A victim been, indeed.
I've been sustained, Ben Stevan, long
With this reflection sweet—
From decent people I have sprung,
The statement I repeat;
I've got no Tory blood in me;"
Defiantly she smiled,—
"And God be praised, whate'er I be—
There's none, sir, in my child."

They paused beside a viney brake,
Where gushed a fountain's wave;
The angry woman spake,
And quick up tow'rds his shoulder brought
His rifle, for her sake.
Ben Stevan's hoe was in the air
With purpose dark and dire,

And Anneet stood before him square,
Her eyes two balls of fire.
Yes, calm she stood, with folded arms,
Mute, waiting for the blow,
But a gun's click one alarms—
Ben Stevan seemed to know.
Quick backward tow'rs the bush his eyes
Are cast in terror and surprise;
As quick he sees the leveled gun—
Its bead his very heart upon,
The sight unnerves the arm, and so
Down falls to ground the threatening hoe.

"You misbegotten coward! you
Who whine and skulk, as cowards do"—
Yahn Golfan thus in fury spake—
"Your life I do not wish to take,
But I'm a witness and well know
The intent of that threatened blow;
I know the rankling hate you nurse,
And how you vamp and rave and curse,
As none but bullying dastards do,
When danger does not threaten you;
I know your vengeance, venom, gall:
I know you fired my father's hall,
Straight was this information caught:
To justice, scoundrel, you'll be brought:
I've kept this knowledge in my breast
For reasons that I know the best,
Since your rascalities I knew:
I've played the friendly part with you
For those same reasons saved you twice
From those whose law-love isn't nice.
Henceforth, Ben Stevan, you must know
I hold you as a deadly foe,
Which you have ever been, while yet
My confidence you tried to get;
Lay on this poor, proud woman here,
Whom you have bullied, year by year,
So much as even a finger's weight
Of cruelty or wrath or hate,
Or on her simplest rights encroach;
Do aught to bring on her reproach,
Then from these places you must fly

Or else, Ben Stevan, you must die:
Take warning—change your plans at once!"
Yahn Golfan waited no response,
But waiving good-bye to Anneet,
Who, pale and trembling, stood apart,
With almost audible-beating heart,
And able scarce to keep her feet,—
As if in warm pursuit of game,
He sought the covert whence he came.
Nor was it strange, he left her there,
A victim to the man's despair;
He saw the fears which he had stirred,
How like a bolt was every word,
To give more action to his feet
Than to his hands: the Ishmaelite
Was weaker now than poor Anneet,
And readier to take to flight.

Ben Stevan homeward took the path,
Nor gave Anneet one look of wrath,
Ere leaving her so most alone,
As if her presence was not known,
As if, like one awakened quick
From drunken stupor, dazed and sick,
He had no purpose but to go;
But where, he did not care or know:
Or if he had a special thought,
Which something like a terror brought,
'Twas that along his homeward way
Somewhere, ambushed, Yahn Golfan lay,
With steady, well-aimed, deadly gun,
For he himself thus would have done.
Ah! guilt and guilty fears can find
A thousand goblins in the wind,
See spectres in the earth and skies
And make us just as mad as wise.

Anneet, with that forgiving sigh,
Which only tender woman heaves,
In memory of a day gone by,
Stands weeping—after him half grieves,
Remembering that to shield her name
The simple-hearted fellow came.
That he, in all their wedded years,

Had patient borne her sighs and tears,
Forgetful of his taunts and threats;
None but the woman such forgets:
Forgetful of each jealous rage,
For passers-by would pause awhile
To catch if nothing but her smile,
Well pleased to breathe at such a stage.

Already o'er the valley fair,
Where now she mused in half despair,
Most sadly, madly sighing,
Because of other memories sad,
Which spite of time and tide she had,
Unchanging and undying;
Those of a time, so bright, so sweet,
When heaven was almost at her feet,
And youth in all its lustres
Was crowned with pleasures rich and rare,
As her remembered grape vines were,
With bacchanalian clusters:
Already twilight's latest ray
Had faded from the west away,
And night's cool airs were stirring;
The star of evening, too, appeared,
Which other spirits would have cheered:
To her it brought no cheering.
The night indeed seemed coming down
With something like a sullen frown,
As from the brow of heaven,
While ghost-like whispers fill the air,
And she, poor thing, stands wailing there,
Almost to madness driven.
"Dark, dark, my fate," cries poor Anneet,
"Worse can a mortal know?
Down, down from hope so high, so sweet,
To such a state of woe:
Of every proud, unsullied dame—
Of every modest maid,
Of rudest mountain girl whose fame
Is clear and sweet—afraid.

"Before the eyes of honest men,
Who joy to women bring,
I dread that deep, instinctive ken

Which reads a guilty thing.
Each has an intimating glance,
Which strikes me like a flame,
And hints me of my proper haunts,
All in the sphere of shame.

"Mem'ry, her quivers full of darts,
When hope would come to cheer,
Sits at the portal of our hearts
And shoots them down when near.
I am so tired of endless sighs,
From mem'ries cruel, wild—
From them my spirit shrinking flies,
As from a ghost the child.

"Oh, the memories of our guilty deeds,
Which must be hidden kept;
They whip the heart until it bleeds,
Like a field by carnage swept:
Where dead hopes, like the gallant men,
Lie strewn and bleeding, ne'er
To glory will they wake again:
What's left? The sigh—the tear.

"I'm tired of memories, but in vain
From them I pray to fly;
They get to be of heart and brain
A part and will not die.
Along the vista of our years,
Like mocking ghosts they rise;
They can't be wept away by tears,
Nor sighed away by sighs."

SECOND PART.

Yahn Golfan paused within the brake,
And saw Ben Stevan homeward take
His hurried steps, in every stride
Was that which manliness belied,
So from his sight Ben Stevan past.

The sky was threatening, overcast,
And long boat clouds their dark wings spread,
And with their black robes swept o'erhead:
Low muttering thunders with them came,
With many a frightful flash of flame;
Treetops reeled earthward, with the weight
Of wild winds, sped by thunderbolts,
Which seemed to spur their madding gait:
As is a herd of fleet wild colts,
Urged headlong by a prairie fire,
Fast rolling in its chariot dire.
Yahn Golfan partial refuge found,
Low, crouching, awe-struck, on the ground,
Gazed toward Anneet, he could not move,
Thither and thus a helper prove;
Her long dark hair, now unconfined,
Seems almost whistling in the wind;
Uplifted like two great black wings,
Outspread, she poises—'neath them swings,
As does the vulture ere he springs.

He sees her hands uplifted high:
A mighty gust comes sweeping by,
Above the howlings in the sky,
He hears a quick and piercing cry,
Then comes a furious blinding flash,
A sudden terrifying crash,
Quick followed by a deafening roar:
He looks and she is there no more:
He rises and is swept away,
In a deep hollow finds a stay,

Clings to the brambles, where he's left
Almost of consciousness bereft.

The storm is over, bruised and torn
He creeps forth from his bed of thorn,
Slow struggles through the tangled brake,
Advance but doubtful can he make,
Into the open comes at last.
The sky's no longer overcast.
Of her, alas, there is no trace,
There is the wave—this is the place
Where last she stood—here is the hoe.
Hears he a sigh—a wailing low;
Hears he far voices calling, nay:
There is confusion in his brain,
And through his heart there darts a pain:
He must away, he must away.

* * * * *

"No tory blood in Olga? What!
Nur her as ef I keer a drot,
Ef hern wuzz colder nur a snake's,
When he is sheddin' in the brakes:
No tory blood in Olga? Then,
Thar haint no tory blood in Ben;
Now aint that strange?" Ben Stevan cried,
"Has not a tory daddy pride?
The dirty huzzy spits at me,
I seen how it wuzz gwine to be,
When them slick rascals praised her looks,
An' pompered her, an' fetched her books;
An' sot so great a store by her;
An' fotch her good things frum afur:
She should of ben afeered to say—
Ef hit wuzz so—at this late day,
Olga haint mine—'taint fair a-tall:
Sich talk as that mout hurt the gal;
But hit she goes an' crows about:
Ben Stevan's mean enuff, but that
Is dirtier nur a lousy hat:
So I am gwine to sweep 'em out:
Let 'em go back to whar they wuzz,
An' let thar fine folks 'roun' 'em buzz
Like bees—I guess they'll sting 'em too;
I'll sweep 'em out—that's whut I'll do."

Thus murmuring, his wrath full hot,
He halts before his humble cot,
At which his clenched fist he shakes:
His entrance to the yard he makes,
By tearing down the picket stakes.

Ben Stevan stood within his door,
His face was white, his wrath was sore;
And Olga taught in frontier land.
The face-look of a hostile band,
With glances inner-ill betrayed,
An intimated wrath conveyed,
No good, no welcome, saw in Ben,
To which her heart could cry "amen."
But seeing in each glance a threat,
She, trembling, him in silence met.

But, but a moment only past,
Back towards the door her eyes are cast,
Where was her mother, where Anneet,
Loudly her heart began to beat,
As fearful dark suspicions woke,
But word as yet she had not spoke.

Ben Stevan read as some read books,
The thoughts of people in their looks;
In the small circle of two eyes,
Could read the story of long years
See where the page was dimmed by sighs—
See where 'twas blotted out by tears,
He had a sharper sight, perchance,
Could better read another's face—
Could pierce the cover like a lance:
And that, too, at a single glance,
And reach the depths below, the place
Where tiger-like crouched the intent,
Far better than a cultured man,
Whose sight would take in all the plan—
The workings of each several part,
Or attribute of mind and heart,
On which to predicate or rest
Conclusion, that may stand the test.
Instinct was that, but this was art.

Ben Stevan, as from open book,
When glance at Olga's face he took,
Read instant in her cheeks and eyes
The nature of her dark surmise—
The consequent emotion read,
Which the candles of her wild eyes fed;
The feelings which her body swayed,
That reached her lips, and there were stayed,
As if expression's door was shut,
By reason of the rush and glut,
The very plentitude of thought
And feeling into madness wrought.

A moment more, when face to face
They stood, each scarce knowing why,
Trembled to meet the other's eye,
Ben Stevan turned aside apace,
And backward vacant gazed at space:
Gazed through the thickening shadows. "Where",
Cried Olga, "is my mother? Stare!
And stare and tremble: Where is she?
Why don't you answer—speak to me?
Why stand before me? Stand aside!"
The man leaped backward terrified,
For he was quick to understand
A look, the motion of a hand;
For this was sudden, at her belt
Cut from the wild wolf's tawny pelt,
She snatched forth from a raw-hide sheath,
A flashing blade, whose jab was death:
For well he knew that blazing dirk;
Full often he had seen its work:
That little hand for diamonds made,
Which woke a passion-sigh to scan
The loveliest thing e'er seen by man,
Seemed now well suited to the blade,
As when love dallying it played,
An art coquettish with the fan.
In air she flashed it, when she cried,
To pale Ben Stevan, "Stand aside."
No wonder he was terrified.

She stood a moment furious there,
And he, too, with his eyes aglare,

Then laughing loud she scanned him o'er,
And passed forth from the cabin door:
Though dark it was she could not wait,
But hurried from the picket gate.
She knew not whither, cared not where.
"Oh, mother!" cried she in despair,
"Mother! mother! mother!"—the cry,
Seemed echoed in the very sky,
And lower—lower, echoing died
Upon the streamlet's rippling tide.
"Mother! mother! mother!" the call,
As Olga reached the waterfall,
Away off in the woodland, blent
And lost itself among the sounds;
Made the wave which froths and bounds,
And but another murmur lent
To them, as farther off she went.

Ben Stevan watched her, heard her cry,
And felt a kind of fiendish joy,
All dazzling like a falling star,
For she had been to him a light
For years, the brightest of the bright;
He saw her vanish darkling far,
Plunging like one demented quite,
Into the bosom of the night,
Into the darkness vanished she;
Into a darkness troubled made,
By black clouds triply overlaid,
And thundering on incessantly:
A storm was raging, on she sped,
A friendly bluff just overhead,
To shield her from its rage, aloud
The trees were moaning as they bowed,
And by the maddened winds were whipped;
These danced and whirled and dipped,
Sprang up again with angry moan,
Like twice ten thousand Polyphemes,
Uttering, when tortured, howls and screams,
They bore the clouds exploding on.

The tempest passed, she climbs the bluff,
And hastens by a pathway rough,
Winding and tangled now and wild;

Again arose her cry and wail,
Reverbrating through the vale:
"Mother!" she listens half beguiled,
By mimic Echo answering her,
And still again and still again,—
"Mother! mother!" she cries in vain,
Nought save the goblin echoes stir.
But hush! a hunter's horn replies,
It only waked her wilder cries:
And still again and still again,
At intervals the hunter's strain,
As if responding to each cry:
"Here, here! am I—Here, here! am I,"
Poor Olga's cry—Yahn Golfan's horn—
Between them tangled wood and thorn.
Each struggles towards the other slow,
More tangled each, each step they take.
And strange, nor bird, nor beast they wake,
Each calling to the other still,
With voice of horn and throat, so shrill
Seemed that the sounds from either spot
Shifted directions whence it came.
Now rose it from some well-known grot;
Now from some new ground with a name,
Till cheated and belated quite,
As if by some malignant sprite,
Which loved from place to place to dart,
Making it seem they went apart,
Not nearer to each other drew;
At length they knew not what to do.
Oh, they were sick in mind and heart!
Oh, they were sick in body, too!
So quite benighted, weary, torn,
By fallen tree and vine and thorn;
And finding further effort vain,
Like tugging 'gainst a tight'ning chain
Of circumstances, 'round them wound,
They reeled exhausted to the ground.

How wild the woman's wail at night
How thrills the heart to hear it;
Coming from wo-land like a sprite,
To harrow, and we fear it:

Its weirdness makes the pulses start,
And shakes awhile the stoutest heart.

* * * * *

But listen to the hunter's horn,
Soft winding in the valley;
On every blast a joy is borne,
And imps of pleasure rally
Around it laughing, dancing still,
From every nook, from every hill.

How sweet the blushing of the dawn,
On uplands and in hollows,
When tempest dark and cloud are gone,
What peace so balmy follows;
What splendor glows! What fragrance rare,
Pervades the earth, the sky, the air!

The morning's glorious golden sun,
From night's dark courts of amber,
Had started forth his course to run,
Like a bridegroom from his chamber,
And to the dew-land's myriad eyes,
Had flung the glory of the skies.

On every tree there seems a bird,
Aburst of song and gladness,
Is everywhere, nor is there heard
One note, one moan of sadness;
And on the wings of every breeze
Floats the aroma of glad trees.

But hush! from out the tangled brake
Again the wild cry, "Mother!"
Again the mimic echoes wake;
Again there comes another
Distressful cry, not heard before,
Like moans from some Plutonian shore.

Then swells the bugle horn again,
So clear adown the valley,
From out the fountain's grassy glen,
It blew a cheering rally:
'Twas answered from a cove near by,
And also from a hillock nigh.

Anneet awoke with dawn and took
Her lone course towards the mountain.
And Yahn had slumbered by the brook,
And Olga near the fountain,
As if by inspiration led,
Towards one the other each had sped.

How gladly, fervently they meet,
Yahn Golfan, Olga and Anneet,
In ecstasy of smiles and tears,
As if they had not met for years.
And yet, the happy greeting o'er,
There swelled a burning at the core,
A dark remembrance, deep and sore;
But momentarily repressed,
Which had dominion o'er the breast,
Which gave to each a constant pain:
All felt, but no one could explain:
'Twas seen in one another's eyes;
And seen, called not for lip replies:
For lips but faintly could express
The past night's terror and distress:
The haggard cheek, the weary lid,
Wherein their agonies lay hid,
'Neath such a thin, transparent veil,
Unquestioned told their mournful tale,
And better, too, than words or sighs,
For suffering speaks best through the eyes—
These told a story of distress,
Which language never could express;
These drooping lids, these weary eyes,
The presence told of agonies.
No matter, it was now too late
To take in retrospect their fate;
'Twas theirs the future to unmask,
And oracles of it to ask.

"Now for the house!" Yahn Golfan cried,
Examining his rifle well:
"Us from the door let him repel."
"No, no! not now," Anneet replied,
And Olga added, "No, not now;"
For both beheld with half a sigh,
A dangerous light was in his eye;

In half soliloquy, quoth he,
"Who gets possession soon we'll see;
Let's make the trial—come!" they pause,
Anneet and Olga. "No. The cause?"
"I find I've kept my powder dry:
On me, I swear, you may rely.
I know in ambush he may hide."
"Let's not be rash," Anneet replied;
Remember he's my husband, Yahn,
And your premeditated plan
Would be cold-blooded murder: mine
As much as yours the blame: I'll go,
Myself upon his mercy throw,
And to his will my will resign:
I must remember—can't forget,
I am to him in bondage yet;
But for the love he had for me,
He had not felt such jealousy;
But for his love for Olga, too,
He never would have hated you:
Little by little, day by day,
His aggravations have had play;
And never, when a passer-by
Has given me the hand and eye
Of admiration, has it been
To him but intimated sin.
Such thoughts, suspicions, rather long
Suppressed—repressed—wax fierce and strong,
Becoming, as it were a care,—
A burden very hard to bear.
There comes a time when sentiment,
In which are gathered, curdled, pent
Our griefs, our pains, our passions even,
Becomes a demon in the breast;
And by this devil, while possessed,
Into confederacy are driven
Our nature's weaker elements,
Till they themselves become intense:
So, after while, in dread array,
Just like a bannered army, they
Sweep reason's barriers away.
Witness the tempest just gone by:
The sun of countless minims driven,
As shepherds drive their flocks at even'

Into the cote, from sky to sky,
Into one mighty mass or heap
Of cloudlets, where the lightnings sleep,
This by the shepherd-winds heaved on
To others life itself is drawn;
Then comes the boistrous hurricane
That leaps the mountain, shears the plain;
That lapse the mountain, shears the plain;
As we do water with a cup;
And mud and gravel likewise dips,
And spits out from its howling lips:
Like hail upon the leafy heads
Of trees, and tears them into shreds.
Thus must the bosom have its vent
Of gathered pains and agonies;
At first in simple tears and sighs,
Those tell-tales of wild passion vent.
Then reason's peaceful sway the while,
In cowls of frowns must hide his smile,
And tremble in the stress and strain
Of throes that tear the heart and brain.

"The tempest of the sky and ours
The outer and the inner storm,
Have come with fury and alarm;
Our future sky with trouble lowers.
Let's circumspectly walk our way,
For mercy well as wisdom pray,
To guide our wandering feet aright,
Out of the gloom into the light:
The times are full of trouble, war
Is heard low muttering afar;
The halcyon bird of peace awakes
And leaves in fright her brooding nest,
Where she has hatched her eaglets blest,
So oft between the Gulf and Lakes.
Reserve your courage for the day
Of strife, not very far away."

They now had reached the open ground,
Whence could be seen the little mound
Where many a time had Olga played,
Beneath the beech's pleasant shade,
So guileless at Yahn Golfan's side,

Through summer and through autumn's tide.
All instant thither turned their eyes:
What see they? Clouds of smoke arise:
No house is left, no picket fence,—
All, all in flame had vanished thence.
Horsemen are galloping around:
At intervals the loud-mouthed hound
Is heard now on the broken trail,
Horns, too, awake the upper vale.
Yahn Golfan's brow is stern and sad:
Anneet and Olga's bright and glad.
"He's gone! he's gone!" the women cry,
"Wind, wind your horn, and make reply!"
"They seek for us, they thither come.
They care not for that long-cursed home;"
Thus cried Anneet, and loud and shrill,
Blast after blast, from hill to hill,
Darting from out Yahn Golfan's horn,
Echoed in far off nook and tarn.

No use to tell what joyous shouts,
Followed the heels of vanished doubts
And horrid fears: no use to inquire
If there had been a purpose dire,
In sweeping thus a home away:
Some thought it was the lightning's play,
And that Ben Stevan's ashes lay
Commingled with the cabin's: some
Believed he fired and fled the home;
None cared which way it was: the man
Was ever under social ban,
But for his favored wife and child,
On whom the mountain places smiled,
He to appease his neighbors' wrath,
Had died long since the felon's death,
By halter or by shot. Enough,
Thus passed the Lone Haunt of the Bluff,
A cabin built in far gone times,
And the reputed haunt of crimes
Of bloody men.

"None there would dwell,
But one who was in league with hell,"
Quoth one dark man who stood apart,

Still holding to his bridle rein.
What ails Anneet? Why does she start,
Like one sore struck with sudden pain?
Yahn Golfan quickly reached her side;
Her only not the stranger eyed.
I cannot linger here," she said,
"There ran a dagger through my head—
When—well—it should not matter now—
The heat affects, perchance, my brow;
But if I could not hear or see,
It would be better far for me;
That may have been in far gone years,
A horrid haunt, a place of tears,
A place of blood it might have been,
The hiding place of monstrous sin;
No ghosts there did I ever see;
No goblins there e'er troubled me;
But I have lived there, and my child
Has grown up there a flower wild,
And this young friend has leant his charm,"
She fondly touched Yahn Golfan's arm—
"And this young man, her friend and mine,
Has played with her for summers nine."
The dark man turned aside apace,
A shadow passing o'er his face—
He cast behind a furtive glance,
As hard and piercing as a lance,
'Twas at Yahn Golfan, why, none knew,
That bitter, troubled glance he threw;
Anneet continued, "good or bad,
That was the only roof I had.
Some shelter all of us must have,
And all of us some shelter crave:
What next, I know not." "Yes, you do,"
A dozen cried, "we'll shelter you."
"The latch is on the door outside,"
One burly rustic near her cried;
"Ef you and yourn can stan' my shed
An' grub, it's free," another said.
Another generous neighbor cried,
"You an' your gal with us divide:
That gal o' yourn—no slight to you—
Kin pay us with a song or two,
For all the trouble given weuns,

For hog an' hom'ny, pork an' greens."
Thus hospitable all appeared
Save him who stood apart and heard
The simple invitations: he
Only showed no civility,
But with dark frown and bosom shut,
Stood distant at his bridle rein,
Unnoticed by the rest: 'twas plain,
As but a looker-on he stood,
A stranger in the solitude—
Uninterested—in a dream,
As 'twere, save that he kept his eyes
On Olga, with no small surprise,
As she stole past him towards the stream,
Bedraggled, as she was, and worn:
For her he had no look of scorn;
But in her motions, face and form,
There were to him a pleasing charm:
Indeed, towards her his spirit yearned,
So towards the streamlet, too, he turned,
And quite unnoticed of the throng,
Adown the bluff-road stole along:
"I'm following you," the dark man said,
"But know not why I'm towards you led,
Or by what spell, if spell it be,
That draws a sorrowing man like me;
I'm drawn to you, but I confess"—
He hesitates, as in her look,
As plain as writing in a book,
Distrust was, and uneasiness:
"May I continue?"—low he bowed—
An answering smile his wish allowed.
"Well, something else I must confess,
Something outside your loveliness,
Draws me to you, though that alone
Would language give to lips of stone,
And make them fond and flattering seem.
You, girl, of beauty are a dream;
But, as I said, 'twere not the spell
Of wondrous loveliness now draws
My soul, and likewise softly awes:
What 'tis I shall not try to tell."
"And I," quoth Olga, all a-blush,—
Her voice soft quavering as a thrush—

Have been as curious as you—
Have found you have attractions, too;
For this same reason I am here:
That scene up there, already drear,
Became to me both wierd and dread,
Soon as I gathered what you said:
Forgive my boldness—drawn am I
To you likewise, and know not why,
But, but Yahn Golfan, that's my friend,
This, my confession, might offend,
He cannot bear a maiden bold.”
“Well, that is something strange,” quoth he;
“The young delight in coquetry,
Unless behind his caution pries
Two over-jealous yellow eyes,
Then, should you smile upon a tree,
While, mute, he kept you company,
He'd think you say a Dryad there:
Offended, at you he would stare.
No, to be natural is not bold,
As it is called by Madam Scold,
'Tis modesty itself, my girl,
And that is woman's priceless pearl:
That talk of yours is sweet as old,
And is not to my thinking bold:
It rather adds another charm
To that already binding me,
So pleasing, yet mysterious: be
Sincere and speak without alarm:
I understand, I have been young:
Full well I know love's tyranny:
A spark can kindle jealousy
More deadly than the adder's tongue.
Listen to me: I one time knew
A woman loved a man so true,
No other save his will she knew;
She even lost her self-respect:
Her fear of him was fear abject:
She was transformed by him, became
His second self in all but name;
A mania was the love she had:
In nought else was she crazed or mad:
And with devotion just as strong,
He to the faithful maiden clung.

But neither love nor both had strength
To conquer circumstance at length;
Nor could put down the deadly strife,
Which was created by that love:
Which barrier it could not remove;
And they were never man and wife.
Now, I would add without comment,
The woman must such love repent:
There is no limit to her trust:
The modester she is the worse.
The bold repel and shun the curse:
Then, too, much passion breeds disgust.

“He calls himself your friend; is what
All lovers should be, nothing more,
Until he stands with you before
The altar where is tied the knot:
I pray you do not make a dog
Of that young prince you call your friend;
As you will do, if you low bend,
And from his feet should take the clog:
He'll go too lightly and too fast,
And pull you after him, you see;
Then, haply, you too fast will be.
Arm's length him till the very last.

“Go with your people—take your fate;
Go with your people; they may be
Ennobled by the mystery
Which wells up from your wonted state.
Your voice, your manners, lofty ways;
Your gentleness, your purity;
Your beauty, linked with virtue, free
From vain assumption, which all praise,—
The vulgarest will recognize,
And wish his ruder women had:
And when you smile you'll make him glad,
And your hand's touch he'll ever prize.

“But lest my talk a riddle seem,
And vague if not impertinent,
I pledge you 'tis with good intent—
Nor I believe an idle dream,
But one based on a studied scheme.

If you be what I think you are,
You are my hope or my despair."
"Your hope or your despair?" she cries,
Back drawing from him in surprise—
"Your hope or your despair? My ear
Tingles and burns at what I hear
You are a stranger," added she,
"And what are you, I pray, to me,
And what am I, I pray, to you?"
Her glance pierced him through and through.
"Yahn Golfan only speaks that way
To me: It is his privilege,
Others I can't permit to say
Such words to me: The stranger's pledge
Of love and admiration awes,
And of suspicion is the cause."
"Tis well" he answered, "well for you,
Still to yourself to be so true.
'Tis most becoming—modest, too,
Your high-born origin declares,
And thus assures me unawares,
That my surmises have been true
Nor speculative: Hear me through,
Though I a stranger be. I come
To give a warning, not to hum
Sweet flatteries in your tickled ear,
Nor as a wooer to appear,

"Yahn Golfan well you say 'alone,'
The privilege may call his own:
To speak those earnest words to you,
He only has the right to woo,
I thus infer—so much the worse:
'Tis not a blessing, but a curse:
He brings you with his burning vow,
His loving, you must not allow."

"What!" cried she, "are you mad? What know
You in it, that will bring me woe?"
The stranger hesitated long,
And seemed to choke with passion strong;
But seeing in her querrying eye,
A look demanding true reply,
Responded with a kindly glance,
Slowly and mournfully, perchance,

"He is too near akin to you,"
He laid great stress upon these words,
Which came forth from his bosom's chords,
Like ghost words, solemn, dark and true,
Adding;—"This say I with an oath,
What though to say it I am loth,
For questions may my words pursue:
Questions of wherefore, how and why:
And trust me, I would rather die
Than make to them an answer true
And categorical to you.
What I have said is said. Enough—
I give you not a madman's stuff,
I speak plain words, deliberate,
Hard, true words, ere it is too late."

She reeled before him as a reed
Before the wind reels—reeled and bowed,
Soft muttering something half aloud,
And struggled as she would be freed,
From the embrace of phantom arms,
Whose tightening gave here dire alarms,
And tottered towards him hand outspread.

He caught her in his arms, her hair
Brushed from her brow with tenderest care,
Looked kind into her eyes and said; —
"This meeting is an accident,
Yet is to us a stern event:
What if I say I've sought for years—
For you and him—aye, aye, for him—
As well as you, with hope most dim,
At first with sighs, at last with tears.
No matter what has passed with me,
Since my concern in you began:
No matter, let us jump that span.
Your father, aye, and his you see."
Olga drew, reeling from his side,
And him with glance most searching eyed: .
"How can it be? How can it be?"
She said in dazed soliloquy.
He clasped her, whispering, "It is so;"
She, answering not, he added: "Well,
This may explain the mutual spell

Which drew us towards each other: show
Your faith in it by heeding me,
However painful it may be.

"I hand you now this little purse
To help you out should times grow worse;
Go to your mother and your friend—
I trust he'll prove a friend indeed—
While yet I live you shall not need,
If you be cautious to the end:
Bide with your kindly neighbors now,
And to your fate in patience bow.
I have within my mind a home
To which you after while may come,
A little distant from these hills,
These happy vales and babbling rills,
And distant, too, from your young friend
And brother—let me stress these words,
And leave them on your bosom's chords,
To echo till life's very end.
There in that home of acres wide,
Along a mighty river's tide,
In simple bower-like cottage hall,
With servants at your beck and call,
And fruitfulness on every hand,
To meet your wishes or demand,
And scenes the fairest of the fair—
The mountain here, the river there;
A coachman with a well-groomed team,
To bear you over hill and stream;
In this sweet home the mother yet,
Full many a sorrow may forget;
And you may see a brighter phase
Of life than this—know better days."

He mounted like a horseman gay,
Nor bowed, nor even said good-bye;
He only looked her in the eye,
And turning slowly rode away.
She watched him till he passed from sight,
He went like a departing hope,
Or like the starlight from the slope,
Slow fading into starlit night.

The bugle's blast is heard again,
It calls the hounds together:
Then silence falls on woods and glen;
One comes, it is the mother;
Her look was haggard, wan and wild,
But brightened when she saw her child.

"Here I will rest me," sighed Anneet,
Beneath this storm-unshaken tree,
The waters babbling at my feet,
And like a dim veil over me;
The shadows, where the daisies smile:
Let sleep come just a little while.

"Yahn comes. Why blush, my child? Ah, ne'er
Was love and manhood nicer blent
Than we find them blended here
By Nature's hand, as with intent
To make a real princely man.
She did her best in making."

He whistling came for very joy,
That is within itself a flame
That lets no blistering cares annoy,
Nor refuge in the bosom claim,
But licks them up as morning ray
The poisonous dews licks from the spray.

So whistling joyous he came nigh,
And kneeling down in turn by each,
Kissed each and then, with half a sigh
Gave lilies, with a pretty speech:
To Olga with a pleading glance,
But to Anneet with reverence.

"Since purity with beauty blends
In these fair water lilies, sure
Kind Heaven to their exponents lends—
They being beautiful and pure—
Their glories, though in different form,
And having more abiding charm.

"To you, with full significance"—
This to the mother: "These I bring;"

She scarce could meet his honest glance,
For Memory flew on lightning wing
Back to the days of maiden lush,
And brought back thence to her a blush.

His eyes on Olga turned. "To you
The flower coming faints
For very envy, and its hue
The lily's whiteness paints."
Then likewise Olga had a thought,
Which to her cheeks the crimson brought.

Not far away had the horseman spurred,
Down to the core his heart was stirred,
Remembrance of a bitter past
Its shadows o'er his present cast,
And as in dark morass or haunt
The thriftiest grows the poisonous plant,
So 'neath this shadow's mantle, dank
Suspensions grew most deadly rank.

Has he been smitten by a face?
He halts—he must his steps retrace;
The fears, the doubts he has, would even
This moment snatch his soul from heaven:
They would bind him as with triple chain:
He could but feel a sense of pain,
Increasing as the distance grew
Between the spot from which he flew
And him: to catch him as he went.
The girl, as 'twere, pursuers sent
To bring him back a prisoner—
And give no reason why—to her.

Ben Yarber, he it was who stood
So tossed, bewildered, in the wood;
Nor was it Olga's beauty spell
Which o'er his soul so maddening fell;
Nay, nay, there was a reason, too,
Which held him like enchantment true.
Since backward o'er the stretch of years,
Whose course was marked by sighs and tears,
His memory traveled to the dell
Where young Revere before him fell,

The victim of his fatal shot:
Dark place, dark hour; oh, ne'er forgot!
Since last he bowed before Anneet
And sang to her this song too sweet:—

“One kiss, love, ere you leave me;
They tell me you'll deceive me:
It may be so, for never
Could bliss from woe dis sever;
And bliss like ours was never yet
Without its shadow of regret.

“I cannot say my spirit
Quails, when the croak I hear,
But I may yet awaken
To find myself forsaken;
Then this last kiss, at least, will be
A blessed mem'ry, sweet to me.

“Oh, love, when we are parted,
And I'm quite broken-hearted,
The fiery recollection
Of one time true affection,
Sealed by that kiss, so sweet will be,
Will comfort, though you're false to me.

“One kiss, love, ere you leave me,
And if you would deceive me,
That fond kiss recollected,
When you, too, are dejected,
May cause you, darling, to relent,
And thus love's broken ties prevent.

“When once beneath the ashes,
With only fitful flashes,
Your love for me is dying,
And I sit vainly sighing,
Then, for the sake of days gone by,
One clasp—one kiss, ere love die.

“Though never out of fashion,
Love's such a wild, wild passion,
When reveling in his season
He overthrows the reason; .

Even then, my dear, he seems to me
Just what a true love ought to be.

"One thing is true, and worthy
Of all belief—when earthly
And cold or low or wise, love,
He comes not from the skies, love;
If mad, then is he love complete:
If sober, then is love a cheat.

"When once begin to smoulder
Love's fires, and cold and colder
His flickering spirit waneth,
Till scarce a spark remaineth
Of what was once a glorious flame—
Then love is dead in all but name."

Since those old days of bliss and woe,
He had been wandering to and fro
In fruitless search, midst doubts and fears,
For her whom he had brought to tears;
He had not lingered but a day;
Good-bye he did not even say,
While keeping hid from justice's hands.
A skulking exile in far lands,
The whisper to his ear had come,
Anneet had flown away from home,
Hence he had searched for her for years,
To know the worst: to pay in tears
And penitence the debt he owed;
And bear, whate'er it be, the load
Of keen reproaches, keener sneers—
Of social ostracism and jeers;
Though such should blast his future life,
To keep his pledge—make her his wife.

Nor had he for one moment dreamed—
The act to him so horrid seemed—
That old Revere his child would doom
To such a soulless living tomb,
As sleeping in the arms of one
Whom as a dog she looked upon,
Her melancholy course to run.
Afar off, too, in lone exile,

Apart from every word or smile
Or pleasure-giving courtesy,
That glorified her used-to-be.

So he wandered everywhere,
Save in the mountains bleak and bare;
In fairy places sought Anneet,
To him still innocent and sweet;
To him all pure, all virtuous yet.
On whom he deemed could ne'er be set
The seal of ill-repute. Enough,
Despairing he had sought the bluff,
To see again the Canaan land,
O'er which one time he stretched his hand
And cried, "Here my possessions lie;
Who here is mightier than I?"
Here climbing, curious, 'mongst the rocks
He sees what every vital thrills;
Ah, shakes him like electric shocks,
And him with wildest memories fills.
Deep graven here and there he sees,
On beetling bowlders, beechen trees,
"Anneet Revere—Anneet Revere,"
And "Ben" as oft engraven near;
And nigh there was an altar drawn,
Where knelt a woman all alone,
Her hands uplifted towards the skies,
With woe and pleading in her eyes;
While o'er them, on the bluff's smooth face
These verses graven he could trace:—

"A weird night-hawk woke me,
At my lattice peeping through,
While I, in midnight slumber,
Was a-dreaming, love, of you;
As of old, we sat together
Underneath our trysting tree;
And a spectre stood in the lonely wood
In front of you and me.

"I felt your fond caresses,
And I thought you kissed me, too;
I heard your passionate pledges,
As once I used to do;

But my spirit was not with you,
As once it used to be;
While that spectre stood in the lonely wood,
In front of you and me.

"What if the cruel night-hawk,
Which wailed my lattice through,
Was a kind of weird prophet,
To show my dream was true?
What if its cries foretold me
The fates that were to be—
A spectral band through life to stand
In front of you and me?

"Oh! that I had not dreamed, love,
And been wakened by that bird,
Whose wimpling wails have haunted
Since the moment they were heard;
For I find myself at midnight
Still sighing, crying, see!
A spectre stood in the lonely wood
In front of you and me.

"Along the bluff you led me
In a dream within a dream,
But there was a touch of sorrow
In the babbling of the stream,
And the wild flow'rs had not the fragrance
Of the dear old used-to-be,
For a spectre stood in the lonely wood
In front of you and me.

"In that dream we kissed on parting,
But the lips no rapture brought;
'Twas the rapture of love-making,
'Twas to make pretend of thought.
So you left me in the mountain,
In a haunt, it seemed to be,
Where the spectre stood in the lonely wood
In front of you and me."

This had he seen but yestermorn,
While yet the dews were on the thorn;
And while in shade he lingered near,

Anxious with mingled hope and fear;
What sees he next? as in a dream,
A maiden sitting by the stream,
Musing and waiting, for her eye
Upon the pathway winding nigh,
Kept turning ever and anon.
How fair was she to look upon!
How every motion told its tale—
"Some one is coming down the vale,"
And he did see her wild eyes gleam
With a new light, as down the stream,
Soft stealing from the upland far,
Sweeter than tinkling of guitar,
The windings of the hunter's horn,
Freighted with music, on are borne.
Now is her fair hand to her ear,
As if another blast to hear:
Expectancy is all a-tilt:
The thrush's notes are o'er her spilt,
And from amongst the cherry boughs
The mocker, in a wild carouse,
Flings down his mystic mimicry.
The wood is full of ecstasy:
But hush! she hastens him along,
Answering his horn with passion song.

"I never knew the woodland bowers
Were half so sweet and fair,
Until I passed those twilight hours
With you, love, dallying there.
The yellow jasmin by the stream—
The daisies at my feet,
Now wake a memory and dream
Of you, both wild and sweet.

"No throb or thrill of joy I knew
At the sight of tree or flower,
Till through the meadow, love, with you
I wandered hour by hour:
But now what countless charms I see;
Where'er your fairy feet
Have marked the spots for ecstasy
And dreams of love too sweet.

"What cared I for the sunny slope—
Its balm and rosy air—
Till on it, thro' the eyes of hope,
I gazed and saw it fair;
For the glory of your eyes had shed
An enchantment there so true;
Each scene a borrowed glory had
Since I wandered there with you."

The song is scarcely ended ere
The looked-for one is hovering near;
A moment more—she flies to him;
They clasp, they kiss: Why look so grim
Ben Yarber? Did you never meet
In secret place your own Anneet,
When love was in its zenith prime,
And clasp and kiss her many a time?
And hold her madly to your breast,
And voiceless grow by her caressed?
Ben Yarber almost howled and hissed:
Loud protest he could scarce resist.
What right had he, a stranger, there
With their love tryst to interfere?
What was the girl to him, and why
Upon their actions did he spy?
Was such an act of chivalry?
Was he her guardian? Nay. Ah, me,
His nice disapprobation came
From dark self-consciousness of shame,
Experience, he could not outlive,
Had made him supersensitive:
So poignant was his memory, that
A half-persuasion it begat,
That opportunity is strong,
And should not go unshackled long;
And yet he blushed, even there alone,
Conviction half so mean to own.

But 'twas not memory only now—
The memory of a broken vow—
Nor yet compunction nor remorse,
That shook him with resistless force;
'Twas something striking deeper down
Into the core, the maddening thought—

This was the child of her he sought,
And, therefore, sadder thought, his own.
Ah, woeful speculating, this!
Suspicion has but such, I wis.

Oh, when Imagination takes
The fortress of the soul, he breaks
His conquered captives on the rack,
And Reason's forces hurls he back;
And, with dark Melancholy's aid,
Man's very vitals he'll invade,
And cause the heart to leap, the knees
To shake like leaves before the breeze:
And if Suspicion's help they win,
And take his dark guerrillas in,
The brain's last forces to harass,
"Poor soul," we cry, "alas, alas!"

This morning, near the rustic crowd,
We saw him stand, as in a shroud;
With Olga saw him steal away,
Even listened what he had to say;
We saw him vanish—saw him halt,
His steed is true—'tis not his fault;
What thoughts are raging now? Enough,
He'll seek the maiden on the bluff;
He'll question her—himself betray,
Fearing to wait another day.
Him had the daughter so upset,
He had not seen the mother yet,
Nor asked her what her mother's name,
Or who she was or whence she came;
And if that mother was Anneet,
Although another's wife she be,
Why should he not the woman see?
Why should he not the woman meet?
He must not wait the morrow's sun,
He yearned her face to look upon.

His steed in thicket dense is tied,
And towards the bluff unseen he hied;
Stole to the very water's edge;
Crouched 'neath an overhanging ledge;
Whence, lo, he saw beneath a tree,

Instead of one that there were three:
There was the young man, seen before,
Whom now he hated to the core;
The girl sat dreaming at his feet:
The mother—oh, it was Anneet!
Her head upon her daughter's lap,
Forgot each sorrow and mishap,
As Slumber's mantle, like a spell,
Upon her weary spirit fell;
And Music was the magic thole,
Buttoned that mantle round her soul.
For now, Yahn Golfan, it was he,
The horseman hated there to see;
Yahn with these two was gay and blessed,
Of all the world he loved them best;
Nor would he breathe in Olga's ear
A word her mother could not hear;
So passion dripping from his tongue,
Though meant for Olga's heart alone,
Lost not a single tender tone,
Nor from his utterance backward hung,
Because, perchance, some sentiment,
Too fiery sweet for maid to hear,
Should fall upon the mother's ear,
And waken quick and just dissent.
Thus full of loving confidence,
Recalling recent sad events,
The words as springing to his tongue,
Fell from their nature into song.

"In scenes that are haunted by sorrow
Why linger, my darling, a day?
Why wait for the sun of the morrow
To lend us a lamp for the way?
I know every path through the mountains—
The gorges, the passes, and all:
And morn shall not blush o'er the fountains,
Ere Olga is queen of my hall.

"My cottage midst bowers reposes:
My walks are a vista of vines:
My gardens are reeling with roses:
My vintage is fragrant of wines.
What's wanting to make it an Aiden,

As lovely as that of the "fall,"
But the presence and smile of the maiden,
Of fair ones, the fairest of all?

"Its fairies or angels are pleasure's,
No shelter for sorrow is there:
But some one should gather its treasures,
And keep out the demon of care.
Then fly from these desolate mountains,
While Night drops her curtain o'er all,
And Morn shall not blush on the fountains,
Ere Olga is queen of my hall."

This ended, Yahn sought Olga's face,
Some fond response in it to trace,
But none there could he recognize;
With pain he saw this, and surprise.
Why was her face averted? Why
No tenderness now in her eye?
The faintest pallor overspread
What yestermorn was rosy red.
The brow, the cheek, and even the lip,
Whence honeyed words were wont to drip;
Tears, too, were flowing. 'Twas most strange,
This sudden, most unlooked-for change.
He could not think her actions planned,
And sat, as by a blow unmanned.
He rose, but was no longer bold:
He took her hand, but it was cold,
And gave no answering pressure back:
He loosed it: he was on the rack:
The mother's cheek in silence kissed,
Not hers—he saw she would resist:
He felt her shrinking from his arm,
Which once more twined about her form:
So shocked, so stunned, and so amazed
Was he: with folded arms he gazed
Upon her, not with angry glare,
Nor yet with cold, unfeeling stare,
But with a look of mingled dread,
And pity, which unworded said:—
"By terrors heaped on sorrows dazed,
My poor, poor darling has been crazed.

"'Tis time for me, for me to go,"
Half audibly, he murmured low,
"I will not wake the mother now,"
Again he knelt and kissed her brow;
"I had forgot my purpose here—
He pointed to a carriage near,
Awaiting for them in the wood—
"It is arranged and understood
You'll go with me:" then off he strode,
Or staggered, rather, as he went.
The emotions in his bosom pent,
Because they could not yet explode,
Within a kind of earthquake made,
Which their encasing vessel swayed.

Ben Yarber, while the tender song,
Soft echoing died the waves along,
Could scarce his fear and wrath suppress,
But in unwonted restlessness,
In secret like a tiger growled,
More wrought upon he might have howled;
As 'twas, with keen expectancy,
He waited almost breathlessly;
And with a kind of spasmodic gasp,
But seeing that they did not clasp
Each other, when the song was o'er,
With kiss-exchanges as before;
Seeing her face was turned away,
And Yahn in silent agony
At her repulses, then his fears
Gave way to most relief—full tears,
Inexplicably sweet: Suspense
Of mind so cruelly intense,
By brave assurance was replaced,
And dark suspicions were effaced.

"She still retains her innocence:
She still is modest, still is pure:
Can still resist the tempter's lure:
Can say such, sir, is not the test
Of sacred love of heaven blessed:
My work is done: I'm glad—I'm proud."
These thoughts he almost thinks aloud.

'Twas sweet conviction's strong excess;
'Twas joy now he could scarce repress.

"Thus with each amorous tempter may it be,
A cold, aye, rude rebuff for every smile
Which helps premeditated infamy
To spread the net, to fabricate the wile:
And thus may every villain's trickery
Be stricken and rebound on him the while,
And send him back to Satan, whence he came,
To make report, "We have been put to shame."

"Heaven strike me to dust and keep me there,
If I should pluck the flower of innocence,
With vile premeditation so ensnare,
The steps of those who led by amorous sense
Go dancing on, dream led so sweet, so fair,
With will so weak, with passion so intense
That Hope, which clings the longest, cannot go
Farther with her, but leaves her to woe.

"The lustful fiend who strikes his victim dead,
When he accomplishes his purpose base,
Compared with him by lechery only led,
The fair seducer is a prince: disgrace
Trails not upon her pallet or her bed,
Nor 'long her vista a sullyng trace;
For she is gone and o'er her sad career,
Because she sinned but once, drops pity's tear."

Thus musing, with each passion rent,
Of joy and sorrow hardly pent,
As out of sight Yahn Golfan past,
Ben Yarber rose as quick as thought,
Nor even a glance of caution cast;
But with emotion overwrought,
Staggered and slipped, clutched shrub in vain;
Too great had been his nervous strain:
His will and muscle, power, all
Were for the moment gone away:
The bush could only break his fall,
But gave to him no certain stay.
He plunged into the depths below,
The waves were deep nor hard the blow:

A moment only o'er him close
The waters, then he buoyant rose,
And dazed and blinded though he be,
A swimmer strong and true is he;
The shallows reached, awhile he stood,
While from his nostrils streamed the blood.
And, gaining consciousness at length,
And testing all his latent strength,
He staggers to the bank and calls,
'Help! help!' and forward fainting falls.

Olga is startled from her dream,
In which she sat, half-paralyzed:
Or, rather, like one hypnotized;
But she was speechless, could not scream,
As in a wave of feeling drowned,
Or in a catalepsy bound.
Sore trial hers! To break with Yahn
Upset her every glory plan:
Into convulsions threw her dreams:
Turned hope's sweet waves to Mara streams:
And, oh, to see him go away
And not to touch his hand and say
A word of tenderness to him!
Across her eyes there swept a film,
And through her almost broken heart
There shot a deadly, killing dart,
And all the light of former days
Went with him, left her in a maze
Of darkness labyrinthine, wild,
Wherein no hope the soul beguiled.
Thus from that dream so masterful,
Wherein the will-power was at lull,
She's startled by the splashing spray.
The mother wakes, too, from her sleep;
Both in an instant forward leap:
They saw Ben Yarber, as he rose,
And stood, blood gushing from his nose;
They saw his floundering, heard his call:
Him stagger to the bank and fall:
A moment more, and both were there,
And lift him up; with vacant stare
He looks at them—at Olga first—
With all the joy of rays which burst

Through rifted clouds, his smiles appear,
Glad through the rifts of doubt and fear.
Next, towards Anneet, but could not see,
Her face averted; "Look at me!"
His voice is low and faint. Anneet,
She reels and tumbles at his feet:
Not swooning, but o'erpressed with thought,
And by emotions overwrought;
'Twas but a spasm of the heart.
Then, rising slow, she stood apart,
And faced him with unwavering eye.
Quoth she, "Remember days gone by."
"I do, I do," was his reply.
"You have," quoth she, "from shoe to hood—
All over you, my brother's blood;
That was and is, must ever be,
A gateless wall 'twixt you and me."
Towards Olga turning, made reply:
In his he took her lily hand;
"Well," quoth Anneet, "I understand;
"If she but shake her finger—she
But bid this wall 'twixt you and me."
Quoth he, "Be vanished or withdrawn;
Look up next moment, 'twill be gone."
"Perhaps," she said, with half a frown,
"But I fast as she knocked it down,
Would build it up again; today
As I have prayed for years, I pray
That you and I will yet be blessed,
And Olga here—you know the rest."
"That is your will, so mote it be,
No matter what becomes of me;
The air today is full of war:
The wheels and hinges are ajar,
Of our political affairs,
Our social system needs repairs:
I the wreck of things foresee:
Erelong—you need not stare at me—
I will provide to bear you through:
A good life-saving boat for you:
It shall be yours upon demand,
If you'll accept it at my hand.
All that I have is yours of right:
Draw on me with a draft at sight,

It will be honored; look at me."
 Anneet is softened by his plea;
 Her eyes and Olga's streamed with tears,
 "But one proviso interferes,
 That young, familiar friend of yours
 Must be, as 'twere, cast out of doors;
 He has an evil purpose, I
 Well know those things from days gone by;
 He must be shunned, he must be checked,
 Or one pure vessel will be wrecked.
 Now hide you in some distant place,
 Where you may lose of us all trace;
 Your hiding place just let me know,
 But where I am or whither go
 You need not ask, 'twill be in vain.
 I shall not trouble you again:
 I've seen today and said enough,
 I pray you do not think it gruff;
 The first time for these many years
 My heart has poured itself in tears;
 No matter what may now betide,
 No matter henceforth what betide,
 If you on me pronounce your claim,
 And Olga here preserves her fame,
 I'm satisfied, I'm satisfied."
 He rose and looked each in the face,
 And each one clasped in long embrace;
 But from his lips no utterance fell:
 Not one "good-bye," not one "farewell."
 Turned on his heel and went his way,
 Departing with the god of day.

* * * * *

"Do as you may, yet I will do
 His bidding, if I can, my child,
 By us he yet may be beguiled
 And softened, he'll be led by you;"
 But Olga answered through her tears,
 "Oh, mother, as it now appears,
 I must give up my love and hope,
 And, as you've done, through darkness grope,
 But I am foolish, you are wise:
 But Yahn was always good to me:
 And dead I'd much prefer to be
 Than bring one hot tear to his eyes."

CANTO FOUR

FIRST PART

THE WAR.

Off to the war the soldier strode:
A light went out of each abode;
Was't mansion high or lowly cot
The soldier left—it mattered not;
He took the rifle gun he had,
He went forth in his homespun clad:
The mother, sister left behind,
The wife and sweetheart, too, resigned;
Their word was "Go!" The burning tear
Was stilled, repressed, while he was near.
Ten thousand thousand tears were shed,
Ten thousand thousand prayers were said,
But none to call the soldier back,
And none to stay him on the track.

A man was not a man who stayed
Back, did not on the front parade;
The man who did not volunteer
Was scarcely worthy note or sneer;
He hid away at home for shame,
And could not 'scape the dastard's name.
That was not here, that was not there,
It was the spirit everywhere;
On every hill, by every strand,
That belts the southern sea,
The fires were lit and burned the brand
For right and liberty.

No cry was—"On to Northern shores,
To Northern cities' fires!"
No cry—"Break open Northern doors,
And tear down Northern spires!"

"Stretch out across their thoroughfares
Our flag, the Southern Cross,
And treat the girl as lewd who dares
A sneer at it to toss!"

No, none of that was in our cry,
Such would have thinned our ranks;
We did not canonize a lie,
Nor patriotic cranks.

But matters not the purpose, all
The land as one arose,
Nor waited for a second call
To meet invading foes.

The lord of many slaves and he
Who toiled beside them, stood
In ranks together equally
And measured arms, not blood.

The pulse beat of the country's breast
Was like old ocean's roll,
In answer to a great behest,
Beyond the will's control.

Out on the thought that in our land
There is a soul so mean and low
He would not like a hero stand
Against his country's every foe,
For him 'mongst us no refuge place
Is found to shield him from disgrace.

No, let us still remember, this
Is freedom's land, blood-won, blood-bought—
Fruit of a perfect sacrifice—
By freeman made, when slaves they fought:
For what were they but slaves, who sold
Their paltry lives for paltry gold?

We only with our blood have won
The glorious heritage we claim;
The glorious soil we tread upon,
Our glorious liberty and name:
And God forbid that we forget
This land is ours and freedom's yet.

Scorn then to look across the sea
For aught of wealth, for aught of power,
For aught of sacred liberty;

The best of such has been our dower,
Since God, who loves the free and brave,
To us this best of countries gave.

OUR SOUTHLAND'S DAUGHTER'S CRY.

List to the bugle's plaintive call!
It thrills me thro' and thro';
It breathes a stirring strain for all;
It cries, it wails, to you;
It bids you listed, wake, arise,
Not tomorrow, but today:
For home, for shrines, for land it cries:—
The foe! he comes! away!

These fruitful fields, these fairy bowers;
This dear, this native land—
Each virtue, valor, nerve of ours,
For their defense demand:
All bid you listen, wake, arise,
Not tomorrow, but today:
For shrines and firesides are their cries:—
The foe! he comes! away!

Too late to inquire the right or wrong,
Of why our sons parade:
'Tis folly, crime, to dally long,
When foes our soil invade:
Our pride, our self-respect says rise,
Not tomorrow, but today:
This is your land, these are your skies;
The foe! he comes! away!

Resistance of the despot wakes
True honor's—valor's cry:
The venture each brave patriot makes,
Nor deigns to reason why:
His loyalty to sacred ties,
Not tomorrow, but today,
Speaks like an angel from the skies:—
The foe! he comes! away!

Who to invasion trusts his shrines
Courts certain overthrow:
'Tis—'tis upon the outer lines
Our sons should meet the foe:
So cautious wisdom bids us rise,
Not tomorrow, but today:
On promptness only faith relies:
The foe! he comes! away!

We must not yield, we cannot fail!
Up to the bloody plains!
I'd rather wear a widow's veil
Than a coward's marriage chains:
Away then to the bugle's call,
Not tomorrow, but today:
Your homes, your loves, your honor, all
Cry out:—away! away!

YAHN GOLFAN'S LINES TO OLGA.

My Southland is my precinct. Here
I, like the Arab, wander free,
But in its centre do I see
A special spot to me most dear.

Were all the rest a wilderness,
A bright oasis would that be,
Chuckfull of living charms for me,
And love's and joy's rare vantages.

Because a comprehensive love
I have, for all this land of ours—
It fields, its streams, its woodland bowers,
Should that my spirit fickle prove.

A boundless charity have I
For all the peoples of my land,
They as a whole my love command,
Though one of them demands my sigh.

There are no common fellows here;
I am no better than the worst;

Nor worse than the best if cursed
He be with presumption queer,

That through the accident of birth,
Or good conditions, there's a boon
For him alone, and he's immune
From all the low ills of the earth.

Has he a betterment designed
For him which others cannot claim?
Ah, such conceit doth put to shame
Our declarations to mankind.

I take it that the legend sweet
Of peace, good will to men, may be
'Mongst us a possibility,
Where all men may as equals meet

Who love the most this land of ours,
Most capable appear to me
Of worshipping the purity
And innocence within its bowers.

Most apt to guard with jealous eye
And dauntless breast and steady arm
'Gainst every chance of wrong or harm
Its secret shrines—its altars high.

Nor does he make an idle boast
Who says to lady he's most true
In offering homage sweet and due
Who loves his native land the most.

Hence comes the general love, with wings
Wide-spreading first, in attitude
Of buoyant vigor and the mood
Of the eagle ere toward Heaven he springs.

Then comes the special love suppressed,
As 'twere, as if his pinions rid
A something 'neath it, snug amid
The downy comfort of his breast,

Of which he takes a jealous care
And warms and shelters next his heart,

And makes it of himself a part,
And lets it have no partner there.

Be not afraid lest fickle grown
In that I love my country true
That I'll forget the homage due
You first and last and you alone.

Let's to the Southland both be true,
Heaven reaches here down to the earth,
Where all most beauteous things have birth,
In loving her I'm loving you.

Kissed by the loving sun, how sweet
The blushes of our Southland's face;
She seems to feel his warm embrace,
And show it by a pulse-like beat.

Her bosom is a paradise
Of all fair flowers and luscious fruit,
And intertwining vines to suit
The picture spread beneath the skies

Smiles through an azure cloudless clear
From brightest stars are ever hers,
Rude Boreas scarce her raiment stirs,
But South winds kiss her all the year.

The Fount of Youth De Leon sought,
Far wandering through this lovely land,
Beneath the skies—he and his band
Were by its glory overwrought.

The sad old dreamer found, perchance,
All but that fountain in his quest,
The immortality of rest
At Heav'n's own footstool in our haunts.

He in his efforts lived a song
Whose burst of glory ages fired,
And like a tenth muse thus inspired
The strains which freedom's bards prolong.

And after all, his fond, wild dream
Is not a dream in toto, but
A phophecy, perhaps, of what
Has been a people's loftiest theme.

BEN YARBER'S SONG.

Oh, land of the myrtle and rose,
Where the summers dally so long,
And the south wind odorous blows,
Thro' valleys and hills of song:
The myrtle and rose are Love's,
And the south wind is his breath;
And the song, in the fragrant groves,
His footsteps followeth.

Like a Venus from the sea
Thou comest voluptuous forth,
And Nature enrobeth thee
With the rarest charms of earth:
For the pearls of the mountain and deep,
Bespangle thy garment's hem;
And the dews which thy tresses steep,
Lend a beauty and fragrance to them.

When the Night unfoldeth her wings,
How sweet is the bell in the tower!
And the throbbing of silver strings
In thy meadow or garden bower!
And how sweet, thro' the orange grove,
Come the breezes from the sea,
With a breathing like passionate love,
In his ravishing revelry.

Oh, land of the beautiful, true!
Of the mild and the wild, for thee
The skies have the tenderest blue—
An azure enchanting to see:
Thy hills and thy vales, at the noon
Of the day, or the night time, seem
To be touched, under sun and moon,
By the shadow and glow of a dream.

The gentlest and fiercest are thine:
The blending of vulture and dove:
The mingling of water and wine:
The wedding of hatred and love.
Thy people are full of unrest,
And the fires of Elysian dreams,
The soul of their souls has possessed,
And the spirit of wild extremes.

Oh, land of the vulture and dove!
There is nothing of bitter and sweet—
There is nothing of hatred and love,
But comes like a vision to cheat
Thy children so tender, so wild:
The nighest to, farthest from, Heaven:
Heaven keep thee, sweet land, undefiled!
Then blessings to thine will be given.

Oh, land of the sword and the glove,
As it please you, no matter the fate:
Or come you in friendship and love:
Or come you in vengeance and hate:
Theirs the session of final appeal,
Where chivalry settles the strife
And contention, for woe or for weal:
For escutcheons are dearer than life.

Our lady love crieth, "For shame!"
Aye, father and mother and wife:
But can they the honor reclaim,
One will not defend with his life?
And they battle as vain 'gainst the flood,
As they do 'gainst this statute of thine:
It is writ in the current of blood,
That encircleth the honor's high shrine.

This relic barbaric of thine
Will vanish: when hatred departs,
And charity's spirit divine
Rules lovingly over our hearts:
When from Gilead cometh a balm
For turning man's hatred to love:
When the lion lies down with the lamb,
And the hawk makes her nest with the dove.

SECOND PART.

I've been a wanderer—lo, these years;
Have mixed with men of every sort,
Of each vicissitude the sport.
Have studied them in smiles and tears;
I've dwelt among them on the lakes,
Fished with them down upon the Key,
From Tampa to Sault St. Marie;
With soldiers camped and tramped with fakes.
I've been a student, so to speak,
Of the great book of this great land,
Have studied it to understand,
And not to gratify a freak,
And I have learned one lesson well.

Because the teaching still recurred,
Was seen of eyes, of ears was heard,
'Tis this,—in union we must dwell.
Beneath one canopy we rest,
Beneath one flag the world defy,
On one free spirit all rely:
The spirit found but in the West,
That oneness is our special power,
It makes us valorous appear,
To other peoples, far and near,
Of nations the Gibraltar tower.

Whatever seeds or grows within,
Its base to sap or undermine—
To loose the hoops which round it twine,
Its oneness to preserve, is sin
If South should say to North: 'Tis nought,
We may agree to disagree.
If East should say to West: To me
It matters not how you are taught.

Right then is predictated strife,
Disintegration then begins.
Such liberality ne'er wins
The sanction of a wedded life,

Whose oneness is of heaven-blest,
Nor sanction of a good compact,
Nor will it stand the test of fact,
Nor of events the final test.

It is a lying sophistry,
That argues bondage can obtain,
That one must serve and one must reign:
And say, too, we're the only free.
Such contradiction breeds the cause,
Of dirty isms—of flings and jeers:
Develops in the course of years,
Into a fierce contempt for laws.

Oneness cannot exist without
The give and take of compromise,
Which is both innocent and wise,
And puts asleep distrust and doubt,
And welds the several parts so tight,
There's no suggest of a break,
Where cracks are, some would wider make
Them, for in ruins they delight.

No bondsman murmurs, let us say,
This side the ocean. Let's decree,
That bondage is a leprosy,
And cry, "unclean"—put it away.
That leprosy is here—'tis ours,
Nor in the south alone the pest:
'Tis in the North, the East, the West,
The nerve of Freedom it devours.

The negro is the leprous spot;
Get rid of him and we are whole
His shadow lies upon our soul,
On our escutcheon he's a blot.
The Red man near him could not dwell,
His presence never could abide,
Humanity to him denied,
Deemed him a very imp of hell.

Ourselves in lifting him we damn,
His touch has blackened all of ours,
His help diminishes our powers,

As gotten from the Great I Am;
Our Individuality
Is stunted through him in its growth;
So in the North as in the South,
Participes criminis are we.

* * * * *

"My father has a hundred slaves,
From wombs of five old 'mammies' sprung—
Dear 'mammies,' worthy to be sung;
See, yonder are their well-marked graves!
Their folk have gathered with the years:
In four score they have multiplied;
To him and his they seem allied
By ties whose breaking would cause tears.

"The old and young—his special care—
Helpless he nurtures, chivalrous
As well as selfish: none discuss
How righteously they got their share;
The equitable is his law,
The merciful his nature: he
Save as he's just and righteous be,
Would wake in them toward him no awe.

"In politics a Union man,
And heady in his theories,
He's—that they may not go amiss—
A bitter fighting partisan,
But just enough of clansman still—
Of Tulliabarden in his blood
To make it all a good Scotch flood,
And that means, 'What's my neighbor's will.'

"What will my side do? What my State?
What is the purpose of the South?
Let her put words into my mouth:
I'll speak them out in spite of fate;
Let her put arms into my hand,
And I will strike for her till death;
My fame, my fortune and my breath
I'll give to her, my own Southland.

"The Union, which is but a claim—
At best a grand experiment—

Made, we must own, with good intent—
To us is nothing but a name;
You Tories fought it long ago;
You hated it but yesterday;
From its results you fled away;
But few of yours its blessings knows.

"Yours do not understand the why
'Tis called a Union: 'tis a dream—
A nightmare yonder by that stream,
Where they the Union's laws defy;
And that above your State you set,
Within whose arms you folded lie,
Who has you ever in her eye,
And from whose paps you nurture get.

"That is not grateful, manly, fair;
Another motive, I believe,
Yours have, and good you can't achieve,
When you your sword against me bear;
But, right or wrong, we'll stand by those
Who hedge about this narrow sphere,
Whose churches, homes and schools are here;
Those fighting them become our foes.

"Who trespass on them, tread on me—
A part and parcel of the whole,
Whose sweet integrity and soul
I guard, or I'm no longer free;
So go your ways and call me not
Rebel and traitor: 'tis not true;
It may be truly said of you,
Not me, his firesides he forgot."

An ugly speech was that of Yahn's,
The source of grief in after years,
And broke the seal of life-long tears;
Betimes small things upset great plans.
Ben Yarber, he it was addressed,
A moment only knit his brows,
But let not such hot words arouse,
Full calmly his dissent expressed.

"Your chivalry, I do not say,
'Tis but an idle boast of yours,

May keep you sentry at your doors,
To chase all trespassers away;
But, young man, let us not forget
The bonds which ourselves we've bound
That they about our necks are wound,
Let's ask, may they not choke us yet?

"Let's well consider we have ta'en
Great, horrid, binding oaths to keep
The Constitution: chimney sweep
As judge can see that promise plain,
The half-starved farmer of our hills,
The crop-ear with resistful hand,
So well the binding understand,
They attribute to it half their ills.

"Whence comes the Statehood you'd defend?
It had not been but for that troth,
The chivalrous break not an oath,
On promise keeping they depend,
Without that oath you cannot vote,
Be judge or jury in a cause,
Hold office under Statehood laws,
Cast from Old Ironsides you float.

"You drift about a waif: you play
Around her bottom like a chip
Of the old block of citizenship;
What are you but a castaway?
What if your aggregation hurled
The ship on Sylla high and dry?
You would not help yourselves thereby;
You'd be despised of all the world.

"There goes your glorious chivalry:
There goes your pie-crust pledge: the soul
That animated once the whole,
And made a lovely unity;
Changed into little quotients, sparks
That scarcely vitalize the lump
Which they were left within the slump,
For the destroyer they are marks.

"Your people have been fat so long
Unmanageable you've become,

Before you others must be dumb,
And dare not say they think you wrong;
You are insufferable proud,
And on your chivalry presume;
In this new country there is room,
Elsewhere than here for it allowed.

"We are not little scattered parts,
Severed like haughty baronies,
We're glued together, bound by ties
Inseparable as married hearts;
Old tribal feudalistic growth,
A blasting, fatal set-back got
When Englishmen their wonted lot
Resigned and pledged to freedom troth.

"Their's was a federalistic aim,
An almost unanimity,
A mighty brotherhood to be,
For freedom, credit, peace and fame;
They merged their differences well;
The purpose ended in a fact;
The several parts became compact,
A blood-cemented citadel."

* * * * *

"The Union of the Fathers was
Oppression and Necessity's
Child; but a vile abortion is
The offspring of their pas and mas,
A lot of illegitimates, too,
Adopted in the family,
Wherein they make themselves most free,
And snub their betters, me and you.

"Naught's left us but the family name,
Contention grows in every stage,
Heart-burnings on the verge of rage,
Which comes from strife's increasing flame:
We are not separated, but
Like dogs and cats still scratch and bite,
And Peace has gone clean out of sight,
But half way Janus' doors are shut.

"Seen as a whole our family now
Is a contentious, cross-eyed batch,
Nervous—the striking of a match
Will cause a unfraternal row.
What are we then but angry heirs,
Squabbling o'er our presumptive rights,
Like sharpers, blowing out the lights
To swell already ill-gotten shares?

"I'd rather be part of a part,
The smallest, fired by just a spark;
The smallest, hurtling, lone and dark
Through time, with honor as my heart,
Than strut and swagger in a chain
Forged, rivited by tyranny
About me for a unity,
Where self-respect cannot remain.

"There are a class of men like you,
Who think expediency wise,
Whose 'royal flush' is Compromise;
To get it anything they'll do;
They recognize no god but chance;
They have no courage but in bluff,
Plain dealing is Utopian stuff.
And trickery is their romance.

"They're worshippers the most devout
Before that shrine whose legend reads
Thus, 'Nothing like success succeeds,'
And here they prey, without a doubt,
Lick-spittle whom you may and must;
If you would work your problem through—
Desert your own; I'm not with you
In principles well fixed, I trust.

"For my part, let me speak it plain;
If not a coward, you're the sport
Who heaps up money for your sort,
To tie your heart and buy your brain;
You are not bribable, nay, nay!
But play the boss o'er those who are;
You're not the Night, but the bright star
That lights her on her darkened way.

"I wouldn't be so mean a thing;
I wouldn't price myself so low—
My mother's sucking cheapen so,
Nor shame upon my father bring;
Follow your liking like a child
Called to his teacher to be spanked,
If he the tyrant has not thanked
For being only well reviled.

"Reviling doesn't hurt, except
The proud, the self-respecting soul;
One comes forth from it body-whole,
At lying, too, becomes adept.
These words are hot words, you will say,
To you I've said them with intent,
If hate is in them that was meant,
You've thrown yourself across my way."

"I never cross a serpent's path,"
Ben Yarber calmly answered. "You
Would make a sounding big ado,
But scarce can stir my honest wrath;
You argue with your temper, not
With reason, choosing insolence;
As a climax of poor arguments
Your premises entire forgot.

"I may have thwarted you. I tried
To do so: 'twas a righteous act,
'Twas an inexplicable fact,
That made me on my course decide;
But not in riddles would I talk,
Wherefore or why, I shall not say,
I've thrown myself across your way,
Your headlong passions I would balk."

* * * * *

"You've trodden on my hopes and heart:
You've poisoned with a lying word
The mind of her whom I adored;
You've changed her with the serpent's art;
While sowing vile suspicion's seed
In this sweet paradise of youth,
You vowed the fruit thereof, forsooth,
Would make her very wise indeed.

"You warned her 'gainst a devil—me;
You know too much about the sin
You hinted at: being foul within,
Your shadow darkens all you see,
And this you deem a righteous act,
By something of a mystery fogged,
By such another's feet were clogged,
But yours are lighter by the fact.

"There is no union real known,
Save that, say I, of two true hearts;
This kind you plot to see in parts;
The unreal sort you have as one;
You are no gentleman, say I;
You shun the haunts of honest men.
Ben Yarber, cross my path again,
And one or both of us must die."

Yahn Golfan, turning on his heel,
Saw gleam in air Ben Yarber's steel,
And next an ill-forboding eye;
His rifle luckily was nigh,
A moment and 'twas in his hand,
A moment more 'twas leveled and
Eyes glared full into eyes—no lack
Of game in either glance. "Stand back!"
Cried Yahn. "We'll meet another day,"
Growled Yarber, as he strolled away.

LINES TO OLGA FROM YAHN GOLFAN.

Next time the roses bud and bloom,
And verdure robes the trees,
And resurrected from the tomb,
Awakes the spirit of perfume,
And floats upon the breeze;
List then the voices of the air,
And what the passionate winds declare,
As they go softly passing me,
A message sweeter than the rose,
With all its odors where it blows
Its kisses to the murmuring sea—
My soul doth breathe to thee.

Next time the pink-eyed daisies bloom,
 Scarce noticed, at thy feet,
And in the mountain gorge's gloom
The wild crab breathes its rare perfume,
 And makes the wild spot sweet,
List then the whispers in the grass,
When o'er it breezes lolling pass,
 And the fondest revery
Recall the one time passionate sighs
That shook the lashes of your eyes,
 And made these droop so tenderly
And turn away from me.

Next time the summer bowers sigh,
 O'erfull of loveliness,
And birds would tell each other why
From tree to tree they sing and fly
 In ecstasy's excess;
List then the spirit of their notes,
For in them love's best language floats,
 And with the amorous melody
Imagine that my sighs are blent,
And full of summer's ardor sent,
 From gardens of my memory,
O'erfraught with love to thee.

Next time when golden Autumn spreads
 Her yearly sacrifice—
Her sheaf oblations for our breads,
Her orchards rich with bended heads—
 Fruitage of Heaven's kiss;
List what the tree tops softly say,
As flashing wings among them play—
 The sounds are full of witchery,
Like those of dripping nectar drops,
When ripe grapes burst on vineyard tops—
 Love's kisses only sweeter be,
When, darling, I kiss thee.

OLGA TO BEN YARBER.

Go, dearest, and where'er you roam,
 May Heaven's smile attend you:

And hearts as true as those at home,
And hands as kind, befriend you.

Truth oft is ugly, when 'tis shorn
Of all its fancy glozes,
And proves itself to be a thorn
Concealed beneath the roses.

Too often led by rosy dreams,
Which magnify like glasses,
We seek what all Elysian seems,
And flounder in morasses.

But there are radiant, blessed isles,
The stormy billows bind 'em;
And in the saddest company smiles,
For those who pray to find 'em.

And there are good paths everywhere,
Which lead to happy places;
And labyrinths threaded with due care
Have but few intricacies.

But such are not the means, but ends:
We see them not in visions,
Prepared for us: our luck depends
Upon severe conditions.

We hold within our grasp the threads,
From which our ties are twisted;
And we weave the garlands for our heads,
In all by Heaven assisted.

Just as we've garnered in our hives,
The stings and sweets we take 'em,
For joy or woe; know this our lives
Are almost what we make 'em.

As diamonds tell in darkness where
They have their hiding places,
When a simple torchlight we but flare
Into their resplendent faces:

So many a splendid smile is found
By an act of kindness beaming,

Thro' the shadow of a brow that frowned,
And was loveless in its seeming.

It has touched the inner depths and glowed,
With its radiance sweet and tender,
Thro' the darkness of the soul's abode,
And betrayed its hidden splendor.

So may the smiles of pleasure-elves
Be in sorrow's haunts detected,
By the torch we carry in ourselves,
Whose light in them's reflected.

Then, if you look for prospects fair,
Have in yourself and o'er you,
A torchlight thro' the gloom to flare,
And send its blaze before you.

But I fear not, with your radiant face,
Like the May sun to the meadow,
You'll not be long in any place
Ere you chase away its shadow.

Go, then, my sweet, or east or west,
To write your own sweet story:
And may your clean, good deeds at last
Be your ladder up to glory.

**OLGA'S LETTER TO YAHN GOLFAN AT
PENSACOLA.**

You taught me how to read and spell,
To write to you, and I,
While learning this and more so well,
Learned also how to sigh.

I could write no letter, story, tale,
But in it was your name;
'Twas but a scribble, flat and stale
Without it: Who's to blame.

You taught me knowledge: had the power
To open my eyes and ears,

And I learned full well, but hour by hour,
Came the knowledge, too, of tears.

What else I had not seen and heard
I was taught to hear and see:
The shades of meaning of the word,
Whether praise or calumny.

You made me read between the lines,
And trained me to suspect,
How 'neath the wreaths which love entwines,
His treachery to detect.

Most zealous have you ever been
To make me smart and wise,
That I might 'scape each glaring sin,
Nor receive the fool's surprise.

So if I've learned my lesson well,
And I am shielded by the same,
And use my armor 'gainst your spell;
My best friend, who's to blame?

God bless you, my brave soldier boy,
With your comrades by the sea;
You are my sorrow and my joy—
You are death or life to me.

Now, I'm so lonely, may be cold,
Since in my atmosphere
You shine not, darling, as of old,
To make it warm and clear.

My change of state—oh, I am loth
To make so mean a claim—
Is not a sudden, sappy growth,
But oak-like—who's to blame?

Yet, if a blessing has been mine,
To lift me up above
The old-time plane—the old time shrine,
Whose glory was your love.

I'd pray that heaven may withhold
That blessing sweet and true,

And let me down—down to the old,
Whose blessing was but you.

I own, the smile of fortune cheers
The spot on which it glows,
And dries up many scalding tears,
Which penury haply knows.

And yet, I fear, that down below,
In the realm of sorrow's night,
Love's tears of disappointment flow
Unaltered by its light.

A dollar dropped into one's till
May many cares beguile,
And cause one's vainer self to thrill
Just for a little while.

The dollar's wheel may reach the goal
Sooner than when we plod,
But 'tis a very little soul
That thinks it is a god.

And 'tis a smaller kind of sprite
Which by a money breeze
Is puffed above its level: light
As the mantel of the trees.

But 'tis the very smallest kind—
Most earthly—least imbued
With heavenliness—in which we find
No pulse of gratitude.

They tell us what is past is past:
It has a tinkle wise:
It may be with your axioms classed,
But it is puffed with lies.

Say, is a past love past, forgot,
Left like a sailor's oar,
As useless, where he left to rot,
His wreck upon the shore?

Is love's old self past and forgot,
Abandoned evermore?

Left in the time and tide to rot,
Like that wreck upon the shore?

Bury its dead the past may,
But some things do not die;
They but the law of change obey,
Like souls from earth to sky.

Love's house of clay or tenement
Ere long in dust must lie;
This love obeys while in it pent,
But with it does not die.

My past love is my present love:
In words, not fact, is this
A contradiction. I can prove
How true my logic is.

The vantages I've had of late
Are but as frippery frills
Of ornament, that give me state
And sore vexatious ills.

They help to beautify, not raze
Love's olden tenement,
And to the glory of those days
New glories have they lent.

Nor have they lifted me above
The height to which you aimed
To raise me in your arms of love,
Whence I've drawn back ashamed.

But they have fortified me of late,
And a traitor would I be
If I should open wide the gate
And let you into me.

But you can drive the pickets in:
Fight is the hero's sport;
Pass abatis, climb walls and win
Yours truly with the fort.

* * * * *

Yahn Golfan read the letter while
He sailed towards Santa Rosa's isle:

'Twas midnight, radiant on the sea:
The sweet stars brighter seemed to be
Than ever, and the maiden moon—
As if the jewels of her shoon
They were—with joy uncovered them,
And with the glory of each gem,
Her pathway lighted through the sky,
And at her feet the billows sigh;
Breathes in the chill or tropic air
A spirit that is not elsewhere,
Feels glowing in his youthful veins
A pulse that will not suffer chains;
From all around where he respires
Courage and patriotic fires
Absorbs, imbibes, assimilates
And grows defiant of the fates;
Ready and anxious to be pressed,
And from the issue or the test,
His steps to measure on this sod,
Which he believes is loveliest, best—
Freedom's sole home—most loved of God.

Oh, such a love; oh, such a land,
His heart's devotions to demand!
The fretted island shores are reached;
The transports in the coves are beached:
The whispered, "Forward, march!"—the start
Towards ilnes intrenched, an awe impart:
The tramp through sand is scarcely heard:
No sound save that of startled bird,
Disturbs the painful silence: on
To their work before the dawn
The "Rebels press, with bated breath,
Resolved on victory or death."
The great dim fort looms now in view,
Beyond the white tents of the Blue,
Like ghostly sentries, these on guard:
Strange that no ditches yet retard
The grim assaulters. Whose the fault?
Do they make mockery of assault—
Or sleeps the sentry at his post;
Or has the Blue a hidden host?
But hush! there is a click—beware!
No "Halt!"—'tis strange; no "Who comes there!"

A flash—a fire the stillness breaks;
A cry the brave first sergeant makes
And falls: the picket's aim was good,
His bullet drew Yahn Golfan's blood;
He fell not till, with aim as true,
His bullet brought to ground the Blue.
"On! on!" a shout the "rebels" raised—
A minute more, the white tents blazed;
Alas the flames—all round them dark—
Made of the "rebel" lines a mark;
But in a few short minutes more
The contest, quick and sharp, was o'er.
That night attack, that bold onslaught,
To Gray and Blue one lesson taught.

YAHN GOLFAN TO OLGA.

I tramp tonight 'neath the willows,
By the lonely Perdito;
Their shadows dance over the billows,
Like ghosts a-murmuring low;
And I hear the echoing chorus
Of the voices of the sea,
And the stars as they one time shone o'er us
Shine softly and 'mind me of thee.

Above me magnolia bowers
Are heavy with velvet bloom;
The air from the clusters of flowers
Is filled with the tide of perfume:
Ah the more this prospect thrills me,
In this springtide by the sea,
The more like dews it distills me,
Fond mem'ries and sighings for thee.

A spirit of beauty floats o'er me
From Heaven, thro' gleaming rifts,
And thy sweet face smiling o'er me
My soul from its darkness lifts:
But never again, oh, never!
The true face may I see,
For the grasses have shut it forever,
Oh, dearest, most lost one, for me!

In the land beyond the mountain,
Where the brightest waters flow,
In a nook beside a fountain,
Is a maiden that I know;
She's as sweet as April's blossom,
She is graceful, tall and fair:
She's the idol of my bosom,
And a goddess everywhere.

In her blue eyes is the glory
Of a spirit free from care,
And her red lips tell the story
Of a cupid bidding there;
Oh! to loll beside that fountain,
In the golden summertide,
'Neath the shadow of the mountain,
With this dear one by my side!

Oh! I'm sighing daily, nightly,
Just to hear her laugh or song,
Or her tripping fawn-like lightly
The meadow path along;
For my memories round her dally,
As about the fragrant rose,
Do the zephyrs in the valley
In a passionate repose.

Ben Stevan sorely wounded lay
The Chickamauga near,
And but a pace or two away
A bleeding brigadier;
The former Blue, the latter Gray,
Both grizzled men and sere;
The former eyed the latter close,
With troubled, furtive glance,
As if a memory arose
Ghostlike from out the haunts
Of olden times of pains and throes
And mournful circumstance,

To whom some recognition came
Of him, the man in blue,
And question followed, "What's your name?"
Answer: "What's that to you?"
It mout be General Puddin' and Tame—

It mout be Stevan, too."
"I like a gentleman inquired,
You like a fool replied."
(The brigadier was somewhat fired)—
"Your mouth betrays your side;
No other token is desired,
Your color isn't belied
By your rude tongue." Ben Stevan laughed,
Spite of his pain, to see him chafed.
"Ben Stevan is my name: dont keer
Who knows it," added he.
"What mout be yourn?" The brigadier
Responded huskily,
"Ben Yarber; sorry you are here;"
"No sorrier than me."
"What regiment is yours?" "Well, now,
That's whut I'd hate to tell—
Best not to talk too much, I low,
Most blab most trouble, well,
I guess I'll tell you this nohow:
I jined at Merryvel."
"You're not the man I thought you were."
"I got the bulge on you—
Yer jest the man I tuck you fur:
Frum top o' head to shoe;
An' you kin thank ole Betsy here
I didn't pint her true."
"Thanks for small favors"—the reply;
"If we should live, I trust,
I may be able by and by
To pay you what is just."
"No hurry," came back, with a sigh,
"Nur then ontill you must;
Don't keer, ef hits to be a ball,
Ef you don't pay hit back a' tall."
"What State is yours?" "East Tinnisee;
West side Unaky mountains, whar
French Broad sot in, in twenty-three;
I come here squallin, an' up thar,
An' ever since a leetel child,
I got my livin' sorter wild,
An' growed up sorter loose an' free;
Bin fightin' all my life, you see;
Fust went to fightin' dad and mam,

Then hofferers of Uncle Sam;
On niggers then I tried my han',
While overseein' fur a man:
An' allers I wuzz in big luck,
Ontil, fool-like, a wife I tuck—
One of yer highferlutin' sort,
Whut everybody loved to court;
I didn't like it—fellers fine,
Furgittin' she wuzz onliest mine;
But she kept straight—you bet she did,
An' niver into meanness slid;
She wuzz too good fur me, that's right—
Away up yonder, outen sight;
Too clean fur any dirty wretch,
An' made to wait on, not to tetch;
Run people crazy with her looks;
Had all them vantages and sich;
But she must likewish play the witch,
An' git more vantages from books.
So she kept gittin' funder off,
An' goin' up and up—away
Frum me—but steady, not astray.
My little string warn't strong enuff
To hold her down or back with me,
An' so I let her went, you see;
An' bein' crazy like in min',
An' acky 'bout the heart, I jined
The army, gin'ral: here I am—
Don't keer a continental dam!"

"What is that marvelous woman's name?"
Ben Stevan's thoughts were wandering—
"Then, too, the woman uster sing—
Fur that I s'pose she warn't to blame;
She sot up singin' late o' night,
An' I wuzz sleepy—full of fight;
No matter, she sung on the same."

"You have not told me yet her name."
"My name's Ben Stevan, b'lieve I said;
Hern wuzz Mis Stevan then, I guess—
Anneet—I wish I may be dead
Ef she warn't jest a picture. Yes,
She loved a scoundril with your name—
Ben Yarber, so it wuzz—an' he
Come nigh 'bout fetchin' her to shame.

Ez luck would have it, thar wuzz me"—
 "Stop talking," quoth the brigadier;
 "You are a low-down, lying dog!"
 "Ha! ha! I cotch you, hain't that queer?
 As easy's fallin' off a log"—
 And added, with no little heat:
 "I hope you'll live to git Anneet."
 "Scoundrel! what do you mean? I said
 Stop talking—I've a bursting head."
 "Glad of it; yes, I'm rale glad;
 I hope the thing'll run you mad."
 "Scoundrel!" was all the brigadier
 To such a furious fiend could say.
 "I won't be silent; cuss away;
 Fool, traitor! do you think I keer?"
 "If you were not a prisoner
 I'd shoot you, cursed Ishmaelite,
 And base deserter!" "That's all right;
 "Yer mad bekase I married her;
 I'm mad bekase yer didn't—shoot!
 I ain't afeerd of no galoot!"

But neither could be silent; they,
 Shells howling round and o'er them, lay
 In shelter; both in agony
 Of mind and body, wild with thirst—
 Of war's inflictions this the worst.
 Not to be soothed by sympathy.
 Both men were madmen, helpless and wild;
 The rude man taunted and reviled,
 And even jested while he raved.
 The man upon whose mind was graved
 By education's cunning hand,
 High principles, moralities,
 Reflected glories of the skies,
 His passions better could command,
 Both in their raging fever tossed.
 The former, like the damned and lost,
 His curses at the latter threw;
 The latter heeded not, nor knew
 They pelted him. They did no harm;
 There ne'er was injury in a storm
 Of vile and execrable words—
 'Tis calm, cool ones that cut like swords.

Around them raged the fight anew;
Around them were increasing wails—
The woods were fired; the blazes drew
Around them: puffed by waxing gales,
They sputtered in the brush and grass:
The air became chaotic red,
With demons, fire-tongued, overhead.
A red sheet for the brave, alas!
Who could but lie beneath its hot,
Chaotic canopy, with shot
And shell to keep back helpers. No!
It is not so! It is not so!
For there be god-like souls who know
No fear and no amazement, while
They feel most conscious of the smile
Of God upon their actions; these
Regard the storm as but a breeze,
And heaven-stayed, scarce recognize
Death's beetling brows o'er killing eyes.

Lo, in the wildest hour, when trees
Went down like straw before the breeze,
And nearer and more near there came,
With most increasing tongues of flame,
The fire-god, crouching, creeping up.
Yahn Golfan stole with full canteen,
And heard Ben Stevan in ravine
Cry—"Water! water! just a sup!"
A moment staggered he amazed,
As on his uniform he gazed.
Resentment, though, was in eclipse;
The next—the canteen at his lips;
'Twas Heaven's elixir to the man,
He breathed afresh, he heaved a sigh—
A tear welled soft into his eye—
And low he muttered, "Good, good Yahn,"
And pointing towards Ben Yarber said,
"The gin'ral thar is nigh on dead;
Go, water him an' let him sigh,
Ez I jest done, a prayer fur you,
Then come back here and pull me through,
An' I'll be yourn until I die."
Ben Yarber's eyes were fixed on Yahn,
Horrid his face was ghastly wan,

A thousand memories flashed and thrilled
Through Yarber's brain and wave-like filled
His breast, as up the young man came,
And quick Ben Stevan called his name.
He perished, too, for water, yet
Those cruel memories would not let
Him ask a draught of Yahn—no, no;
“My God!” the latter cried, “my foe!
My foe, indeed, but not today;
All, all are friends who wear the Gray!
I know you need this water; take
And drink it, for our country's sake—
I see you are a brigadier—
Forget a while; we need you here.”
Yarber at first was wont to shrink,
But he was every inch a man,
And melted by the tones of Yahn,
He gladly took the proffered drink.
“God bless you,” was his grateful sigh.
“No matter now,” was Yahn's reply.
“The furious fire of shot and shell
Has slackened some: that of the dell
Is growing worse—now we can fly.”
The words were scarcely spoken ere
He bowed beneath the brigadier,
And bore him off to shelter good,
Nor left him till he staunched his blood.
Off to Ben Stevan then he flew,
And bore him into shelter, too.

* * * * *

“Your mother is Yahnita:
Your father Ben Ybarre—
Ben Yarber known. You are my son:
Olga you must not marry.

“Anneet is Olga's mother:
And Olga is my daughter:
Your sister she: I warn you—see?
Now, let me die: I ought to.”

He closed his eyes and fell back dead;
A stab had been each word he said;
And Yahn had made him no reply,
But there was softness in his eye.

He beckoned: others instant came:
His collar viewed: they knew his name.
Yahn walked aside, nor spoke a word:
His horse was nigh: he mounted, spurred
Back o'er the hill, all silent still.
Words came—wild sobbing rather—
“‘There’s many a slip ’twixt cup and lip,’
My father, oh, my father!”



TO
MY FRIEND
GEN'L FRED S. FERGUSON
THESE EFFUSIONS
ARE
WITH DIFFIDENCE, BUT WITH WARMEST
REGARDS OF THE AUTHOR,
DEDICATED

JUST FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

It has been many and many a year,
Since we sat side by side;
You the type of all most sweet and dear,
I of ugly gloom and pride:
And I remember with delight,
That then your smile was mine,
And pledge you mem'ries true tonight,
Just for auld lang syne.

You were a sweet enchantress then,
In girlhood's fairest plume;
And your beauty shook the hearts of men,
Much as does the woman's bloom.
But the sorrows of the years since flown,
You say have gloomed hope's shrine,
And all youth's idols overthrown,
Since auld lang syne.

Those happy shrines and idols sweet,
By love and friendship reared,
Were nothing but a glittering cheat,
If they fell when care appeared:
I cannot think—you must not say,
'Twas thus with yours and mine;
But join me in a bowl today,
For that auld lang syne.

Has fortune been so hard on you,
And so unkind to me,
That we have cast aside the true,
Of the dear old used to be?
Nay, let us not because of care,
Our dear old ties resign;
Let us rather pledge to what we were
In auld lang syne.

Though the shadows gather round us fast,
Joy's fires we may renew;
If to the dear, enchanted past,
Our remembrance still is true:
Then each to each across the hills

Let us wave a glass of wine,
And forget both past and present ills
For auld lang syne.

In fancy shake my hand, my dear;
Let's assert old friendship's claim;
Let us give the past a sigh and tear,
In fond affection's name,
And thank kind heaven for what is given
To us in shade and shine,
And fill a bowl to the love-full soul
Of auld lang syne.

I never yet forgot a friend,
No matter what my fate,
My heart's blood would I rather spend
Than be a base ingrate:
And I will not turn my back on you,
Though no other friend be mine:—
Then here's a glass to friendship true,
And auld lang syne.

The past I never must forget,
When around my path you threw
Your enchantment, nor must you regret
That your heart to me beat true;
But you must keep on loving me—
O, dearest friend of mine;
And I your dearest friend shall be
For auld lang syne.

LINES TO MY FRIEND J. E. B.

What wondrous changes have been here,
Oh, noble friend of mine,
Since first I clasped your hand sincere,
In that, my most eventful year—
When clouds o'ershadowed my career,
And like a sprawling vine,
Which wild winds tear loose from its stay,
I eager sought to twine
Each friendly prop that near me lay.

Our land it wears another grace:
Its stars propitious shine;
And nearly gone is sorrow's trace,
Which marred the beauty of her face;
New vigor, too, is in her pace:
As bright at Samian wine
Is the gleaming of her glorious eyes,
As they, like orbs divine,
Reflect the splendor of our skies.

Far as the eye o'er field and hill
Can mark the shade and shine,
Some real charm uprises still
The breast with living hope to fill,
The patriotic pulse to thrill:
Some glimpse of auld lang syne
Makes resolution sweet and strong,
And fills the lips like wine—
Falernian, with joy and song.

The villa on the mountain's brow,
Displacing rock and pine,
Tells, like a conquering banner, how
Prosperity's advancing now:
Her foes recede, before her bow:
Lo, how her towers shine!
Look at the orchards, grass plots, bowers,
The myrtle and the vine!
All like a princess wreathed in flowers.
The rude, uncultured phase of things
Has felt the breath and shine
Of Prospero's Puck, on lightning wings,

Distancing our imaginings:
 As from alembic rare he flings
 A talismanic sign,
 Of beauties, beauteous as the morn,
 Of glories yet to shine;
 Of lovely offspring to be born.

Changes on every hand we see,
 Of higher aims the sign,
 Glowing with pleasing prophecy,
 Of things in season yet to be,
 When circumstance has set us free,
 And corn and oil and wine
 In cellar, cask and granary—
 Fulfilling love's design—
 Still bless this best land of the free.

The mill's low buzzing down the fell,
 Where wild briars used to twine,
 And foxes sly are wont to dwell,
 Would brighter, better days foretell
 For those who wait and labor well,
 As erst they did lang syne;
 Ere Vengeance's sleuth hounds scared away
 The goddess of our shrine,
 And kept Prosperity at bay.

Behold the effect of busy hands!
 Their cunning maketh fine
 The rude rocks, woods and sands.
 And so the wonder of all lands—
 The home of wealth our city stands:
 And here the Muses nine
 Have come into our odorous groves,
 And brought their gifts divine,
 Which Science seeks and Art approves.

But during all this push and stress—
 This sweat of yours and mine—
 The brave hearts of the wilderness,
 Who mute and patient trod the press,
 This vanguard wanes, grows less and less,
 Since auld, dear auld lang syne.
 But then these sweatings are but showers

That cause to grow and twine
Upon the tomb, perennial flowers.

Long may you walk in pleasant wavs,
Oft may your paths cross mine!
For at each crossing joy betrays
And multiplies our halcyon days,
And care's remorseless tread delays,
And age's frosty line.
Next to his God who leads the van
Of earth-things and divine,
The truest thing to man is man.

TO MISS P.....

Be sweet and good—you'll carry
Your face out, if you are:
The good can face the world with grace:
Give mockery to care:
The sweet can claim the flowers
Of courtesy from all:
Be good and sweet, and thus you'll cheat
Life of its every gall.

Be kind and true! Your manners
Speak eloquent for you:
The kind can win their way right in
Where merit has to sue.
The true can also enter
Where haughtiest virtue stands:
Be true and kind, and you shall find
Power hastening to your hands.

Be just and brave—and haply
They'll take you "through the mill:"
The just are feared, the brave are cheered,
By friends and foemen still.
These virtues watch and cherish, too,
In life's long run they'll tell:
Be good and sweet, be kind and true,
Be just and brave—All's well.

AN INCIDENT.

Wild flew the shout, far echoing,
In hamlet low, in palace high:
It swept the land a storm of joy—
"The Lion has taken Mafeking!"
From Plymouth to far Johnnie Grote's
Flew forth the gladdening, maddening notes.

Then answering to the fervent cry
That swelled and echoed 'round her hall,
A lady* from the land we call
"Dixie," arose, she scarce knew why,
As if from out her native dell
She heard again the "Rebel yell."

She flung from out her casement moat
The Union Jack, and by its side
The Stars and Stripes, Columbia's pride;
And as she viewed them proudly float—
The Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack,
Across the sea her thoughts went back.

Ay, 'cross the seas her memory flew,
To homes and hills 'neath other stars,
Where floated once the "Stars and Bars,"
The proudest flag she ever knew:
The dearest flag in all the world,
What though in dust forever furled.

And while those flags, all victory crowned,
With dumb folds answered to the cry
That shook old Albion far and nigh,
And in old Ocean echo found,
She snatched from out its hiding place
That flag which fell without disgrace.

Her Stars and Bars from Dixie brought—
A household god from o'er the seas—
And flung it boldly to the breeze,
To join the revelry of dumb thought,
As uttered by the other two:
And there, as proud as they, it flew.

(*) A daughter of Gen. Fred S. Ferguson, of U. C. V.

"What flag is that?" the Briton cries:
My Southron's answer did not lag:—
"Victors, behold you Dixie's flag,
Whose spotless memory never dies,
And shall not die through all the years,
While Honor claims its mead of tears."

Then waved their hats; then swelled their yell—
To Dixie's flag, the Stars and Bars:
And one veteran of many wars
Cried, "That which waved here never fell;
For Truth and Justice, crowned by Right
Are mightier than all brutal might."

THE TOUCH AND THE GLANCE.

She touched him but once in the maze of the dance,
And, thrilling, he flung her a passionate glance;
And, thrilling in turn, there woke in her breast
An echo of what by his glance was expressed.

Her arm was so rosy, so white was her hand,
That to touch them was something like touching a wand;
And so lustrous and pleading the glance of his eye,
That to catch it was something like catching a sigh.

They met not again in the glittering hall,
And they touched not again in the whirl of the ball;
But the look he had giv'n had waked more than delight,
And he sighed when he lay on his pillow that night.

What mystical something, what bird of the air,
Did whisper between them and messages bear?
Was 't a bird of the flesh, or the soul, or the mind,
And an echo the deepest in which did it find?

Perchance from the three—from the innermost core,
As the streams 'neath the ground in one fountain run o'er,
It may be in him that the flesh had control,
While it may be her bird came direct from the soul.

No matter, such guessing is vain at the best,
But certain it is, and it must be confessed,

That a touch of a hand had deep pierced as a lance,
And a more than delight had she got from his glance.

My lady was roaming long years after that,
And in twilight was musing alone in her yacht—
In the waters of Venice—in waiting, it seemed;
And her eyes had the look of a person that dreamed.

In splendor attired, like a star, all alone,
The loveliest thing o'er those waters she shone;
And though round her the utterance of rapturous heart
Was dancing in mirth, still she sat there apart.

The fact was, afar from the land of her birth,
Her gold and her beauty ne'er conjured up mirth:
She was eking out life in a manner forlorn:
The night brought no rest and no joy came with morn.

And she said to herself, as she glanced o'er the wave:
"I am fair—I am wooed by the wise and the brave;
But such wooings are mockeries, too futile, perchance,
Compared to the woeing of his fatal glance."

* * * * *

Now, my gallant, a wealthy old bachelor, strayed,
And for pleasure a tribute on many lands made:
He was greeted with joy in the halls of the great:
He danced with the fair at the gaudiest fete.

He scattered his gold, as the blast does the flower,
Dispensing delight, robbing giver and bowers;
But his heart was afar, in his own native land,
Where he thrilled on a night to the touch of a hand.

"Twas whispered at Venice to please him—no more—
That the fairest of all, that are fairest on shore ,
Was waiting a gallant, from whom she had heard
Through the mystical talk of a mystical bird.

That she sat in a yacht, just in sight at the pier,
And she said he at twilight was sure to be there;
That she'd touch him, and then he would give her a
glance:
Then the gondola out o'er the waters would dance.

"I sent her that mystical message," quoth he,
"And yonder's the lady that's waiting for me:"
So he leaped in the yacht, and he set it afloat,
And the lady with rapture fell prone in the boat.

And they floated away o'er the waters—the twain,
And no one in Venice e'er saw them again:
When alone on the waves of the beautiful blue,
With her face in her hands, to her gallant she flew.

Now, 'tis said to the banks of the Coosa they came,
And built them a bower and gave it a name—
A name to remind them hereafter, perchance,
Of their sorrow and rapture—the Touch and the Glance.

And many a maiden and many a boy
Have come to that manse as a Mecca of joy,
And caught in its halls, by infection, perchance,
The spell in the name of the "Touch and the Glance."

Long, long may the fires of a love, just like theirs,
Unchangeably burn on through pleasures and cares;
And breathe, through life's Real, the touch of Romance,
Like that we have found in the "Touch and the Glance."

SONG.

Air: "Columbia's the Gem of the Ocean."
Though never 'tis ours to forget it—
The day when we gave up the fight;
'Tis too late to recall and regret it,
That Right had to give up to Might.
Reb and Yank must now stand firm together,
And both to the whole land be true,
And shout back one to the other—
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

We Rebels the past may remember—
The struggles and glories of old;
For nothing can smother the ember
Of memory, until we are cold;
But we greet now the Yank as a brother,
And we pledge him to stand by him true;
And the Reb and the Yank yell together—
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

We Chivalry boasted—still boast it:
Why lose it in losing the fight?
The plume that we flaunted we lost it,
But lost not our grip on the Right:
The Chivalry, one to the other,
Will prove that our spirit is true:
Let the Reb and the Yank yell together—
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

Be it known we are part of the nation—
A true and a fiery part;
And one of the bright constellations,
With "Union" as center and heart:
In political skies all together
We shine, and our orbit pursue,
And we'll watch now our flag, not each other—
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

The world and the flesh and the devil
Hereafter must know where we stand:
We expect to be gallant and civil,
But "hands off," we sternly demand:

For "Americans," bound to each other,
"America," faithful and true,
And we shout to the world all together—
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

SONG.

Air: "The Harp That Once Thro' Tara's Halls."
The flag which woke the wildest thrills
That e're stirred mortal breast,
If floats no longer o'er our hills,
In East or South or West:
It tattered hangs upon our walls,
No more kissed by the breeze,
Nor leaps the drum and bugle calls,
As to Summer wakes the trees.

It cannot grace our hall or bower,
It's soul is gone fore'er;
Though it be wreathed by many a flower,
It drips with many a tear.
But Memory, out in Fancy's world,
Still floats it far and free,
And Valor waves it there unfurled,
O'er mountain, vale and sea.

Though in the saddest war of wars,
The type of hope and trust;
'Tis well, some say, the Stars and Bars
Goes trailing now in dust:
No matter furled and down, as 'tis,
And must be still henceforth,
It types a spotless sacrifice,
Lost Pleiad of the earth.

LINES FROM MARY LOU TO MATILDA JANE.

So, you have turned the old home loose
For paltry chink:
I think, myself, you've played the deuce—
That's what I think!
You've yielded to temptation, dear,
Its golden chain
Will pull you into mire, I fear,
Matilda Jane.

I need but look around and see
And comprehend
The cause of all this foolery
And madness, friend:
The rage for trading's on the breeze:
It smites the brain
Of all our moss-backs, like disease,
Matilda Jane.

There's something in the very air,
Floating around:
We hear it, see it, everywhere,
In sight and sound,
That tell's us somehow there's a tide
We resist in vain:
We're left to swim, or on it ride,
Matilda Jane.

And so you thought it good and wise,
Leading and led,
To take your chance, to shut your eyes
And plunge ahead:
If anyone can breast the wave,
And a landing gain,
I guess you can, for pluck you have,
Matilda Jane.

Ah, but it grieves me so to see
The sacred past
Ignored, except in memory—
A sad outcast;
A kind of ugly thing, you know,
Which gives folks pain

To recognize; is this not so,
Matilda Jane?

Home's sanctities and household gods
Are set at naught:
Old sentiment too slowly plods,
For modern thought.
New energies new folks produce:
New heart, new brain:
But they turn a thousand devils loose,
Matilda Jane.

You dare not talk of old time days,
To memory dear,
But in the modern cult you raise
A stare or sneer:
Some pompous, self-conceited ass
Thinks you insane:
He's nothing but a bag of gas,
Matilda Jane.

You think this mighty bitter, well,
Just wait awhile:
When you get over your first "swell,"
If you can smile,
You'll vow I'm like a prophetess,
And in your pain,
You'll pardon this my naughtiness,
Matilda Jane.

I would not throw a shadow on
Your future scene;
I only plead for glories gone:
That memories green
May hallow still the shrines of old,
Nor glow in vain,
Beside this modern calf of gold,
Matilda Jane.

Heaven ne'er permits us to forget
Sin's conscious claim;
For every glory that we get
Attends some shame:
For every pleasure that we catch
We catch a pain;

In marble hall or lowly thatch,
Matilda Jane.

So while you make your shining rounds,
A heartless elf;
Soon as you step beyond your bounds
You'll hurt yourself:
And that may serve to bring you back
To sense again,
And point the troubles on that track,
Matilda Jane.

But I'll not further moralize;
What's done is done:
And now 'tis mine some kind of prize
To trust you've won:
Dame Fortune will be kind to you
While you remain
To Virtue's high requirements true,
Matilda Jane.

So John, so rich in lands but poor
In bank and purse,
Has made a wondrous trade, and more,
He's proud, of course:
And you, as far as money goes,
Hold a high plane
Of estimation, I suppose,
Matilda Jane.

Of course, you'll never toss your head,
'Neath your fine hat;
Because you've been too cleanly bred
For such as that:
Nor will you feel an extra pride—
Like the weak and vain,
Who float like light things on the tide,
Matilda Jane.

But you'll be forced into a whirl—
Some call it swim;
You be no more a country girl—
You'll float—you'll skim
The surface of the depths below,
And you'll hear the strain

Of sirens, and you'll heed them, too,
Matilda Jane.

My sympathy's in order now,
For my fancy sees
A thorn-crown woven on your brow,
By slow degrees:
And I can hear you sighing, too,
But all in vain,
About the False, and for the True,
Matilda Jane.

Alas the dear old homestead's gone
In that big trade:
The dear old meadow and the lawn,
And the seats we made,
Have all changed hands and scarce a trace
We'll see again,
Of the glories of that glorious place,
Matilda Jane.

The old house, which was good enough,
And roomy too,
And not considered rude and rough
By me and you—
Nor by our lovers, as to that,
Though real plain—
Is the subject now of mocking chat,
Matilda Jane.

The cedars, too, must go, because
They clog the way
Of Progress' car—which mustn't pause:
Alas, the day!
These patriarchs dear must let it pass
And its proud train!
I wonder if they'll move the grass,,
Matilda Jane.

Ah, many a time beneath these trees—
A perfect bower—
We've sung the songs of love and peace
In a happier hour:
And many a time upon that sod,
We have sportive lain,

And poured our souls to love and God,
Matilda Jane.

Even the mountain where we used to stray,
That too is sold:
Its limpid torrent stream they say
Must be controlled:
For science says 'twill breed disease
Down in the plain:
I wish 'twould drown all folks like these,
Matilda Jane.

They say, too, that big front yard,
Is a waste of dirt;
That such the country's growth retard
Development hurt.
All this is very fine, no doubt,
Ah, this Iron chain
Will wipe our old ideals out,
Matilda Jane.

Now, I do not think that progress best
Which cannot grow
Save in the ruins of the past
And on its woe:
A stepping stone should be the past
To a higher plane;
Where she may anchor firm and fast,
Matilda Jane.

Now surely we may prophesy,
Proud man's decline;
When bright ideals stricken lie,
Around his shrine
When the highest temple he erects
Is Mammon's fame;
At the cost of souls and intellects,
I would not cast a single stone,
At Progress' car;
But at the counterfeit alone
I would make war:
On Effrontry in her dress and hood
With her garbish train;
I'd ditch that certain, if I could,
Matilda Jane.

But I'll conclude. I wish you luck;
But I tell you now,
'Gainst those new doings I have "struck"
Nor will I bow
To Snobbery, though from all his pores
Sweat-diamonds rain;
But Mary Lou is ever yours,
Matilda Jane.

OLE EFRUM EN DE COTTON.

Hit's August, en Zandy, mer hunny,
I stands in de shadders o' years;
En do' I be lookin' back, sonny,
Troo glasses o' Mem'ry in tears,
De Augusts all 'pear, when I see dem again,
Like jewels bespanglin' a long golden chain.

Look roun' yer now, Zandy, yer see me
Yit workin' en workin' away;
Sense fifty long years yer mout tree me,
Right hyar whar Ise sittin' ter day,
In August, ez dis am de time o' de year
When pickin' o' cotton am powerful near.

All de baskets wuff shucks fur de pickin',
Right hyar whar wese sittin' I made;
Some udders wuz skulkin' en kickin'—
Dey wanted ter git in de shade;
But ole marster he kep' me right hyar, kase he seed
Dis head knowed its job, en dese fingers had speed.

But I calls yer attention dis mornin'
Ter sumpin' not happy ter me:
Whar's de ole cabin home yer wuz born in,
What we run away fum to be free?
En whar's all de cabins dat uster be hyar?
Whar's de banjos, de singin', de dancin' and cheer?

How we hustled away wuz amazin':
Den de wimmen en childrin at last:
In a week all de cabins wuz blazin',
En atter dat burnin' wuz past,

De poor taller candles o' many a joy
Went out wid de fires o' dose cabins, my boy.

But atter de scrimmages ended,
Lor' bless yer, dey finds me right hyar,
En de man what had ebber befrinded,
He tells me to be o' good cheer—
Says, "Efrum, Ise needin' dem baskets o' yourn,
Fur pickin o' cotton en gatherin' corn—

"Can't trust ebery wanderin' nigger;
Can't 'pend on his head ur his heart;
On whut he'd be good fur, can't figger;
No longer he's parcel en part
O' de poor ole plantation, de fambly en me:
En a line must be drawn, sense de nigger is free."

So Ise here on de same ole plantation,
Makin' baskets beneaf de same tree:
En Ise boss o' de whole sitiuation,
Ez marster fust left hit to me;
Kase, Zandy, he trusted dis hand en dis head;
He knowed, en he'd tell yer why, ef he wan't dead.

See, Zandy, de pint I is makin'?
De head on de shoulder's de brains
Whut bosses de whole undertakin',
En dem servants de fingers he trains.
Look hyar, Ise got 'em—de head and de hand!
Dat's why Ise superer—dis pint understand.

Hence, Zandy, en wherefore Ise allers
Forebber a-lookin' aroun':
I sees whut's ahead en whut follers;
I studies de sky, air en groun';
I uses my fingers, ez well ez my eyes;
My mouf, en my nose, en my ears, to be wise.

Does yer know, when de cotton am growin',
De field hav' a plessant perfume?
Duz yer know, when de branches am blowin',
Dat three times dey changes dere bloom?
En de bushes dey talk to each udder likewise:
So I larns all dere ways, wid my ears, nose en eyes.

Hev yer roamed in er garden o' roses?
Seed patches o' daisies at night?
Seed de wheat field en clover when closes
A hot day? Dat's a wonderful sight!
But de cotton in bloom puts em all, all ter shame,
Fur hit's Eden repeated outside o' de same.

Uster git up, one time, purty early,
En open de ole cabin door,
En notis de dews lookin' pearly,
Ez dey hadn't been doin' before:
Kase de dew, when de branches commences below
To shake out dere blossoms, doan sparkle, yer know.

So den, when I sees 'em a-blazin',
Like stars dat have come down at night
En forgot to go back, while a-gazin'
At de beautiful, glorious sight,—
I sez, as ole marster would jokin'ly do,
"Here, Efrum! dose dewdrops is winkin' at you."

De leaves o' de cotton am brownin';
De blooms dey is changin' dere hue;
En de limbs lose dere beautiful crownin',
Den's de time fur de glory o' dew:
En yer larns, ef yer notis, frum day unto day,
Dat sumpin' am foldin' dat blossom away.

Den, I sez to myse'f, dere's a story
O' wonderful works in dat field,
Whar de blossoms, fum glory to glory
Pass on ter new glories concealed:
Fur ennymost while yer's a-wonderin', lo!
Each blossom is turned to a blossom o' snow.

Dis de time fur de pickin' o' cotton:
En, Zandy, yer know all de rest:
But de past dat am nebber forgotten—
De mem'ries whut can't be repressed,
Ez I gazes aroun' on de fields dat yer see,
All shows me a change fum de ole uster be.

De cabins, dere gardens en patches;
De dancin', de lafter en glee;
De songs, en de answerin' snatches,

When de "hands" fum dere labor wuz free,
Is things o' de beautiful past, en today
Ise outen my place, en Ise gwine, too, away.

So, Zandy, I questions ez follers:—

My life, like de cotton, has growed,
En blossomed en had all hits colors,

All hits wonders en glories hav' showed,—
When hit's folded away, like de bloom, will hit show
Ez hit opens in Canaan, a blossom o' snow?

—Uncle Efrum.

ATTENTION!

Hit makes little dif'rence, Zandy,
In de work dat we has to do,
No work dat I know of is handy—
De pint is—Ise talkin' to you!—
How de labor am done when we do it;
How we weave in de seberal parts;
How we show we has skill thro' en thro' it,
En de heads dat we work with, en hearts,
Dey shine in de job like two picturs,
En shows in de tug we've ben victors.

'Sides dat count de time we is taking
In doing de work, hit amounts
Ter an item in making or breaking
De feller what pays de accounts;
En a dozen more things I could mention:
But working on, honest and true,
En paying the closest attention
Am de best enny feller kin do
Dats courting yer job fur de while
In de eend she'll be certain to smile.

Guess de name of de job makes a dif'rence,
When de labor is almost de same,
Fur dar is a nat'ral preference,
En pride has a tenderfoot claim,
En de nat'rally mean dispersion
Of people some 'vantage to git,

Ter climb ter a lofty persition
Dey labors fur nary a bit;
All dis makes de jobs go apart,
An' dey severs de people in heart.

Now, wuz I a horse in a pastur'
Whar sweet wuz de grasses an' high,
Wid a reg'lar kind sort o' master,
What wanted to see me so spry;
Doan think, now, on which er percasion
I'd turn ter a reg'lar fool,
An' forgetting my nice sitiuation,
Kervort like ole Collins' mule;
An' outen dem grasses so high
Jump inter a pastur' what's dry.

So had I er lucky persition,
Wid a salary moderate high,
En a boss wid er good dispersition,
What helped me erlong on de sly,
Doan think, now, in dat sitiuation,
Fur de sake of a change of my base,
I'd hunt fur a chance of starvation
By sassying him to his face?
'Stead of playing the regular fool,
I'd consider ole Collins' mule.

En wuz I a rare politishion,
Wid a mighty fine office to boot,
Wid its purgatives, dat is, commissions
An' fees, not er counting de loot—
En de bosses not needing perswashion
To keep on a-voting for me,
Do yer guess I would fly in er passion,
Ef sometimes we couldn't agree?
Er would I be ugly and cross
When paddled a bit by de boss?
Der people's a rigid schoolmaster

What cutting up capers annoys;
En cussedness fatches disaster,
Es larned by de proudest of boys:
Doan think wid dis boss I would dicker,
Ef studying de good of my school,
En my health, en my purse, en my lickier,

I'd jump out like Collins' mule;
 Fur an office is only a loan,
 Can't run it ez ef 'twuz yer own.

'Mong de best folks—not counting de basest—
 In enny partickler case,
 De hardest ter find and the skacest
 Am fellers what knows dere place;
 Dey's somewhar above or below it,
 Erbout dat consider dey wont;
 Dey don't give a nick ef dey know it,
 En don't give a nick if dey don't;
 So dey's nebber edzactly in plumb,
 En, Zandy, dey doan keer a "dum."

But dey's allers a-playing de devil,
 Ez dat seems de onliest way
 Dey knows of ter rassel wid evil,
 What gibs dem a dare ebry day;
 En we thinks hit no mighty disaster
 Ef dem fellers, like Collins' mule,
 Jumps outen a fine, grassy pastur'
 Ter one wid no grasses nur pool;
 Hit's so nat'ral with all, not a few,
 Ter do ez dey orten't ter do.

So, Zandy, I b'leeve in most cases
 I'd 'splain it dis way atter all:
 De reason folks doan know dere places,
 Dey's nebber right dere on de "call"—
 Dey doan stay at one place twill dey knows it,
 Doan hold on "fur keeps" ter de last;
 Dey ketch on erwhile, den here goes hit—
 Grab at hit again, but hit's past—
 Twill we fix 'em right down in de coffin;
 Dar's no fixing sich people in nuffin'.

What, den, must I say in conclusion?
 Stick close to de job what yer git,
 En ter keep down all chance fur confusion,
 Pay linx-eyed attention to hit;
 Up de ladder yer may not be gitting
 Ez fast ez I'd clum up a tree
 Whar a purty fat 'possum wuz sittin

En grinning en waiting for me,
Enticing me higher en higher,
Fur 'possums de nigger inspire.

But, shucks! when I talks of de possum,
Dat brings back de good days of yore,
En all argument's threads, I done loss 'em,
I flies off, en reasons no more:
But nebberdeless hit am written
Dat people what's anxious ter rise
Most ingenerally do, ef dey's fitten,
Up de ladder, en up ter de skies.
So to close—at de bottom doan pile,
En dey'll need yer on top atterwhile.

UP-TO-DATE.

To Carlos.

WE CAN PADDLE OUR OWN CANOE.

I am the girl that's up-to-date,
In the struggle fair and square,
To face my fortune or my fate,
With the men to do and dare;
And in the outset, let me say,
Tho' you may stare at me—
I'm not too rude and not too good
To take things as they be.

If any man my method scorns,
I, too, can scorn as well;
I prefer my thistles and my thorns
To the smiles of such a swell.
I'll not simper at my parlor door,
And wait for men to woo;
I can get their worthless smiles galore:
I can paddle my own canoe.

What can you do? I hear you ask:
Ask what I cannot do:
I will not in your favors bask
And live a life untrue.

Proud questioner, will you dispute—
Where the will is, there's a way?
Ah, I can gather loads of fruit
Beyond you, far away.

You couldn't reach such in an hour,
In a minute they are mine;
But then the grapes, you say, are sour—
Not fit for grub or wine.
See how they make my mother glad,
My poor old father, too;
I can do just what you do, my lad:
I can paddle my own canoe.

I'd love to see your reason stirred,
And sentiment under ban
And bar awhile, for, on my word,
I love a real man.
If chivalry you'd boast, kind sir,
Then, the money you command,
Towards me, without a mighty stir,
Stretch with a pious hand.

Your published aid, if I dare claim,
Were worse than your published spleen:
'Twere not my glory, but my shame,
Because the world is mean.
Oh, you make me independent! Thanks!
And I laugh, not as a shrew:
I have the nerve—you have the banks!
I can paddle my own canoe.

But the hardest fate we have to bear—
And a poignance keen it has—
Is the frown of those who would be fair,
Yet snub us when they pass;
They are chivalrous, and yet so deep
Their prejudice descends;
A balance sheet they cannot keep,
Nor be an angel's friends.

But for my sort, who in my shoes,
Must take the cup of gall,
I'll say, if we can't get our dues,
On our merits we can fall.

We first forgive—we last defy,
While we pray for judgment true,
And after a hot tear and a hot sigh,
We paddle our own canoe.

As to being courted, good sir, what
Can we poor laborers say?
It's pleasant and all that, but not
A notch if it don't pay:
It can but waken rosy dreams
And hopes as sweet and vain;
It's end is false, whate'er it seems:
Its rapture is its pain.

But human nature is the same,
And nature will control;
And love is one abiding flame
In every worthy soul:
So we do not object, you know,
At times to bill and coo,
But we keep a weather eye on woe,
And paddle our own canoe.

We once were timid, shrinking, feared
This way or that to move;
Our oracle was a thing with beard,
And to get his nod and love
We spent all day a-primping fair,
To draw him, keep him nigh,
And breathed his name in every prayer
We sent up to the sky.

He was our master, tho' he bent
To us the suppliant knee,
We thought for him our lives were meant,
Our hearts his hearts must be;
But we know better now, the times
Have taught us a thing or two;
We are looking not for love, but dimes,
While we paddle our own canoe.

A hint—don't keep on splitting hairs,
But time and tide regard:
They set the paces of affairs,
And they'll make the just award.

The labor not of sex but souls,
Or soul-directed hands—
That which divinity controls—
Their best award demands.

How many, I would like to ask,
Of you, as time declares,
Who wind the clocks of heart and task,
Can run your own affairs?
Yet us, who toil for this and that,
You with a sneer taboo:
Ah, well-a-day, we tell you pat—
We can paddle our own canoe.

So we lay no stress now on your smile,
Nor feel at your frown an awe:
Nor all befuddled by your guile,
Think your nod and will the law;
But we look you in the face today,
Nor sigh if you do not woo,
And laughing, independent, say,
We can paddle our own canoe.

—Carolyn.

TO CAROLYN.

Dear Carolyn, sweet Carolyn,
I read your saucy prate;
And let me say, I think you've been
At all times "up-to-date,"
In having all the real charms
This sad old world contains—
For aren't the embraces of your arms
Life's only golden chains?
And isn't the only bondage theirs
From which we can't be driven?
Aye, "up-to-date" in killing cares
With every Gilead given,
Where'er you be, where'er you roam;
And just first best seem you,
In paddling babies in your home,
Or as paddling your own canoe.

Now, Carolyn, good Carolyn,
Your looking-glass still shows—
Aye, teaches, you were made to win
By arts and not by blows.
You are not put up in a mould
For heavy tasks and long:
Your nature is not fierce and bold,
Your nerve not tough and strong:
Your frame-work is the house of charms,
Where all the graces dwell—
As shown in hands and feet and arms—
Your whole self is a spell:
Rough usage would such fabrics get;
What if I say to you,
They may show the ugliest wreckage yet,
When you paddle your own canoe.
Oh, Carolyn, brave Carolyn,
In all our “ups and downs,”
Rejoice, be glad, you have not seen
Misfortune’s ugliest frowns:
That when you lost your glory plume,
You did not lose your head,
Nor felt the pressure of that gloom,
Which makes a man afraid:
Rejoice, it hasn’t been your luck
Temptation’s bowers to face,
It’s flowers to view—it’s fruit to pluck,
And fall into disgrace.
Ah, ’tis the fate too oft of some,
Who their hot bent pursue,
Ere half aware, into a slum,
To paddle their own canoe!

Dear Carolyn, brave Carolyn,
Your brothers, one and all,
Into the slough, up to the chin,
So oft, so easy fall;
This argues not that you and yours
Will do as they have done —
For you’ve the keys to Virtue’s doors—
By you are love-knots spun,
To bind us there. Likewise the keys
You hold to Honor’s shrine;
You lock us in or out with these—

In oftenest I opine
Should you, then dare to make your route
The Augean Stables through,
Though on the stream that cleans them out,
You paddle your own canoe?

Dear Carolyn, proud Carolyn,
Some things we hate to say;
It is so very hard to win
The mistaken from their way:
Folks don't forgive mistakes, they say.
But errors ay, and crime,
They deal with in a different way—
As pointers of the times:
Now, when we're doing what comports
With the divinity,
Which all life's journey through asserts,
O'er us its mastery,
We are not desperate, sullen, but
Cautious our course pursue,
And to escape some hampering rut,
We paddle our own canoe.

Nice Carolyn, proud Carolyn,
You cannot pick your crowd
At times to you part of the din
Will seem most shocking "loud,"
For people of all sorts you'll meet
In labor's field and hall,
And those you do not wish to greet,
Will tease you most of all:
But that's the way you'll gather pelf
And escape the vulgar dust
And by the gaiters pull yourself
From morasses to disgust.
But being landed clean on top,
Will not old dreams blaze anew,
And don't we know, then you will stop
A-paddling your own canoe.

Sweet Carolyn, sad Carolyn,
The best of friends must part:
From beaux your witcheries used to win—
Ay, bind soul, brain and heart,

Strange, dark conditions, like a wall,
Have separations brought;
And shadows settling o'er your hall,
You are not the girl they sought.
They dreamed not of the wedding ring,
But having time to waste,
They sought a bright and gilded thing
In gown and jewels graced.
You are complimented by their snubs
And 'twould be best for you
If the rest of us were just such scrubs
That you paddled your own canoe.

For Carolyn, brave Carolyn,
To the stern world we belong;
'Tis wisdom, if we can, to win
The best ones of its throng;
But then to do so, 'tishn't right
On our divinity
To shut the conscience and the light
Conveyed, refuse to see.
'Tis a weapon, too, for fiery fray.
That divinity's a sword for fray.
'Tis a Damascus blade,
And we must use it every day,
Not alone for gay parade:
Its spell we must not understand,
Yet it has a magic true.
And most we need its mystic wand,
When we paddle our own canoe.

Pray Carolyn, dear Carolyn,
Don't read us all alike;
If meat and bread, 'tis yours to win,
Don't 'gainst your "feeders" strike:
With you we fondly sympathize,
And to you are favors shown
Buy us, with glamour blinded eyes,
Before your merit's known.
When you in gushing gratitude,
Proclaim both far and nigh
The kindness—that's misunderstood,
And scandal mean asks "why,"
Be innocent as doves, but wise

As serpents: Thought for you
In special, cut loose from home ties,
To paddle your own canoe.

Ah, Carolyn, sad Carolyn,
Through different glasses, we
Now look, have looked; now see, have seen,
And scarce can we agree:
But whether we agree or not
One thing you have to learn,
Some things were made to be forgot—
Some in mem'r'y still must burn.
Youth's wild sweet dreams we must forget;
They've had their day of pride
And glory, with that day they set;
They were things of time and tide.
But don't forget, that Love is life,
'Tis all on earth that's true,
And with Love you may get at strife,
While paddling your own canoe.

So Carolyn, proud Carolyn,
What though the social god,
You one time worshiped, ev'n to sin
You think today well trod,
Beneath your labor-seeking feet,
I fear me, now and then,
The way you use them on the street
You are wooing him again.
The woman in you cannot die:
'Tis a spirit without a name:
In cheek, in lip, in brow and eye,
'Tis an all prevading flame;
And when you use its magic wile,
Our hearts it must subdue:
Maybe then, you'll cease a little while,
To paddle your own canoe.

Last, Carolyn, loved Carolyn,
Not lower look, but higher;
Even laurels I would have you win,
If such be your desire;
But don't be vent'rous, we explore,
Where the deep is dangerous;

Best for you to keep on hugging shore—
Incidentally hugging us:
Don't try to be mysterious;
Don't try to walk too free;
Don't fly too far away from us;
Don't independent be;
Don't think we dodge you, 'tishn't so;
Don't sneer and don't boohoo;
Don't leave your home, your Eden—no!
Don't paddle your own canoe!

AYESSA GUESSER.

As I rode down the street of Pratt,
By many an humble thatch,
A fair girl in one bower sat,
And seemed my course to watch.
Pleased with her beaming face and eyes,
I said, "May angels bless her,
For surely she is good and wise:
To a little chat I'll press her."

So halting at her gate, quoth I,
"You have a rosy bower:
Sure it pleases every passer-by,
And you're its loveliest flower.
Please tell me what's your pretty name."
I had no need to press her:
Her cheeks with blushes all aflame,
Quoth she, "Ayessa Guesser."

Quoth I, somewhat abashed, yet charmed,
By her queer, but soft reply,
"At me you must not be alarmed,
I am only passing by.
Your beauty pleased me so," said I,
I cannot silent pass her:
"Now what's your name?" The same reply,
She made, "Ayessa Guesser."

I waited but a moment more:
But I reined up to see,
As I drove onward past her door,

If she was mocking me,
When I heard, "good-bye," in such sweet tone:
I instant sighed, "God bless her."
"Come in, when passing by, and doan
I asked a neighbor listening near,
Forget Ayessa Guesser."

"Was she queer or was it shame?"
"Oh, not at all, it's you that's queer,
I guess she knows her name.
That child's the angel of this street;
None know but to bless her:
She is so modest, pure and sweet:
Her name's Ayessa Guesser."

THE LITTLE CANARY'S SONG.

You seem to think the notes you heard,
Were very sweet and gay;
When 'twas the crying of bird,
For its sad mate far away.

The little fellow calls and calls,
As he peers out at the trees;
And the yellow leaf, which near him falls,
Takes him back across the seas.

At times he pauses in his strain,
With an instinct rich and true,
Then answers with a soft refrain,
As if he sang for two.

Through all his chirping, wild and sweet
A sad tone runs, which seems
Another's cooing to repeat,
As sung near other streams.

Poor, little golden captive, could
We copy after you,
And follow what is understood,
Our instincts rich and true—

We'd sing full many a joyous song,
In spite of doubts and fears,

And bitter wails would leave the tongue,
And smiles supplant our tears.

We'd answer as you do your mate,
Our angels far away;
Who sing to us through Eden's gate,
Of an olden sinless day.

And through the sadness of our song,
When sorrow ruled the breast,
Would burst a note of gladness strong,
Sweeter than all the rest.

A hopeful cheeriness would lend
Magic to lip and lyre,
As still we sang the perfect friend,
Of perfect song the Sire.

As 'tis we sing like you in bars,
A mournful, weird lay,
Which no echo finds, save in the stars,
Or some Canaan far away.

TO NONA.

To sit beside the wild sea,
On smooth, white, shelving sands,
And write your name upon the same,
With these gun-clutching hands,
Is a rapture, but 'tis followed,
By no uncertain pain:
The billows dash, and o'er me splash
And my writing all is vain.

To sing beneath the live oaks,
Or the dark magnolia bowers,
With a passion strong, to tune my song,
To the passion of the flowers,
Is rapture, too, and may be
As vain as what I write:
For hush! the drum! "They come! they come,"
My dreams are put to flight.

Ah, change kaleidoscopic!
So quick from sweet to rue;
Yet all the same, I'll write your name,
And sing my song to you.
If I cared not for your smiling—
If your love were nought to me,
Why should I stand, in this far land,
A sentry by the sea?

Ah, were I so forgetful,
Of vows and pledges made,
No hero true, were I to you,
But a soldier on parade.
No self-forgetting patriot—
No man to lady true:
No love, no knight; no faith, no fight;
Unfit for arms and you.

Still let me dream, though vainly,
And write your name in sand;
Let the waves efface, the song I trace,
With a bruised and weary hand:
But darker waves of trouble,
Than ocean's yet must roll,
To quite erase, and leave no trace,
Of your image in my soul.

So sing I, dream I constant,
Beside the sounding sea;
Still ready, or for love or war,
True knight in each to be:
And you shall be the lady,
Of my country's bounds—my shrine;
And I'll sing for both, and keep my troth,
Whatever fate be mine.

TO THE REV. J. L. B.

A sad old world, my friend, is this;
How sad we may not know:
Lift to your lips the cup of bliss:
'Tis dashed to earth by woe.
Yet though a dark, sad world be this,
'Tis well that it is so;
For what were heaven's cup of bliss,
Had earth no cup of woe?

'Tis well that sorrows now annoy;
That earthly raptures cheat;
For what were heaven's cup of joy,
If earth had one as sweet?
The things of beauty while they charm,
The heart to pain allure;
And every rapture has its storm,
Of sorrow to endure.

Beneath the thickest bed of flowers,
Where the bee gets sweetest spoil;
The serpent masks his fiercest powers,
And winds his deadliest coil.
When Peace about us seems to fall,
As soft as summer wave;
Strife like the spider weaves her thrall,
And Peace there finds her grave.

Joy ever has a tragic death;
'Tis the electric spark to gloom,
That flashes faith with fiery breath
The darkness to illumine.
Pursuit is pleasure's life: one wins
And looks his crown to find,
Just where accomplishment begins,
Lo! glory drops behind.

What still I've done for selfish ends,
Has ended with regret:
A waste of life's most precious sands—
An idol fair upset.
What I have done for others, strong
And brave and sweet appears;
And is the keynote to some song,

That does not die in tears.
If there be earthly glory, 'tis
In helping others on:
In flavoring bitter cups with bliss
And gilding night with dawn.
If there be earthly pow'r, 'tis found
In clearing thorns away;
And making blest some hostile ground,
Where work will seem like play.

Unconscious influence makes the songs,
That give the world delight;
And educates the wayward throngs,
To think and do the right.
It lends beyond the power of art
Substance to what we do;
And moulds our lives in every part,
And makes them old or new.

Though virtuously incomplete,
Let's be virtuously clean
Then will our hearts in harmony beat
With the mysteries unseen,
Where God is walking, and where things
Are what they seem to be;
And where we cease our wanderings,
And what we've looked for, see.

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG.

Tear, from its flagstaff tear it,
If we may no more bear it!
Yet, while we cannot flaunt it,
Who says we shall not chant it?
By heavens! 'tis dearer still to me
Than any other flag can be.

Yes, though in dust we trail it,
And some with sneers assail it,
'Tis wreathed in richer glory,
And has a sweeter story,
Than any banner, East and West—
Than all the rest—than all the rest.

Ah! think not we'll forget it,
Or from affection let it
Be blotted out—oh! never;
'Twill haunt the mem'ry ever;
And to the sons of sons shall seem
Best type of Chivalry's best dream.

VAE VICTIS.

Memorial Poem. At Home.

For Camp Hardee Cottage at Mountain Creek.
Peace to the wanderers who enter here!
Allah be with them, to guide and to cheer!
Long have they trodden the wine-press of woe,
Since in the dust trailed their banner so low.

Long has their sorrow in silence been pent;
Long's been the winter of their discontent:
Rest to them henceforth, their wanderings o'er:
Joy to their hearts when they enter this door.

One time in splendor they went forth arrayed:
Nothing could daunt them or make them afraid.
Look at them now, bewildered with cares:
Nothing today but misfortune is theirs.

Many a fight have they fought for their fires:
Sons, aye, and daughters and mothers and sires:

Dauntless these fathers and sons in the fray:
Ragged and shoeless, but ne'er dismay.

Plumes under Johnston they won in the West;
Fighting for all which they cherished the best:
Doing deeds wonderful—deeds which if told,
Should be engraven in letters of gold.

None the less worthy their deeds in the East:
Fighting with Chivalry's knightliest Priest—
Robert, the only, of Arlington Heights:
Robert, the bravest and purest of Knights.

But after tugging with fate for long years:
After bright hope had been misted by tears:
After heart-breaking and brain-maddening care:
After sore punishments too hard to bear,—

Blighted and seared like the leaves of the grass:
Almost forgot by their comrades, alas!
Think of it ye, who were gallant and true,
Is not the picture appalling to you?

Hungry and ragged and wounded and bowed
Stand they before us so silent and proud:
Do not their silence and misery cry:—
"Come, boys, and help us! We perish. We die?"

"Comrades," we answer, "we never forget:
Living and burning is Chivalry yet:
Light are our purses, but ever with pride,
These with our heroes we gladly divide:

"See here this cottage? This refuge is yours!
Glad at your coming, fly open its doors:
Rest here your weary limbs; cease now to roam:
Come in, and make yourselves welcome! At Home!"

GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE.

Then is He here. The glory of the woods,
With all its lights and shadows, all its songs;
The whispers only heard in solitudes;
The utterances which to them alone belongs;
The mystic music never heard in throngs,
Of busy, striving, changing men: the lull,
The spell of brooklets' multitudinous tongues,
Are scintillations of His glory. Dull
And callous as we be, they echo in the soul.

We can but know He's ever present—nigh.
We can but feel that presence and His light,
As erst Ulysses did, when sailing by
The shores where sirens sang, to escape the might
Of their enchantment, wax his ears outright;
But 'gainst His voice we cannot stop the ear,
No matter where we be; in caves, on heights:
His whispers pierce obstruction, and we hear
Them in the spirit, soft and most distinctively clear.

Is He not there, in this still solitude,
As in the multitudinous haunts of men?
In cities only is He understood?
And will He ne'er in spirit walk again,
As once He walked with Adam through the glen
And bowers ambrosial, in lone Paradise?
Or has His love of man grown cold since then?
Or has He turned away from us His eyes,
And left behind Him closed the portals of the skies?

It was but yesterday to Him, although
So long ago to us, since Adam fell
And forfeited his heritage. We know
He never can forget. Unchangeable
He must be. Yesterday He loved us well:
He loves us yet. But we may love Him less,
Since we forget and change, and even sell
Him for a price. Ah, daily we confess,
Our sins would drive us to despair, did He not bless.

Within ourselves we know Him; in the thought,
Whose wings He furnishes, to belt the earth
Instant, or in fancy picture fraught;

Or in the quick imagination's birth,
Which like Minerva, full-armed leaping forth
From head of Jove; to perfect stature leap
Instinctive; or in our soulful mirth,
Most irrepressible, or in our sleep,
Whose dreams fantastic make us witless laugh or weep.

In these He is; without Him they are naught:
They burn not: He their essence is, perchance;
Some spark of Him a-flame them, when 'tis caught.
So in frequented or in lonely haunts
We catch the glory of His loving glance,
Or conscious tremble at His awful frown:
Or listening to His voices, fall in trance.
Oh He is in us: of Him are we known;
And die we not the death, till we, we Him disown.

THE HEROES OF OUR LAND.

How sweet though sad the story
We have of ours to tell,
Who not for selfish glory,
But for their country fell;
Yet no sweeter fame can patriot claim
Than that to break his country's thrall
He bears her woes, he fights her foes,
No matter what befall.

Were ever heroes truer
In thought and word and deed?
Were helpers ever fewer
In times of sorest need?
Yet, they held their own, though all alone,
And answered duty's each demand,
And their banners bore to death's dark door,
In fighting for their land.

Oh, for a harp to sing them
A true and worthy song,
And for the power to bring them
Bays which to them belong!

I'd make no claim to sweeter fame,
If it were mine with harp and hand
To sing their praise, to weave their bays—
The heroes of our land.

THE STATURE.

I am making a stature for Hazel,
Whose orders are hard to obey;
As she bars me the use of a chisel,
And mouldings in plaster and clay:
She has promised, however, to furnish the parts,
That are pleasing to look on and fatal to hearts:
A limb from one beauty, an eye from another,
And so on, but I had to put them together.

With two beautiful feet I begun it—
The kind any gallant would kiss,
And go away writing a sonnet
To her, the adorable miss,
Who claimed such a masterpiece, tender and white,
To tickle the fancy, the touch and the sight:
In mould all exquisite, and full of all graces:
As mighty to craze us as beauty of faces.

And the limbs of voluptuous Haidee,
As velvety soft as the rose;
The envy of many a lady;
And a waist quite as lovely as those:
Add shoulders and bosom of roses and cream—
Of artist and sculptor the study and dream;
And an arm from some Hebe or Venus enchanting;
And little to fill out the beauty is wanting.

But whence did my lady embezzle
These glorious, suitable parts—
My lady, the beautiful Hazel,
Who modestly conquers our hearts?
She tells me the feet she has stolen from Jane;
The limbs, while she slept, from the witching Elaine;
The arms and the hands, which I thought out of faery,
Were gotten, she tells me, from no one but Mary.

Whence got she the waist and the bosom:
From Maggie and Annie, she said—
Two girls just beginning to blossom,
And, oh, of their shadow afraid.
Whence came then, I pray you, that beautiful neck,
On which can be found not a blur or a speck:
She stole this one evening from slumbering Rosa,
And the color it had, from the languid Formosa.

The nose came from Grandmother Millie,
Who dwelt by the banks of the Ayr:
The forehead from Great-auntie Lillie:
From mother's great grandma the hair:
From a still older grandam, who dwelt in the south,
Came the excellent teeth and the roseate mouth:
The eyes and the ears from a grandam still older,
Who lived, as they show, in a climate much colder.

Jaen, our mother, who bathed in the Tiber,
Has given, you notice, her feet:
Their color, their mould and their fibre,—
Where the useful and beautiful meet:
When she roamed by the Thames, where it murmurs
in sand,
Was the white of its lilies absorbed in her hands:
She has haply transmitted her hand conformation
To daughters through many a long generation.

So the mothers of far off Circassia
Have lent us their excellent charms,
As an heirloom or family treasure,
As shown in symmetrical arms
And shoulders and limbs, aye, in bosom and waist:
And thus every beauty we have can be traced,
As coming from mothers and ancient relations,
Who haply were children of several nations.

So we've done, as a beauty committee,
What daily the florist must do:
We present you a bouquet so pretty,
So excellent, radiant, true.
Now, if all the maidens who furnish the parts,
Gave also the glory of true, noble hearts,
Then, indeed, when the soul harmonized with the feature,
We could boast, we had builded a marvelous creature.

YES, THE SOUTH IS IN THE SADDLE.

Yes, the South is in the saddle,
And in spite of sneer and twaddle,
Though her helmet's in the dust, she rides a sceptered queen.
When our selfish foes are chiding,
On to victory she is riding;
Her paen loud is progress, and she'll win the goal, I wean.

And she dauntless sits her saddle,
And she scorns that fiddle-faddle,
That dubs her rude barbarian, and her patriotism derides:
Can a just man justly blame her,
When you flout her and defame her,
That in righteous indignation, such malignancy she chides?

Why dismount and go to stable,
While our nag is swift and able,
And her rider gathers glory, aye, new laurels, as he goes?
Though she may not win the money,
She's a fair and peerless poney,
And moves as graceful onward, as the gentle zephyr blows.

When she reined at Appomattox,
'Twas to run in other paddocks,
And 'twas pledged her there her action would the door of
Janus close;
And that pledge of pledges found her
With a rank and file around her,
That were goodly men, aye, heroes, as they'd been goodly
foes.

They were gallant through and through men;
They were patriotic, true men;
And their hearts to see the anguish of the brave were
wont to melt.
Did they pledge you to revile you?
Did they kiss you to beguile you?
Never, never, they were heroes, and they acted what they
felt.
When the war bolts ceased to hurtle,
And the South was crowned with myrtle,
By the noblest hands that ever struck a pledge or sabre
bore;

And the olive branch was given,
In the face of man and heaven,
Then the victor and the vanquished pledged each other—
war is o'er.

Since that day of days the saddest
To the conquered, but the gladdest,
To the conqueror, sure the South has turned her face to
olive lands,
Where strife no longer chideth,
But gentle peace abideth,
Obedient even in suffering, to the strictest law's demand.

Come and see her, you who doubt her;
You who sneering talk about her;
See her rare and rich possessions—see her almost Eden
bowers;
See her land for making money;
See her vales of milk and honey;
See her paths of pleasantness, her birds and fruits and
flowers.

See the Yankee and the Rebel
Side by side, with pick and shovel:
Side by side in shop and office; side by side in church and
state;
See the sturdy Western farmer,
Wedded to a Southern charmer:
The orange and the maple interlacing o'er the gate.

See them in their private living;
See them in their public giving;
See them in their humble life, and see them in their state.
Seeing such, at least be civil,
Tell the truth and shame the devil,
And own we are united for each and every fate.

So we beg you, we implore you,
By the storms that hurtled o'er you,
By the blood that poured like water; by the tears that
flowed like rain:
By the fiends of war called civil:
By the torments of the devil:
By the woes that had no solace: by the valor all invading;

By the mighty ones that perished:
By the memories ever cherished:
Keep the truce of Appomattox: let the land in peace remain.

MEMORIAL DAY.

About the right and wrong of war, I always keep my
mouth,
I have always thought my side was right, and my side
was the South;
And if politically wrong, my side had seemed to be,
By all the ties which men most prize, the South was right
to me.

What cared I what Dan Webster said, of union and all
that;
His speeches were all glorious—we school-boys had 'em
pat;
But he looked down from Bunker Hill, through his New
England eyes;
He heard the songs of gladness there, and not the South-
ron's sighs.

What cared I for a Northern pledge, not uttered to be
kept;
But just to put me off my guard, and rob me while I
slept?
What cared I for provisos and compromises sweet,
Which Clay and Wilmot made, if still they proved a snare
and cheat?

Our leaders faithful, true as they, of right impatient grew,
And as they deemed it best for all, a real dead line drew:
A man who does not take a side, as every fellow can,
He is no genuine patriot, aye, he's no genuine man.

And quite as bad is he who dickers, pokes and whines
along;
Forever asking, all pretense, if his side be right or wrong:
From sad experience I can say, that fellow is a squirt,
And ready on occasion, friends and fellows to desert.

There was much wrangling, North and South, forever
going on;

Much disputation, wise, sincere and mad, too, pro and con:
Both had their prejudices dark; both let them rule their
will;

Each saw the other's ugliest spots, and only looked for ill.

Each magnified the evil ways and aims the other had;
And each kept doing something rude, to make the other
mad;

And in the hearts of both, the fires of jealousy were pent;
So when the time for severing came, both sides said, "I
consent."

It went a besom dark as hell; it swept from shore to
shore;

It shook each mansion here, each cot; it rapped at every
door;

It called to him among the keys, where mourns the
Southern sea;

It wakened him beside the wave that whips Sault Ste.
Marie.

It beat the drum at Portland, Maine, and echoing afar
El Paso's drum defiant rolled, beneath the Western star;
And tears were pouring all the time, to all our sounding
seas;

And agonies and wails and sighs, they burdened every
breeze.

That besom swept us worse, and yet we bore it to the last;
Till we were but a remnant-shred of ourselves in the past.
Don't ask me now if I am sorry; if I now repent:
Just what I did I meant to do, and did just what I meant.

But this is but a memory now, all mournful though it be;
And what is left of us is good enough for you and me:
'Tis such as sends a goodly name adown the tide of years:
Not curses or apologies; not vain regrets or tears.

The spirit of our struggle lives and breathes today upon
The victor and the vanquished, who are hand to hand as
one:

It fires the victor's mould, and makes his clay a better clay,
And from the vanquished bosom drives an old contempt
away.

Now, let us sacrificing naught of self-respect and pride,
Nor giving sacred memories up, but only like the bride,
Give up a name we conjured with, for love's sake and for
right,

And make the mutual burden less—a burden even light.

Let's tell the old, old tale again—it is no wicked tale;
To let our children's children know, that truth will yet
prevail:

Keep turning round the picture true, and show its every
phase:

Keep telling o'er the story, in a thousand different ways.

Our destiny, as good men, lies in our especial hands,
And every nation of the earth the naked truth demands:
All have a right to ask the why, we held or lost the fort;
All have the right for this or that to call us into court.

We have to plead and answer make before the world's
great bar;

The truth, the whole truth, nothing else, most solemnly
aver;

We must repeat and keep repeating what we saw and
know:

The calcium light of scrutiny, and X-ray on it throw.

But this is bitter, let it pass; we must not now renew
The sad contention, nor the why and wherefore even re-
view,

But after long, long years let's look with reminiscent eye,
And to the old, old days of glory give an honest sigh.

And making no apologies for what we tried to do;
Ignoring everything that's dark and everything that's
"blue;"

In "Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes" let's limp or strut
along,

And give the smile of hope to all, to all the merry song.

Look how we muster now in line—the dear old boys in
gray:

Though thin and worn and tattered, has their glamour
gone away?

Though tattered, tottering thus and worn, these one-time
heroes be,

Is there in all the nations lined a braver soldierie?

Number for number, man for man, what bannered force
is there

With these poor tattered rebels for a moment can com-
pare?

What rank and file has known their glory, sullied not by
shame?

What rank and file, in tear and smile, deserves such
deathless fame?

What soldiery have memories as fierce and wild as theirs?
Yet never gentler gentlemen had soldier wants and cares.
In camp, on march, on battlefield, obedient, mute and true,
With purpose fixed, and faith and hope no sorrow could
subdue.

Starvation, wounds and raggedness, were the portion of
the line,

But they were too heroic for such things to shirk and
whine;

They knew the pittance that they got was all their land
could give,

And they were willing cheerfully to die that she might
live.

So after years on years are spent in dragging through our
toils,

In burning golden sunshine, aye, in burning midnight oils;

So after singing endless songs of mingled glee and wails;

So after endless stories told, with glad and sad details;

So after interchange of thought and memories sweet and
wild,

And social mingling of old foes, and giving child to child

In wedlock—after mutual trades and trustings in the marts,

We'll understand each others' heads and read each others'
hearts.

LOVE.

The world is old, but Love is always new;
The world is bitter grown, but love's still sweet;
The world is false, but love is ever true:
The world is broken, but love though is complete.

The world is old, his hoary, bruised head
Bleeds sin encircled 'neath a thorny crown;
And memories dark, of ages past not dead,
Upon him backward cast their ceaseless frown.

But pitying love in deathless youth appears,
And on his wounds some healing drops distils;
And wipes away the old man's burning tears,
And his sad eyes with olden gladness fills.

The world is bitter grown because of pains;
Because of disappointments dark and sore;
Because of ruins and corroding chains;
Because of desolations at his door.

But love is sweet, 'twas he that brought us Christ,
The sole Propitiation for sin's blight;
That full oblation which for sin sufficed:
Love brought us Him, the Way, the Truth, the Light.

The world is false in that self-interest
Has made him wax so cold, deceitful, shrewd:
And cruel vengeance fattens in his breast,
And treachery courseth darkly in his blood.

But dear old love is true and lureth not;
And bitter vengeance by him is disarmed:
His sacred errand here is unforgot;
By him alone is ill to good transformed.

The world's imperfect, boasted unity,
With him is but an idle name, a spell
To conjure with, to keep down scrutiny,
And thus the angry dogs of strife to quell.

But love's complete; his smile is full of peace;
And like the sunshine wraps the Pleiad earth:
Where'er he wanders forth they never cease—
The rich glamour of cheer, the song of mirth.

What though the world be ragged, sick—behold,
When love appears and gently touches him,
His tattered rags are changed to robes of gold,
And rosy health returns to every limb.

And lo! again he walks in loveliness
And vigor, laughing like the hill and heath,
Which generous Spring has clothed in verdant dress,
And lavish Summer crowned in floral wreath.

His slippers deep in fragrant violets,
And daisies modest-eyed, with eglantine
Begirt, and odorous with fair rosettes—
For love has made himself almost divine—

Though all the Furies keep the prison door—
Themselves behind a thousand bars so strong,
Love needs but come and stand the close before,
Nor gently knocking waits impatient long.

The unbarred door swings wide, and all within
Quick even to the music of his feet,
With lute and harp their songs of praise begin—
“Hail, love! thou love alone, art all complete.

I DO-NO-HO. (I DON'T KNOW WHO.)

A lordly looking man was he
That galloped down the street,
Captain of all the cavalry
Southwestward of the Tennessee:
And gladly him to see
Came young men budding into worth,
The noblest, as we deem, of earth,
And with them maidens very fair—
Our homes' and country's stars—
God-speeding him with song and prayer,
Him and his troopers everywhere,
Who wore the stars and bars.
Amongst the loveliest of the throng—
The fairest of the few—
Themselves the fairest—one with song,
Wafted, as 'twere, the brave along—
'Twas sweet I. Do-no-ho.

This prince of cavaliers, by chance,
Had halted where she stood;
And taking at her but a glance,
Sat for a moment in a trance,
Then spoke in gallant mood:—
"Fair woman—fairest, I should say,
I have a sweet wife far away,
And she is beautiful as day,
And fills the compass of my eyes
With her ever-varying charms;
And claims my true love's sighs;
Yet admiration due and wise
I bring you with these arms,
Nor fail in my allegiance, nor
Put into jeopardy or jar
Her confidence, so dear alway,
Pray tell me who are you—
Your name, I beg." Well pleased she seemed,
Her bright eyes on him softly beamed,
"I am I. Do-no-ho."

Both pleased and puzzled was Sir Knight,
Not used to quips and cranks,
He spoke as he was wont to fight,

Not deviating left or right,
Nor permitting it in ranks.
For him plain truth was good enough,
Albeit at times 'twas hard and rough;
And play on words to him was vain,
And humorless it seemed.
So tightening his bridle rein,
Dissembling every sense of pain—
But his gray eyes colder gleamed;
And somewhat shadowed was his brow.
“Well, 'twas impertinent, I allow,
To speak those pretty words,” quoth he,
“But honestly to you
I spoke them—come now, pardon me.”
“Of course, you asked my name,” quoth she,
“I said, I. Do-no-ho.”

“Now, lady, very fair and sweet,
I find you laugh at me;
But woman's weapon is deceit,
With which the shrewdest she can beat;
And you're deceiving me.
My lady, very sweet and fair,
Your gaiety I should like to share,
And join you in your laugh, but no!
You need your joy and mirth;
In these dark days, their cheering glow
May chase away some cloud of woe;
But ere I wander forth
To wrestle with the ills that be,
I'd take some talisman with me;
So tell me who are you?
To know would give me joy, delight.”
Still answered she, respectful quite,
“I am I. Do-no-ho.”

“What do they call you then,” quoth he—
“The boys who come to woo?
To whom do they on bended knee
Address as I do now the plea?
Whose pardon do they sue?
Whose fetters do they cheerful wear?
Whose buffets do they meekly bear,
When kneeling at your feet?”

His eye had lost its chilling glow;
The enchanter now he seemed to grow;
His face was all a-heat;
Dismounting, too, he asked her low:
"Please answer, who are you?"
"Why, sir," quoth she, with cheeks aglow,
"My name's I. Do-no-ho."

"And, General, loved of all this throng;
Famed all the Southland through;
The theme of plaudits, story, song,
Who dares to mock at you?
Who dares to bring your face to shame
Is scarcely worthy honor's name,
He does not love his home, his land;
Its household gods and fires.
And she, however clean her hand,
Her form however fair and grand;
Her manners howe'er sweet and bland,
To kindle fond desires,
Were one of those poor, giddy things
Who shame on Southern woman brings.
So then I look you in the face,
Speak reverently and true,
In your memory's tablet it I'd trace,
And ask for it no better place:
My name's I. Do-no-ho."

"Well, be it so," the brave knight cried—
"'Tis strange, indeed, 'tis strange:
For once I am most mystified;
Yet, when your name you change
I trust you'll bear some hero's name,
Got from the very shrine of fame;
And more, I pray, for you he'll take
The path of virtue wide awake.
You are a star, I. Do-no-ho;
No other name is fit for you."
Then seizing quick her lily hand,
It to his lips he drew;
And mounting with his peerless band,
He swept a conqueror through the land,
And left I. Do-no-ho.

GENTLE ZEMMA.

She is a bundle of all charms;
Yet of that natural kind,
Found still in face and feet and arms—
In gleams of soul and mind.

Yet, while self-conscious, she's not vain,
And wholly free from art:
Her make-up is a perfect chain
Of body, mind and heart.

All mellowed by the inner fires
Of soul and mind that rise
With noble thought and pure desires,
Which the whole man harmonize.

That if we would, we could not tell
What charm it is that haunts us;
Or in which is found her special spell,
Or which the most enchants us.

Yet all are of that natural kind,
Which softly steal upon us;
And while we ask, is it soul or mind
Or flesh, why they've undone us.

You never see her on the street
But fond eyes turn upon her,
And gallant men delight to meet
And do the Psyche honor.

Nor 'mongst the proud, as proud as she,
Stops flattering admiration,
The common wight delights to see
This loveliest of creation.

Eyes covered long by lids that watch,
Flash 'neath their veil of sadness,
And warm and melt again to catch
From her a spell of gladness.

Yet lily ne'er more modest blows,
Among the kissing rushes;
And on them white and timid throws,
Not kisses back, but blushes.

Than she does, when among the throng
She passes—for one fancies
Her blush rebukes the gallant wrong,
Of admiration's glances.

A gentle woman, kind and sweet,
When once proud hearts she has won them;
And they lie bruised at her feet,
She never treads upon them.

She does not revel in their sighs,
But would box them up and seal them;
And with crushed hearts would sympathize
Most, where she cannot heal them.

But who, a thousand ask, is she?
I solve them their dilemma
By asking who—who can it be
But gentle, modest Zemina?

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JOE E. JOHNSON.

Let the bells that are tolled for the glorious dead,
Toll low for a hero gone home,
Like the throbs of the hearts of the people he led
Be the beat of the muffled drum,
And the voice of the bugle he sounded so oft
Be plaintive as sobs, and as weird, as soft.

The gentlest of gentlemen sleeps where he lies,
And knighthood has lost from its round,
A presence as clean and a spirit as wise
As ever by lady was crowned,
And chivalry mourns like a mother bereft,
That so few like himself 'round her standards are left.

In the days that are vanished his sword was a wand
Whose flash had a charm and a might,
And awakened the pulse of the goodliest band
That ever went up to the fight,
'Gainst the hardest of fates and the bravest of foes,
With their rudest rebuffs and their steadiest blows.

The people they trusted and valued him, too,
For none were more dauntless than he,
And wherever his banner went floating they knew
They were in duty bounden to be;
'Twas the place for his heroes to stand or to fall,
Still ready to answer "Advance" at the call.

And they followed that banner—they stood by it long,
While a shred of it flaunted the sky,
Their faith to the last waxing strong and more strong
In the arm that upheld it on high,
For the heart of the weakest beats steady and brave
When his leader rides cool to the jaws of the grave.

The boys of the South, of the East and the West,
From Potomac to far Rio Grande,
Still haled as a promise the sight of his crest,
As a promise of luck to the land,
For even the doubters have rallied to him
When the star of success was both fitful and dim.

They knew him as brave and they knew he was wise,
For none were more cunning than he
In keeping his weakness or strength in disguise,
In defeat or in victory.
No foe unawares on his sleepers could fall;
When he came all was ready to answer the call.

Yet the much-moaning sea and the sky and the air
Seemed to muster betimes in array
Against him, to torture him into despair
And to chase all good fortune away,
But he looked in the eyes of the soldiers he led,
And in them the courage of confidence read.

The mightiest river of earth was his foe,
And the loveliest streams were a snare;
The white fields of cotton with spies were aglow,
And each cabin he passed said, "Beware!"
Such vantage was known to his gathering foes,
But woe to the bravest that pressed him too close.

Yet never cheerier soldier was seen,
As he rode to the wrestle of flame,
For his orders were gentle—his manner serene
And passion shrunk from him in shame.
So the evils that compassed his banner amain,
Were transmuted to good by his nerve and his brain.

Ah, never, methinks, in this dark scene of war,
Since the warring of nations began,
Were a people's resources so strangely ajar,
While their hearts were so wedded as one.
With their hearts so united around him they fought,
And out of misfortune a mystery wrought.

Such courage he breathed on the people he led,
Such courage as counts not the ruth,
As fights not for laurels, or power, or bread,
But for principal, honor and truth;
And blest is the lesson the people are taught
When the fight is for honor and principle fought.

No matter what happens to him or to those
Fighting thus—or success or defeat—
The seed of that principle strengthens and shows

All triumphs o'er truth but a cheat,
And it blossoms and fructifies more and still more,
Till the hearts of the people with honor run o'er.

And that triumphs were seen in the banner we furled,
For our tryst has been faithfully kept,
Unspotted 'tis hidden away from the world,
Whose seas like a besom it swept;
And away from the heights, where it shone like a star
O'er the "cradle and grave that we robbed for the war."

The hero who sleeps in his sod by the sea
Was the first at Manassas to show
That it came to the front in the name of the free,
To float there for weal or for woe.
And full well did he prove to the proud, boasting clan
That the standard they flouted was borne by a man.

He was the last to uphold it—the last one that broke
Its staff when he laid it aside,
As the holiest relic that ever a folk
Had bathed in the blood of their pride;
The holiest relic, though tattered and torn,
That ever in battle for honor was borne.

Some stars from our rare constellation may fade,
For History is cruel to men;
Some names be left out when the last roll is made,
Nay—ne'er to be honored again,
And some quite forgotten of men, disappear,
And leave no reminder to show they were there.

While the names of some heroes which hallowed it once
When they bore it thro' carnage ahead,
May be washed wholly out from the sight of their sons
By the tears which the people have shed
O'er traitors to Right. They shall sink from the sight
Like meteors lost in the arms of the night.

But Johnson's will shine like the sweet cynosure,
O'er fame's ever-murmuring sea,
And fathers shall point it all cloudless and pure,
As a guide, an exemplar to be

To his boys, when they press towards the temple of
fame,
Where the people have written his acts and his name.

And I feel 'twill be found with these worthies of fame,
When the jury of Muses agree,
In a bright constellation 'round Washington's name,
With Stonewall, Syd Johnson and Lee.

THE OLD HOME IS BEST.

The old home is best, though it be but a day
That we gaze on the scenes where the boys used to play;
Tho' it prove but a cottage, a garden, a tree,
With beautiful memories wreathed, that we see
Still around it suggestions of rapture and rest
Steal tender and sweet; oh, the old home is best.

The old home is best: there the earth seems to say
My daisies and grasses, since youth's rosy day
Have embroidered your paths, many long summers thro'
Have reflected the smiles of the angels for you;
And I've fed you and clothed you, have given you rest;
You've been mine, I've been yours—oh, the old home is
best.

The old home is best; 'tis a fountain of sweets,
To which, when 'tis thirsty, the memory retreats
To renew its lost vigor—to drink there its fill,
Like the ship of the desert, from fountain or rill,
Ere she stoops for her journey; then memory blest
There fills for occasion: the old home is best.

The old home is best—oh, for many a day
I have wept as an exile the moments away!
I'd erased, as I deemed, from the book of my mind
The charms of the scenes I had left far behind,
But the breath of a memory of home was the test:
There they shone as of old—oh, the old home is best!

The old home is best!—Its impressions remain
To color our actions in pleasure and pain,
For the things that were lovely and comely and right,

While mother's dear smile was our chiefest delight,
The mind and the heart and the spirit impressed
In youth's sacred precincts—the old home is best.

The old home is best!—Oh, the joys I have known
When round me the eyes of its beautiful shone.
And o'er me in study and o'er me in play,
And o'er me in dreams, like the glory of May,
Beamed the love-light of eyes which too fondly ex-
pressed
What the lips blushed to say—oh, the old home is best!

Yes, the old is best! For our life with a crown
Of glory all round it is dogged by a frown.
When we reach the arena of sweat and of toil
And manhood, or battles for safety or spoil:
But youth-life at home wears its crown and its crest
Ungloomed and unsullied. The old home is best.

The old home is best; like a garland of flowers,
The faces of youth deck this dear spot of ours;
The father and mother, the brothers there met,
The sister who smiled then and smiles on me yet;
And others, all dear as the pulse of my breast,
Made a paradise there: the old home is the best.

The old home is best: I have wandered away
From the scenes and the friends of my youth's rosy day;
I have taken my burden, have taken my song,
And moved in my field with some honor along;
Yet, yet there's a yearning still big in my breast
To sit by youth's fireside: the old home is best.

The old home is best, and I feel, almost know,
I'll not be forgotten wherever I go;
Whether credit or fame, whether substance I gain,
Whether lonely I plod me in penury's train,
Some lives by my life have been fondly impress'd;
And they love me the same: the old home is best.

The old home is best; and God bless it and those
Who have woven its chaplet of pleasures and woes—
Who have danced by its fountains, have bathed in its
brook,

Who have laughed on its hilltops and wept in its nook;
Who have kept its fires burning—its altars love-blest,
Have embalmed it in sweat drops: the old home is best.

INSCRIBED TO MISS E. H.

'Tis sad—but 'tis written
That man must be smitten
And joy must go wed to some spectre of woe:
While from morrow to morrow
The raven of sorrow
Sits dark'ning the halls of the high and the low
And under its shadow we murmuring go.

We be all broken-hearted
Since from Eden we parted,
And only thy Gilead, Sweet Spirit, can heal;
Thy blessing, once spoken,
Knits ev'ry heart broken,
And what was all woe is transmuted to weal;
Thy smile to despair can a rapture reveal.

Then, Spirit of Kindness,
Consider our blindness—
Our errings through pathways of evil and right:
And while we are falling,
Yet penitent calling,
Remember in mercy and tenderly smite—
For who is so strong but is blasted by blight?

Lo! out yonder, low lying,
My beauty is sighing,
A-weary, a-weary, in pitiful state;
For the flame of the fever
Not a moment will leave her;
Oh! watch by her side till that fever abate,
And on her in mercy and comforting wait.

Like the dew on the roses,
Where the night breeze reposes,
Be the fold of her couch with sweet fancies besprent;
And over her pillow
Roll peace, like a billow,

With the freight of true hope 'till that fever^e be spent,
And so may she sleep with the solace they sent.

She's a light down our vista;
As friend and as sister
She scatters the darkness wherever she goes;
Her sweets have no measure,
Her love is a treasure,
Her charm is a magic which care overthrows,
For my beauty's bewitching—as everyone knows.

In her coming and going,
There's pleasure past knowing,
For our hearts beat together like parts of one tune;
We go grieving about her,
For we know that without her
Our lives would be sad as a year without June,
Or a summer night's glory without its high noon.

Sweet Spirit, befriend her,
From evil defend her,
And bless her and bless us, who love her so true;
So may we regret not
And may she forget not,
Her song of deliverance still, still to renew
From the blush of the dawn 'til the fall of the dew.

Our hearts will be gladder
In this vale of the shadow,
And the world will be better for having her here;
Life's prose and its metre—
Life's work will be sweeter—
For the charms of "my Beauty" turn gloom into cheer
And tip with their gold all the round of the year.

TRIBUTE TO ELI P. SMITH.

Well, this is Death we look on!
And here his victim lies:
His work's complete, with hands and feet—
With head and lips and eyes;
So strong his hold,
So cold.

And look upon the victim!
He leaves him perfect, whole;
But all is dark; the vital spark
Is gone—the deathless soul
The power, the might,
The light.

The wondrous motive instinct,
The principle of life;
And when it left, the frame was reft
Of all its wonted strife:
Its calm and storm;
Its charm.

Aye, reft of all its mastery,
Of all its peerless aim,
Of all its faults, of all its vaults,
To win the guerden—fame,
Which lies beyond,
The fond.

'Tis this and more that's missing;
There is the nevermore;
The gentle words, that shamed the birds,
About the threshold door,
That sacred made
The shade.

His manners were so lovely,
They sweeten labor so,
To creaking toil they furnished oil,
And saw it smoothly go
Its channel through,
So true.

So wrapt and energetic:
So strenuous his design,
His work to do and make it true,
Well ordered to the line:
His men's employ,
Was joy.

His purpose seemed magnetic,
Nor worked he for the few;
From the center out went he about,
To touch the many, too;
And make them feel,
His zeal.

Yet, he was not self-conscious:
He scorned the forward, coarse;
A perfect child, he walked beguiled,
Led by some higher force;
To do his work,
Not shirk.

But dead is the magician;
We'll feel his power no more:
O'er him we bow in memory now,
As of one that's gone before,
On the upward way
Of day.

His work will tell his story;
Has he not done it well?
He'll sing his songs where he belongs,
By Siloa's shore,
Evermore.

Let us lay him in the sunshine,
Outside the haunts of men;
Let the storm's wild wing his praises sing,
And the breeze say low, "Amen,"
When the winds make peace,
And cease.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Thanks, and more thanks, our Father,
For the peace thou hast restored;
Peace in civic, social families,
Peace to those who love thy Word.

Thanks, our Father, that about us
Thrown are thy sufficient arms,
Shielding us from outer dangers,
Calming us 'midst inner storms.

Thanks, our Father, that dissensions
Internecine rage no more
In our households, 'round our altars,
On our hill-tops, by our shore.

Thanks, our Father, that while mutterings
Come from many a vale and hill,
From thy poor and laboring people,
'Tis not bread they cry for still.

Thanks, our Father, for the plenty
Like a river thou hast poured;
Thanks, that we today may gather,
To enjoy it 'round our board.

Thanks, our Father, for thy mercies,
To the peoples of our land:
Let them see and own thy glory,
And before thee worthy stand.

Thanks, our Father, for all blessings,
Hopes and joys by thee bestowed:
For all good things, public, private,
That from thee this year have flowed.

Thanks, and more than thanks, our Father,
That the raven croaks in vain,
While above us reunited
Pipes the bird of peace again.

Thanks, our Father, that our full-born
Has not wakened envy, strife,
But as prosp'rous, we seem kindlier,
Make us holier, too, in life.

Thanks, our Father, that through trials
We have tried to walk aright:
Kept the fiery cloud and pillar
As our guidance day and night.

Thanks, our Father, thanks and praises,
For the shepherds true and tried,
Thou hast given to thy sheepfold,
Spiritual manna to provide.

Thanks, and more than thanks, our Father,
That while other flags have trailed
Low in dust, "In hoc signo,"
'Gainst all tempests has prevailed.

Thanks, our Father, that our vineyards,
Gardens, orchards, all have stood,
Panoplied with rich abundance,
Ready for pale hunger's brood.

Thanks, our Father, that our harvest
Has been fat on all our hills;
Rich and golden in our valleys;
Plenteous in our barns and mills.

O, let all the people thank thee,
Yea, let all the people praise,
And in choral lip-rejoicing,
Loud thanksgiving carols raise.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF GEN. FITZHUGH LEE.

How can I sing this man of men
On my discordant lyre,
Though striving often and again,
Unless the Muse inspire?

Sing, Muse of mine, this hero true
In sweet, exalted strain:
Or touch my tongue with Pybla dew,
Or fire my heart and brain.

Oh, let me sing a worthy song,
Harmonious with my theme,
For soulless melody were wrong,
Though sweet as summer's dream.

Our garbage we should never fling
On shield like his so clean,
But truth should back the song we sing,
And love come in between.

Even from his happy, beardless youth,
A glory lit his name
For valor, honesty and truth,
Which good repute became.

He basked not in the glamor bright,
In which his kinsmen shown:
Such to his pathway was a light,
But 'twas a light alone.

He begged not great Mars Robert's hand
To pull his boat ashore;
He was content to waiting stand,
And to win the spurs he wore.

He shown not in a borrowed light,
And very clear he shone;
Bright as a star, so very bright,
But the radiance was his own.

Deep generated at the core,
Where manliness is born,
Were those fair virtues that he wore,
Like a wreath without a thorn.

The methods of the real knight
Were his without dispute;
He used them in and out of fight,
Just as the case would suit.

He battled as a cavalier,
New laurels winning still;
Exalted place, though, was not dear,
Unless 'twas hard to fill.

And gayer cavalier than he
Ne'er rode through fiery gore,
Exemplifying chivalry
Down to the very core.

He won the plaudits of his foes,
And when war's din was passed,
The men that smote him gladly rose
To own his worth at last.

They, as his comrades oft has done,
Their crowns were wont to add;
Their admiration he had won,
With their armor he was clad.

Was not his ladder that of fame?
Did he not climb it high?
For friends and foe gave him acclaim,
And today above him sigh.

His proud and haughty home-folks know
They've lost a friend in him,
And with sad hearts they'll lay him low;
Tears shall their eyes bedim.

But North and South and East and West
Have learned to praise his name;
His memory is a household guest;
Civilization's is his fame.

Farewell, great comrade, all your land,
From blue Potomac's wave
Down to the farthest Rio Grande,
Shall weep above thy grave.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OUR JOE?

We want a hero, not for song
Or story, but a hero strong,
To head us in our civic strife,
That every man in all our clan
May feel he's parcel of this life
For good or evil, as he acts
When civic issues most perplex.
One quite above corruption's reach,
Who'll throw himself into the breach,
Come weal, come woe, and do his part
With all his mind and soul and heart,
By calumny or praise unmoved
From past convictions have approved.
A man, magnetic, simple, bold,
The heart-strings of the folks to hold.
A wondrous hero, say you, pard,
I own, to find him it is hard;
I have him in my mind's eye, though—
Pray, what's the matter with our Joe?

A man of stainless character
In public as in private life,
And every man in all our clan
Knows his abhorrence of all strife.
He is a sturdy, hardy knight,
Resourceful, steady, patient, white,
In times of turbulence still cool;
And tempted—neither knave or fool;
Self-sacrifice has been his badge,
From youth's high noon to age's prime,
And every man in all our clan
Has found him dauntless all the time.
He's built just for a governor,
I'd give it him without demur,
But I am but an humble bard,
With but one vote—it's mighty hard,
But thousands think with me, you know;
I hope you're one of them, old pard—
Nothing's the matter with our Joe.

We want a statesman for our chief,
A man to open methods true,

That every man in all our clan
Can prophesy just what he'll do.
A simon pure, clean Democrat,
"Sand in his gizzard" and all that,
With principles, whose warp and woof
Are so well woven in behoof
Of right and justice, we behold
In such a finished cloth of gold,
None of your gauzy, flimsy stuff,
Unfit for wear or weather rough;
Made for time-serving, fraud and show;
Now, tell me true, in this regard,
Since men who reach this standard, pard,
Are not high numbered—if you know;
What is the matter with our Joe?

All I can say, he seems to me,
To suit the occasion to a "T."
Strange and perplexing issues seem
One solid rank to disunite,
And every man in all our clan
Who touches them gets muddled quite;
We mix them and they mix us till
The tangle gets beyond our skill;
Unraveled may these issues be,
So folks the head and tail may see;
If worked at by a skillful hand,
Each issue singly, strand by strand,
And fixed for use when needed—thus
Prevent propensities to "cuss."
My eye upon the man I've got
To cut our party's Gordian knot,
The hand to do this work of skill,
And tie our threads together still,
And bind us in new unity,
From Mobile Bay to Tennessee—
To this contention—apropos:
Pray, what's the matter with our Joe?

EVANGELINE.

Evangeline—Evangeline,
So young, so fair, so pure, so good—
So fit to be a real queen,
With every virtuous aim imbued,
How sad, how cruel was your fate,
Without surcease, without abate;
The world your like has seldom seen,
 Poor, poor Evangeline!

Evangeline—Evangeline,
You'll find him after long, long years,
And shall it be in that sweet scene,
Where summer sheds her languid tears?
And shall the pain and sorrow shown
For exile, die out in this zone
While Venus seems to reign a queen?
 Poor, poor Evangeline!

Evangeline—Evangeline,
And did the faithful lovers greet?
They acted in the self-same scene—
It would have been so very sweet,
For him, the hunter wild, who yet
Kept up his pining and regret,
And still for you searched every scene,
 Poor, poor Evangeline!

Evangeline—Evangeline,
When hope was high did you not say,
"Tomorrow he will glad the scene?"
For oh, his horn's not far away.
Hope lends the dreariest scene her light,
And Love comes on and stamps it bright,
And so the two make glad each scene,
 Poor, poor Evangeline!

Evangeline—Evangeline,
Sure, after you have been so true,
And he is near you—almost seen—
His bird of air, with prescience due,
Will whisper him: but nay, not yet:
Ah, here at least you shall not fret,

In Paradisiacal scene,
Poor, poor Evangeline!

Evangeline—Evangeline,
Rest here your weary steps so true:
Like Joshua in the promised scene,
Transported with the wondrous view.
Hope on—hope ever. He is near,
Tomorrow he will give you cheer,
Or may be next day, he'll be seen,
Poor, poor Evangeline!

Evangeline—Evangeline,
Love never counts up cares or woes;
He keeps one spot from sorrow clean,
All pure and holy, till the close:
It looks like hope deferred, but Love
The hope is rated far above,
And to the last is strong and green,
Poor, poor Evangeline!

Evangeline—Evangeline,
Your lover's in the mountains blue;
A very angel have you been,
But know he's searching there for you.
You'll have to hunt him patiently,
That's how we conquer land and sea:
That's how we rise above the mean,
Poor, poor Evangeline!

Evangeline—Evangeline,
He is a hunter wild, and oh,
In every settlement, I ween,
If you be there, he wants to know,
A hunter wild in search of you,
For he is faithful, he is true,
A hunter wild is he, I ween,
Poor, poor Evangeline!

Evangeline—Evangeline,
A vision beckons you: your form
Is bent and broken now: you lean
On love the same, and it is warm
As in the long ago it was.

He's homeward bound to die alas,
"But I," he says, "shall find my queen,
My lost Evangeline."

"Evangeline—Evangeline,
I've been a hunter wild for you,
And still the old, old love is green,
But hope, alas! has not been true;"
"Nay, nay." They clasp. "I die," he said.
"Gabriel! Gabriel!" but he was dead,
And she was dead, too. Close the scene;
Poor, poor Evangeline!

Evangeline—Evangeline,
I preach you everywhere I go;
Of women you're the very queen;
You teach us how to master woe;
You show the genuine love and prove
The beauty, joy and hope in love,
Which makes this earth a heavenly scene—
Poor, poor Evangeline!

BATTLE HYMN—HE'LL BE THERE.

On, comrades! that opening rattle
Now bid us to do and to dare;
God only can keep us in battle,
Be sure He'll be there, He'll be there;
When with pledges His servants enrolled you,
To duty they trusted they'd hold you;
Remember what Jesus has told you—
Comrades, He'll be there, He'll be there.

He has numbered in pity your errors;
He listens to penitent prayer;
In a twinkle He'll banish your terrors;
Believe, He'll be there, He'll be there.
But to duty He's certain to hold you;
Your oath in His ranks has enrolled you;
Remember what Jesus has told you—
Comrades, He'll be there, He'll be there.

Do not go into battle for booty;
Your bosom for such do not bare;

But to fight for your land is a duty;
 Be sure He'll be there, He'll be there.
 If you stand to your trust, He'll uphold you,
 And falling, His arms will enfold you;
 Remember what Jesus has told you—
 Comrades, He'll be there, He'll be there.

If you trust Him in danger and trouble,
 Your sorrows He'll help you to bear;
 For His promise is never a bubble—
 He says He'll be there, He'll be there.
 To your duty He never would hold you,
 Unless he expected to fold you;
 Remember what Jesus has told you—
 Comrades, He'll be there, He'll be there.

In our self-sacrifice there's the glory—
 Our copying Him we declare—
 And He'll keep every line of our story;
 Comrades, He'll be there, He'll be there.
 He will look at the oath which enrolled us;
 That kept, in His arms He'll enfold us;
 Remember what Jesus has told us—
 In need, He'll be there, He'll be there.

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH B. EARLE.

Let him rest! Those who sleep in the Lord are at rest,
 And no wailings of ours can awake them;
 The flight of their souls is to Abraham's breast,
 And no darkness can halt or o'ertake them.

The true and the lovely may rock in the storm,
 Which sorrow has caused to beset them;
 But clinging to Christ they shall suffer no harm,
 As in danger He does not forget them.

Our brother was gentle and loving, and when
 The billows of trouble rolled 'round him,
 A refuge found with the Savior of men,
 Who with patience and confidence crowned him.

By misfortune his journey through life was harrassed,
 And he walked in the valley of shadows,
 But onward and upward he manfully passed,
 Like a child culling flowers in the meadows.

To his fellows and neighbors no burden he brought;
He caused neither sighing or weeping;
His life and example but equity taught,
As he planted for love so his reaping.

Ah, many who stand by the grave where he lies,
Will sigh when they think o'er his story,
And instant their thoughts will go up to the skies,
Where they trust and believe he's in glory.

Whom men still remember as blameless and true,
Whom they cannot recall, but they miss them;
The paths of the angels, methinks, they pursue,
And the angels in turn can but bless them.

Grief has no disaster and death has no sting,
For one by all bitterness riven,
In our valley of shadows he's pluming his wing
For his flight to his refuge in Heaven.

Let him sleep, then, in peace where we've laid him to rest,
Let us study and copy his story,
And seek him at last in the land of the blest,
Where the Savior has crowned him with glory.

OUR LITTLE JOE, A HERO.

Heroes? They are uncommon things:
Of great convulsions, pestilence
And war and woe, they are offsprings;
And save in man's imaginings—
Wherein the fancy spreads her wings—
They seem, through watchful Providence,
The shaper of events.

Because uncommon, scarce or rare,
Men see and know them. Would they hide,
Their deeds their hiding place declare,
And proof of admiration bear,
That fellows few with them compare.
Sing, Muse, of one; and who'll deride?
He is his country's pride.

There's Joe, our Alabama Joe,
That little man of wondrous grit;
The first, as he is nothing slow,
To clasp the friend and fight the foe;
Who, while he never "makes a blow,"
By reason of his fighting wit,
Is sure to make a hit.

Will Joseph fight? I should say so;
Was down in Georgia at his side,
Just four and thirty years ago,
When he was Johnson's eyes, you know;
Almost ubiquitous was Joe,
And Sherman's every move he spied
And checked by timely ride.

Tecumseh tried him night and day,
But never caught him napping though;
Joe, with his eyes wide open, lay
Fornest him, always in his way,
And always ready for the fray;
Most fiercely dealt him blow for blow—
Was there myself and know.

Joe, too, was almost argus-eyed,
No flank move e'er escaped his glance;
And, goodness, how we had to ride!

How foamed our panting horse's side,
When Joe had sniffed the battle tide,
And flying towards it like a lance
Bugled a quick advance.

And heavens! how he moved around,
A kind of meek-eyed wizard, where
The fight was hottest, I'll be bound
A man might find him on the ground;
He gravitated to the sound
Of battle—loved to give a dare:
He was a fighter rare!

But that was long, so long ago;
A wondrous hero was Joe then.
The flag he fought for then lies low
In dust—the fates decreed it so—

The flag he fought against, we know,
He'll never fight against again,
And his boys all cry "Amen!"

His generous, most forgiving land—
God bless its valleys, mountains, flowers!—
Has put that flag into his hand,
And 'neath it, by it he will stand
'Gainst every foe, on every strand;
And 'gainst the world's united powers,
He'll wave this flag of ours.

And boastless is this prophecy:
To duty he'll be true as bold.
Taking that flag, his pride 'twill be
To ride with it to victory,
O'er many a land, by many a sea,
Or in its loving starry fold,
To lie all dead and cold.

For my part, then, I'm real glad
That Uncle Sam, for weal or woe,
Has won the little man. The lad
Once kept the old man fighting mad,
Until no use for him he had.
But they have "made up" now, and lo!
He's gone to loving Joe.

WHEN WAR IS OVER

Air—Auld Lang Syne.
When war is over, glad and free
Our footsteps homeward bend,
Yet many melting eye we see
As friend turns back on friend.
As friend turns back on friend, my boys,
To look on him no more,
He feels that war itself had joys
Unrecognized before.

Turns back on friends, as naught before.
Could ever make him do,
When side by side the battle tide

Each faced with courage true;
Each faced with courage true, my boys,
Each faced with courage true,
For in the strife of death and life
A friend stood by he knew.

That friend of friends, the truest yet,
How aches his manly heart,
How sad, how tender his regret,
From such a friend to part;
From such a friend to part, my boys,
From such a friend to part,
Alas, I know this parting woe,
It almost breaks my heart.

When war is over, glad and free
Our feet may homeward go,
But many a melting eye have we,
And many a sigh of woe;
Yes, many a sigh of woe, my boys,
And many a pang of pain,
That half destroy the hope and joys
Of going home again.

STEAM AHEAD!

Still breezes auspicious uplift and attend
This banner of ours where they blow,
To greet with the smile of its stars every friend;
To lash with its stripes every foe.

And proudly that banner is floating today—
Ay, prouder than ever before—
O'er the fleet of a sailor of ours far away,
Keeping guard by a tropical shore.

And wherever that banner floats over the blue,
The praises of Dewey will be;
That typical sailor of ours so true—
For "one out of many" is he.

Be that star-spangled banner in triumph unfurled,
On highland and island and sea,
That the breezes which kiss every shore of the world
May kiss it, the flag of the free.

Let it signal ahead, with its eloquent lips,
That freedom in fiery car,
The spell of the despot has come to eclipse,
In tourney of peace and of war.

Our flag never streamed over coward or knave,
For freedom and courage are twin,
They are born at one birth, and they'll sleep
in one grave,
In the struggle to perish or win.

While chivalry runs in American veins,
And kindles our hearts to the man,
We, cradled in hatred of tyrants and chains,
Will fight them as long as we can.

Do we boast? Nay, on land we have many a knight,
On ocean full many a tar,
Whose legend is duty, whose glory the right—
All else is the fortune of war.

Those heroes go up to the struggle like gods,
And the cream of the thought of them all,
They utter, like Dewey, who blind to the odds,
Nor caring what fate might befall,
Sailed over the mines in the caves of the sea,
And bounding along in his pride,
No heed to the warnings of danger gave he,
But defiantly signaled the guide:

Talk not of torpedoes that slumber below,
True heroes have nothing to dread;
Your lives are your country's and yonder's the foe;
Come what may, steam ahead! steam ahead!

ONE COUNTRY—ONE PEOPLE AT LAST.

We have thought it, but thought it in doubt;
We have said it in mock'ry and mirth;
But we've sent it abroad with a shout,
To the rest of the nations of earth:
Still we have not forgotten the while,
That the head and the front of our clan
Fared worse than Prince of the Lone Rocky Isle,
For he lived and he died under ban.

As from us he received all his powers,
So he bore all the ills of the times:
And in justice his sorrows were ours,
And partakers were we of his crimes:
And we cannot and should not forget
That he died as an alien, while we
Saw him scorned, ay, and fettered, to settle our debt
And, sharing his errors, went free.

But our hearts, they were faithful to him;
Our bosoms re-echoed his sighs;
And our lashes were heavy and dim
When anguish's tears filled his eyes;
We loved him because he was great;
We loved him for sympathy's sake,
But the fetters that bound him like fetters of fate,
Heaven ne'er vouchsafed us to break.
"O, tempora!" Cicero cried—
"O, mores!"—in passionate strains,
Whose echoes have never yet died,
When Freedom was threatened with chains.
Our Chieftain fared Cataline's fate,
And bore it for honor, not shame;
Received all the whippings and fortunes of hate,
To leave us a patriot's name.

Then it came with an exquisite grace,
Like a voice from the regions beyond,
Where he sits with the Light in his face,
And looks down with memories fond
On his people—for her, all his own,
On whose shoulders his mantle was cast—
To utter with gladness and not with a moan:
"One country—one people at last."

She, too, when that message she gave,
Was preparing to meet him once more;
Was taking the boat on death's wave,
To sail to the beautiful shore;
And she spoke like a spirit inspired;
She spoke as forgiving the past;
Let us know with his spirit and thought she was fired:
"One country—one people at last."

NATIONAL HYMN.

God of our fathers, to whose hands
Thou didst entrust the sword,
With which they smote back from our land
The tyrant and his horde;
And on our labors all the while
Didst look with constant fav'ring smile,
As from the garment of Thy feet
We plucked the stars to deck our sheet.
All praise, all honor, all acclaim,
In our ascription be,
And endless thanks in freedom's name,
Our fathers' God, to Thee.

Lord, as Thy hand didst set us free,
Didst pour us oil and wine,
From lake to lake, from sea to sea,
We early built Thy shrine;
And did we not new songs employ,
And praise Thee with exceeding joy.
What time each bright star, one by one,
Was set within our banner's zone?
And shall we not today repeat
The praises of the past,
And bend us suppliant to entreat
Thy mercies still to last?

Today we lift our hearts in song;
In fervent prayer our eyes;
For Thou hast broken fetters strong,
And mended broken ties.
The stars and stripes, the stars and bars,
Now spread united o'er the scars,
The graves, the homes, of hero-bands;
Who with new vows have shaken hands;
Lord grant we may not pine or boast,
What time the stripes and bars,
This victory won, that glory lost;
Sing we united stars.

A victory of peace, Thy hand
Hath surely gotten us,
While o'er the altars of the land
Strife hovered ominous.

Thy mighty hand has smit the foe,
 Who wrought for Peace's overthrow,
 And cast him in the net he made
 For others whom he hath betrayed.
 Thy legions at our gates have stood,
 And none against them rose.
 Lord of all lords, the only Good,
 Still shield us from our foes.

So may our people know their King,
 And each remotest bower,
 To Thee a pure heart incense bring
 In this triumphant hour,
 Making no boast of stripes and bars,
 But of our bright united stars;
 No boast of sev'ral sov'reign State,
 But of a Union, firm and great.
 God of our fathers, keep us knit,
 Our links without a flaw;
 And o'er our banner's legend fit,
 Keep we this superadded writ:
 "Thy Statutes and Thy Law."

"HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE."

If my pretty, witching friend,
 Innocent and fancy free,
 Her sweet merriment extend
 Past the bounds of dignity—
 If beyond the fatal line
 Of the prudish she advances,
 Let this motto then be thine,
 "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

If she has a pretty hand
 And she frowns not when you press it—
 If she does not reprimand
 When you venture to caress it,
 How can Innocence suspect
 Vice's rude and vile advance?
 Oh, ye squeamish, recollect,
 "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

If you call her beautiful
With an oath's—a sigh's persuasion,
And she cannot quite control
Love of praise and admiration,
If her feet she chance to show
In her walk or in the dance,
Let your censure still be slow—
“Honi soit qui mal y pense.”

If her dress immodest seems,
If she's “fast” in looks and motion,
If she upsets all your dreams
Of utopian devotion,
Do not judge and do not shun her,
Drive her not to sorrow's haunts;
Keep in mind this rule of honor—
“Honi soit qui mal y pense.”

While one argument remains
In her favor, use it—let it
Be her bulwark of defense—
'Gainst reproach and scandal set it.
Strive for her as for your life,
Battle while there's still a chance,
Crying louder than the strife,
“Honi soit qui mal y pense.”

TO LOUISE.

Ah! if my heart but knew
Love's sunlike fire,—
One starlight hope and true
To kindle desire,
While o'er life's wave it shed
Gladness and Peace,
Thou wouldst its Ocean be,
Gentle Louise!

But in my heart the flame
Flickers away;
Hope does not feel the same
With one single ray;
Friendship and homage

Some spirits may please,
But life-long devotion
For gentle Louise!

Yet, would thy smile or tear
Lend hope a beam,
Which in my breast so dear
Would kindle love's dream,
Then my devotion were
Worthy to please,
And I would worship thee,
Gentle Louise.

SONG.

Bright be thy dreams tonight,
Bright as yon star,
Shedding its silver light
On thee from afar,
Asking no smile of thine,
Naught in return,
But when it lights thy shrine
That Peace, then, may burn.

Thus does my heart's pure love
Burn thee alone,
Pure as yon star above,
And asks not thine own.
Dearest to keep it bright;
Only thy trust
That 'round thee, day and night,
Hover it must.

Yes, only trust me, while
Kneeling to thee;
From every charge of guile
Set my heart free;
Then, like yon star above,
Shining on thee,
Giving not, asking not, love,
Changeless I'll be.

LOVE AND MUSIC.

Love took up a harp that he saw by the way.
And finding no person to claim it,
Suspected instanter some rascally play,
Next thought on whom he could blame it.

"But some harper," quoth he, "may have borne it thus far,
And worn out at length with his sorrow,
Has flung it aside for equipments of war;
In his madness a surcease to borrow."

But the high harp before him lay strung, 'twas too late
To speculate now on its owner,
And may be 'twas thrown in his pathway by fate,
Not caring for thanks to the donor.

"Well, I'll play me a tune on this harp and these strings,
Though fitted for bow and for arrow,
When stricken send Music away on their wings,
And win not by wounds or by sorrow."

"Right or wrong," quoth young Love, "I will take it
along,
And my wounds shall be soothed as I make them;
I'll pierce with my arrows, but see how the song
Doth heal, while the other doth break them.

"I must practice an art, so it seems, if indeed
For me was this high harp intended,
And hearts that are made by my arrows to bleed,
By the music I make must be mended.

"Two things I shall practice to wound and to heal:
My art shall be softened by science;
No wound shall be mortal—no wound that I deal—
For in song is my healing reliance.

"The world will be glad, when it sees me approach,
For the rapture and bliss I reveal it;
'Stead of flying me, on me 'twas eager encroach,
Knowing well every wound will heal it.

"So Music and Love they shall go side by side;
The Science and Art still competing:

Love's devilish arrows may fly far and wide,
Set young hearts in anguish to beating.

"But Music comes soothing—the world feels its spell—
The wild beat of fond hearts is over;
Its wounds have been healed by the magical shell,
And the madman is turned to the lover."

STANZAS.

Happy are they who gather flowers,
And find no thorns beneath;
Who thro' each season's varying hours,
Can boast a fadeless wreath.
Alas! beneath the sweetest rose,
Thorns keenest hidden lie,
And ere one summer's day may close,
Our garlands pine and die.

Happy are they who joy pursue,
With boundless hope and trust;
Nor mope, at length, the wide world through,
In madness or disgust.
Alas! the sweetest joy must prove
Delusion—wormwood—gall:
And, oh! the joy of youthful love
Is the wildest dream of all.

Happy are they, whose breasts are free
From rapture or despair:
Who sip the honey like the bee,
Nor know the thorns are there:
Alas! when once we taste, we yearn
For more than Hybla dew,
Till, in our mad pursuit, the thorn
Has pierced us through and through.

Happy are they, who wandering long,
Thro' joy or sorrow's maze,
Find still the gath'ring clouds among
The light of other days:

Alas! for hearts who feel too keen
The throb of joy or pain,

When once that light fades from the scene,
It never shines again.
Happy are they, who after years,
Have furrowed deep their brows,
Can say, thro' grateful smiles and tears,
"We've always kept our vows."
Alas! such are too lightly spoken,
While bliss or woe is new;
And, when we trust them most, they're broken,
And our hearts are broken too.

Sweeter than the rose's blooming
'Neath the South's first am'rous kiss,
When the pearly dews are gloaming
On its lips of vermeil press.

Sweeter than that rose's breathing,
Tho' each breath be rare perfume,
When the frost her brow enwreathing,
Marks her for an early tomb.

Sweeter than the summer's dying,
Far away down by the seas,
When the violet waves are sighing
To the wooing of the breeze.

Sweeter than the autumn's coming,
With her mellow fruit of gold,
When the flowers cease their blooming,
And their passionate tale is told.

Sweeter than the autumn's staying,
When the hours half smile, half weep,
And the heavy dews are weighing
The eyelids of the rose to sleep.

Sweeter than all these the smiling
Of thy full orb's radiant eye;
Sweeter is its strong beguiling
Than all things of earth or sky.

Sweeter than all these the tinges
Of thy lips and cheeks most fair;
Sweeter than all these the changes
Of expression glowing there.

Sweeter still the love-light welling
From that eye where Cupid sleeps,
And betrays his place of dwelling
Ev'ry time it smiles or weeps.

ON THE DEATH OF MY BOY.

The cows at morn and eve, laddie,
In the barnyard, at the gate,
Oft and again, but all in vain,
Now low for you and wait.

So well they knew your voice, laddie,
So well your touch they knew,
That oft at dine, with instinct fine,
They loved to come to you.

And waiting your return, laddie,
The dog guards all the doors,
And scarce will eat his bread and meat,
From any hand but yours.

And I, too, watch and wait, laddie,
For the while oblivious grown,
But with heart-break I start, I wake,
When the maddening truth is known.

The cows will soon forget, laddie,
And answer other calls,
And haste at eve their grass to leave,
To the pail and pleasant stalls.

The dog will cease to whine, laddie,
As now he whining stands;
But will faithful wait at the door and gate,
To lick another's hands.

But I shall go about, laddie,
My sky, my way o'ercast,
And will think of you, with memory true,
As long as life shall last.

HOLD STILL!

To W. W. M., by L. E. N.

I give in general this advice:
 "Don't give advice," in chief to those
 Who're so impertinently wise,
 And love to tread on people's toes.
 Such an inexperienced folk,
 Whose very miseries are a joke,
 They're always ignorant. And still,
 When sad experience gives it, Will,
 'Tis an elixir drop to one
 Who needs it, giving strength and tone
 To the distracted mind and heart,
 Albeit it makes one writhe and smart,
 So to your thought these thoughts commend
 As coming from an ancient friend:

If Hope's intoxicating smile
 Be potent as Circean wile,
 Your wand'ring spirits to beguile,
Hold still,
 Dear Will.

As were the Greeks beguiled of yore
 To wreck upon a treacherous shore,
 While list'ning to the Siren's song,
 Hope, singing wilder breakers o'er,
 Must charm the careless heart ere long,
Dread woes among.

If sorrow tears your heart in twain,
 And anguish darts through ev'ry vein,
 And kindles fury in your brain,
Hold still,
 Dear Will.

These be the minions Satan sends,
 Through whom t' accomplish his dire ends;
 Resist them as you would your foes—
 Nor nurse them as you would your friends;
 To conquer such insures repose,
And Hope bestows.

If mad Love take you by the heart,
 And craze you with his passionate art,

Till Reason in disgust depart,

Hold still,
Dear Will.

Or ere the summer days are gone;
Or ere the wintry blast comes on,
To sweep all fragile things away;
Or ere another spring shall dawn,
He'll weary, childlike, with his play,
Or quiet stay.

If jealousy assault the breast,
And by the demon you're possest—
This is the spirit's sorest test—

Hold still,
Dear Will.

For Reason's but a pigmy now,
A fly upon a giant's brow,
At best, a poor, unwelcome guest,
Where erst he was a King: to bow
And yield is madness. Writhe not lest
Will lose her crest.

If friends are false, it will befall,
And when on them you suppliant call,
They kick you downhill like a ball,

Hold still,
Dear Will.

Such things are scarcely worth your sneers,
Much lest your honest sighs and tears;
And, as for Hate, that poignant dart
Which the proud spirit blasts and seres,
It should not even reach the heart,
Let them depart.

If fortune knock not at your door,
Although you often beg—implore—
A moment's visit, if no more,

Hold still,
Dear Will.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 391 425 A

